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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[SECOND ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A JAGUAR-HUNT ON THE TAQUARY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHERS

THE morning after our arrival at Corumbá I asked Colonel Rondon to inspect our outfit; for his experience of what is necessary in tropical travelling, gained through a quarter of a century of arduous exploration in the wilderness, is unrivalled. It was Fiala who had assembled our food-tents, cooking-utensils, and supplies of all kinds, and he and Sigg, during their stay in Corumbá, had been putting everything in shape for our start. Colonel Rondon at the end of his inspection said he had nothing whatever to suggest; that it was extraordinary that Fiala, without personal knowledge of the tropics, could have gathered the things most necessary, with the minimum of bulk and maximum of usefulness.

Miller had made a special study of the piranhas, which swarmed at one of the camps he and Cherrie had made in the Chaco. So numerous were they that the members of the party had to be exceedingly careful in dipping up water. Miller did not find that they were cannibals toward their own kind; they were "cannibals" only in the sense of eating the flesh of men. When dead piranhas, and even when mortally injured piranhas, with the blood flowing, were thrown in among the ravenous living, they were left unmolested. Moreover, it was Miller's experience, the direct contrary of what we had been told, that splashing and a commotion in the water attracted the piranhas, whereas they rarely attacked anything that was motionless unless it was bloody. Dead birds and mammals, thrown whole and unskinned into the water were permitted to float off unmolested, whereas the skinned carcass of a good-sized monkey was at once seized, pulled under the water, and completely devoured by the blood-crazy fish. A man who had dropped something of value waded in after it to above the knees, but went very slowly and quietly, avoiding every possibility of disturbance, and not venturing to put his hands into the water. But nobody could bathe, and even the slightest disturbance in the water, such as that made by scrubbing the hands vigorously with soap, immediately attracted the attention of the savage little creatures, who darted to the place, evidently hoping to find some animal in difficulties. Once, while Miller and some Indians were attempting to launch a boat, and were making a great commotion in the water, a piranha attacked a naked Indian who belonged to the party and mutilated him as he struggled and splashed, waist-deep

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in the stream. Men not making a splashing and struggling are rarely attacked; but if one is attacked by any chance, the blood in the water maddens the piranhas, and they assail the man with frightful ferocity.

At Corumbá the weather was hot. In the patio of the comfortable little hotel we heard the cicadas; but I did not hear the extraordinary screaming whistle of the locomotive cicada, which I had heard in the gardens of the house in which I stayed at Asuncion. This was as remarkable a sound as any animal sound to which I have ever listened, except only the batrachian-like wailing of the tree hyrax in East Africa; and like the East African mammal this South American insect has a voice, or rather utters a sound which, so far as it resembles any other animal sound, at the beginning remotely suggests batrachian affinities. The locomotive-whistle part of the utterance, however, resembles nothing so much as a small steam siren; when first heard it seems impossible that it can be produced by an insect.

On December 17 Colonel Rondon and several members of our party started on a shallow river steamer for the ranch of Senhor de Barros, "Las Palmeiras," on the Rio Taquary. We went down the Paraguay for a few miles, and then up the Taquary. It was a beautiful trip. The shallow river—we were aground several times—wound through a vast, marshy plain, with occasional spots of higher ground on which trees grew. There were many water birds. Darters swarmed. But the conspicuous and attractive bird was the stately jabiru stork. Flocks of these storks whitened the marches and lined the river-banks. They were not shy, for such big birds; before flying they have to run a few paces and then launch themselves on the air. Once, at noon, a couple soared round overhead in wide rings, rising higher and higher. On another occasion, late in the day, a flock passed by, gleaming white with black points in the long afternoon lights, and with them were spoonbills, showing rosy amid their snowy companions. Caymans, always called jacarés, swarmed; and we killed scores of the noxious creatures. They were singularly indifferent to our approach and to the sound of the shots. Sometimes they ran into the water erect on their legs, looking like miniatures of the monsters of the prime. One showed by its behavior how little an ordinary shot pains or affects these dull-nerved, cold-blooded creatures. As it lay on a sand-bank, it was hit with a long 22 bullet. It slid into the water but found itself in the midst of a school of fish. It at once forgot everything except its greedy appetite, and began catching the fish. It seized fish after fish, holding its head above water as soon as its jaws had closed on a fish; and a second bullet killed it. Some of the crocodiles when shot performed most extraordinary antics. Our weapons, by the way, were good, except Miller's shot-gun. The outfit furnished by the American museum was excellent—except in guns and cartridges; this gun was so bad that Miller had to use Fiala's gun or else my Fox 12-bore.

In the late afternoon we secured a more interesting creature than the jacarés. Kermit had charge of two hounds which we owed to the courtesy of one of our Argentine friends. They were biggish, nondescript animals, obviously good fighters, and they speedily developed the utmost affection for all the members of the expedition, but especially for Kermit, who took care of them. One we named "Shenzi," the name given the wild bush natives by the Swahili, the semicivilized African porters. He was good-natured, rough, and stupid—hence his name. The other was called by a native name, "Trigueiro." The chance now came to try them. We were steaming between long stretches of coarse grass, about three feet high, when we spied from the deck a black object, very conspicuous against the vivid green. It was a giant anteater, or Tamandua bandeira, one of the most extraordinary creatures of the latter-day world. It is about the size of a rather small black bear. It has a very long, narrow, toothless snout, with a tongue it can project a couple of feet; it is covered with coarse, black hair, save for a couple of white stripes; it has a long bushy tail and very powerful claws on its fore feet. It walks on the sides of its fore feet with these claws curved in under the foot. The claws are used in digging out anthills; but the beast has courage, and in a grapple is a rather unpleasant enemy, in spite of its toothless mouth, for it can strike a formidable blow

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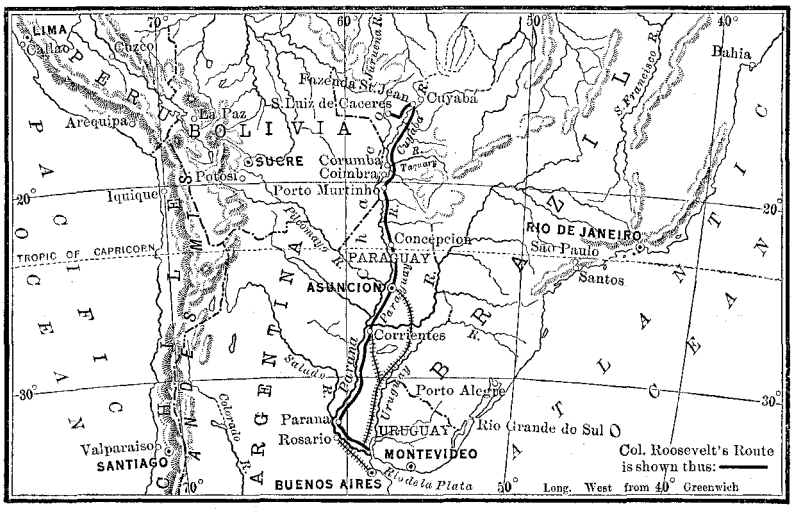
with these claws. It sometimes hugs a foe, gripping him tight; but its ordinary method of defending itself is to strike with its long, stout, curved claws, which, driven



Map showing route of Colonel Roosevelt.

by its muscular forearm, can rip open man or beast. Several of our companions had had dogs killed by these anteaters; and we came across one man with a very ugly scar down his back, where he had been hit by one, which charged him when he came up to kill it at close quarters.

As soon as we saw the giant tamandua we pushed off in a rowboat, and landed only a couple of hundred yards distant from our clumsy quarry. The tamandua throughout most of its habitat rarely leaves the forest, and it is a helpless animal in the open plain. The two dogs ran ahead, followed by Colonel Rondon and Kermit, with me behind carrying the rifle. In a minute or two the hounds overtook the cantering, shuffling creature, and promptly began a fight with it; the combatants were so mixed up that I had to wait another minute or so before I could fire without risk of hitting a dog. We carried our prize back to the bank and hoisted it aboard the steamer. The sun was just about to set, behind dim mountains, many miles distant across the marsh.

Soon afterward we reached one of the stations of the huge ranch we were about to visit, and hauled up alongside the bank for the night. There was a landing-place, and sheds and corrals. Several of the peons or gauchos had come to meet us. After dark they kindled fires, and sat beside them singing songs in a strange minor key and strumming guitars. The red firelight flickered over their wild figures as they squatted away from the blaze, where the light and the shadow met. It was still and hot. There were mosquitoes, of course, and other insects of all kinds swarmed round every light; but the steamboat was comfortable, and we passed a pleasant night.

At sunrise we were off for the "fazenda," the ranch of M. de Barros. The baggage went in an ox-cart—which had to make two trips, so that all of my belongings reached the ranch a day later than I did. We rode small, tough ranch horses. The distance was some twenty miles. The whole country was marsh, varied by stretches of higher ground; and, although they rose only three or four feet above the marsh, they were covered with thick jungle, largely palmetto scrub, or else with open palm forest. For three or four miles we splashed through the marsh, now and then crossing boggy pools where the little horses labored hard not to mire down. Our dusky guide was clad in a shirt, trousers, and fringed leather apron, and wore spurs on his bare feet; he had a rope for a bridle, and two or three toes of each foot were thrust into little iron stirrups.

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The pools in the marsh were drying. They were filled with fish, most of them dead or dying; and the birds had gathered to the banquet. The most notable dinner-guests were the great jabiru storks; the stately creatures dotted the marsh. But ibis and herons abounded; the former uttered queer, querulous cries when they discovered our presence. The spurred lapwings were as noisy as they always are. The ibis and plover did not pay any heed to the fish; but the black carrion vultures feasted on them in the mud; and in the pools that were not dry small alligators, the jacaré-tinga, were feasting also. In many places the stench from the dead fish was unpleasant.

Then for miles we rode through a beautiful open forest of tall, slender carandá palms, with other trees scattered among them. Green paraquets with black heads chattered as they flew; noisy green and red parrots climbed among the palms; and huge macaws, some entirely blue, others almost entirely red, screamed loudly as they perched in the trees or took wing at our approach. If one was wounded its cries kept its companions circling around overhead. The naturalists found the bird fauna totally different from that which they had been collecting in the hill country near Corumbá, seventy or eighty miles distant; and birds swarmed, both species and individuals. South America has the most extensive and most varied avifauna of all the continents. On the other hand, its mammalian fauna, although very interesting, is rather poor in number of species and individuals and in the size of the beasts. It possesses more mammals that are unique and distinctive in type than does any other continent save Australia; and they are of higher and much more varied types than in Australia. But there is nothing approaching the majesty, beauty, and swarming mass of the mammalian life of Africa and, in a less degree, of tropical Asia; indeed, it does not even approach the mammalian life of North America and northern Eurasia, poor though this is compared with the seething vitality of tropical life in the Old World. Until a geologically recent period, a period extending into that which saw man spread over the world in substantially the physical and cultural stage of many existing savages, South America possessed a varied and striking fauna of enormous beasts—sabre-tooth tigers, enormous lions, mastodons, horses of many kinds, camel-like pachyderms, giant ground-sloths, mylodons the size of the rhinoceros, and many, many other strange and wonderful creatures. From some cause, concerning the nature of which we cannot at present even hazard a guess, this vast and giant fauna vanished completely, the tremendous catastrophe (the duration of which is unknown) not being consummated until within a few thousand, or a few score thousand years. When the white man reached South America he found the same weak and impoverished mammalian fauna that exists practically unchanged to-day. Elsewhere civilized man has been even more destructive than his very destructive uncivilized brothers of the magnificent mammalian life of the wilderness; for ages he has been rooting out the higher forms of beast life in Europe, Asia, and North Africa; and in our own day he has repeated the feat, on a very large scale, in the rest of Africa and in North America. But in South America, although he is in places responsible for the wanton slaughter of the most interesting and the largest, or the most beautiful birds, his advent has meant a positive enrichment of the wild mammalian fauna. None of the native grass-eating mammals, the graminivores, approach in size and beauty the herds of wild or half-wild cattle and horses, or so add to the interest of the landscape. There is every reason why the good people of South America should waken, as we of North America, very late in the day, are beginning to waken; and as the peoples of northern Europe—not southern Europe—have already partially wakened, to the duty of preserving from impoverishment and extinction the wild life which is an asset of such interest and value in our several lands; but the case against civilized man in this matter is grewsomely heavy anyhow, when the plain truth is told, and it is harmed by exaggeration.

After five or six hours' travelling through this country of marsh and of palm forest we reached the ranch for which we were heading. In the neighborhood stood giant fig-trees, singly or in groups, with dense, dark-green foliage. Ponds, over-

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grown with water plants, lay about; wet meadow, and dryer pasture-land, open or dotted with palms and varied with tree jungle, stretched for many miles on every hand. There are some thirty thousand head of cattle on the ranch, besides herds of horses and droves of swine, and a few flocks of sheep and goats. The home buildings of the ranch stood in a quadrangle, surrounded by a fence or low stockade. One end of the quadrangle was formed by the ranch-house itself, one story high, with whitewashed walls and red-tiled roof. Inside, the rooms were bare, with clean whitewashed walls and palm-trunk rafters. There were solid wooden shutters on the unglazed windows. We slept in hammocks or on cots, and we feasted royally on delicious native Brazilian dishes. On another side of the quadrangle stood another long, low white building with a red-tiled roof; this held the kitchen and the living-rooms of the upper-grade peons, the headmen, the cook, and jaguar-hunters, with their families: dark-skinned men, their wives showing varied strains of white, Indian, and negro blood. The children tumbled merrily in the dust, and were fondly tended by their mothers. Opposite the kitchen stood a row of buildings, some whitewashed daub and wattle, with tin roofs, others of erect palm-logs with palm-leaf thatch. These were the saddle-room, storehouse, chicken-house, and stable. The chicken-house was allotted to Kermit and Miller for the preparation of the specimens; and there they worked industriously. With a big skin, like that of the giant anteater, they had to squat on the ground; while the ducklings and wee chickens scuffled not only round the skin but all over it, grabbing the shreds and scraps of meat and catching flies. The fourth end of the quadrangle was formed by a corral and a big wooden scaffolding on which hung hides and strips of drying meat. Extraordinary to relate there were no mosquitoes at the ranch; why I cannot say, as they ought to swarm in these vast "pantanals," or swamps. Therefore, in spite of the heat, it was very pleasant. Near by stood other buildings: sheds, and thatched huts of palm-logs in which the ordinary peons lived, and big corrals. In the quadrangle were flamboyant trees, with their masses of brilliant red flowers and delicately cut, vivid-green foliage. Noisy oven-birds haunted these trees. In a high palm in the garden a family of green paraquets had taken up their abode and were preparing to build nests. They chattered incessantly both when they flew and when they sat or crawled among the branches. Ibis and plover, crying and wailing, passed immediately overhead. Jacanas frequented the ponds near by; the peons, with a familiarity which to us seems sacrilegious, but to them was entirely inoffensive and matter of course, called them "the Jesus Christ birds," because they walked on the water. There was a wealth of strange bird life in the neighborhood. There were large papyrus-marshes, the papyrus not being a fifth, perhaps not a tenth, as high as in Africa. In these swamps were many blackbirds. Some uttered notes that reminded me of our own redwings. Others, with crimson heads and necks and thighs, fairly blazed; often a dozen sat together on a swaying papyrus-stem which their weight bent over. There were all kinds of extraordinary bird-nests in the trees. There is still need for the work of the collector in South America. But I believe that already, so

From a photograph by Edwin R. Sanborn.

A South American jabiru.
In the New York Zoological Park.

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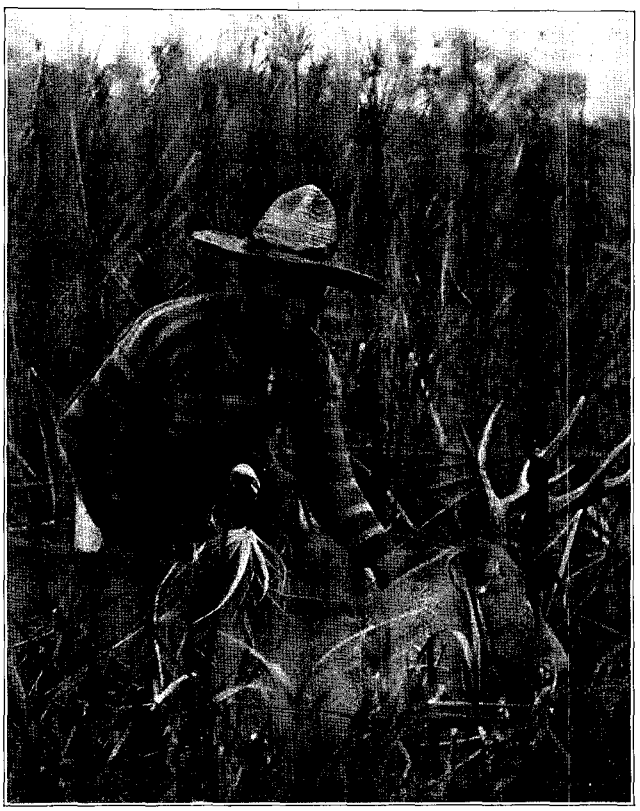
far as birds are concerned, there is infinitely more need for the work of the careful observer, who to the power of appreciation and observation adds the power of vivid, truthful, *and interesting* narration—which means, as scientists no less than historians should note, that training in the writing of good English is indispensable to any learned man who expects to make his learning count for what it ought to count in the effect on his fellow men. The outdoor naturalist, the faunal naturalist, who devotes himself primarily to a study of the habits and of the life histories of birds, beasts, fish, and reptiles, and who can portray truthfully and vividly what he has seen, could do work of more usefulness than any mere collector, in this upper Paraguay country. The work of the collector is indispensable; but it is only a small part of the work that ought to be done; and after collecting has reached a certain point the work of the field observer with the gift for recording what he has seen becomes of far more importance.



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Nips with the marsh deer.

The long days spent riding through the swamp, the "pantanal," were pleasant and interesting. Several times we saw the Tamandua bandeira, the giant ant-bear. Kermit shot one, because the naturalists eagerly wished for a second specimen; afterward we were relieved of all necessity to molest the strange, out-of-date creatures. It was a surprise to us to find them habitually frequenting the open marsh. They were always on muddy ground, and in the papyrus-swamp we found them in several inches of water. The stomach is thick-walled, like a gizzard; the stomachs of those we shot contained adult and larval ants, chiefly termites, together with plenty of black mould and fragments of leaves, both green and dry. Doubtless the earth and the vegetable matter had merely been taken incidentally, adhering to the viscid tongue when it was thrust into the ant masses. Out in the open marsh the tamandua could neither avoid observation, nor fight effectively, nor make good its escape by flight. It was curious to see one, lumbering off at a rocking canter, the big burly tail held aloft. One, while fighting the dogs, suddenly threw itself on its back, evidently hoping to grasp a dog with its paws; and it now and then reared, in order to strike at its assailants. In one patch of thick jungle we saw a black howler monkey sitting motionless in a tree-top. We also saw the swamp deer, about the size of our blacktail. It is a real swamp animal, for we found it often in the papyrus-swamps, and out in the open marsh, knee-deep in the waters, among the aquatic plants.

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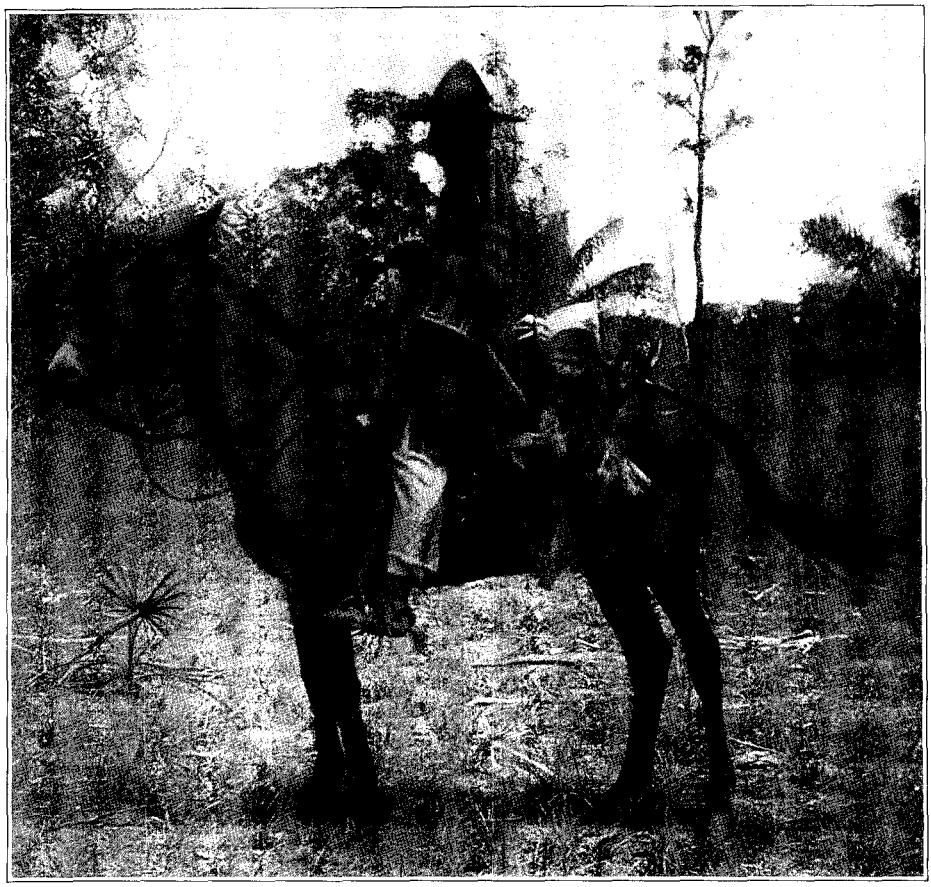

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Nips returning to the *fazenda* (ranch) with the marsh deer on the saddle.

The tough little horses bore us well through the marsh. Often in crossing bayous and ponds the water rose almost to their backs; but they splashed and waded and if necessary swam through. The dogs were a wild-looking set. Some were of distinctly wolfish appearance. These, we were assured, were descended in part from the big red wolf of the neighborhood, a tall, lank animal, with much smaller teeth than a big northern wolf. The domestic dog is undoubtedly descended from at least a dozen different species of wild dogs, wolves, and jackals, some of them probably belonging to whatever style, different genera. The degree of fecundity or lack of fecundity between different species varies in extraordinary and inexplicable fashion in different families of mammals. In the horse family, for instance, the species are not fertile *inter se;* whereas among the oxen, species seemingly at least as widely separated as the horse, ass, and zebra—species such as the domestic ox, bison, yak, and gaur—breed freely together and their offspring are fertile; the lion and tiger also breed together, and produce offspring which will breed with either parent stock; and tame dogs in different quarters of the world, although all of them fertile *inter se*, are in many cases obviously blood kin to the neighboring wild wolf-like or jackal-like creatures which are specifically, and possibly even generically, distinct from one another. The big red wolf of the South American plains is not closely related to the northern wolves; and it was to me unexpected to find it interbreeding with ordinary domestic dogs.

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In the evenings after dinner we sat in the bare ranch dining-room, or out under the trees in the hot darkness, and talked of many things: natural history with the naturalists, and all kinds of other subjects both with them and with our Brazilian friends. Colonel Rondon is not simply "an officer and a gentleman" in the sense that is honorably true of the best army officers in every good military service. He is also a peculiarly hardy and competent explorer, a good field naturalist and scientific man, a student and a philosopher. With him the conversation ranged from jaguar-hunting and the perils of exploration in the "matto grosso," the great wilderness, to Indian anthropology, to the dangers of a purely materialistic industrial civilization, and to Positivist morality. The colonel's Positivism was in very fact to him a religion of humanity, a creed which bade him be just and kindly and useful to his fellow men, to live his life bravely, and no less bravely to face death, without reference to what he believed, or did not believe, or to what the unknown hereafter might hold for him.

The native hunters who accompanied us were swarthy men of mixed blood. They were barefooted and scantily clad, and each carried a long, clumsy spear and a keen machete in the use of which he was an expert. Now and then, in thick jungle, we had to cut out a path, and it was interesting to see one of them, although cumbered by his unwieldy spear, handling his half-broken little horse with complete ease while he hacked at limbs and branches. Of the two ordinarily with us one was much the younger; and whenever we came to an unusually doubtful-looking ford or piece of boggy ground the elder man always sent the younger one on and sat on the bank until he saw what befell the experimenter. In that rather preposterous book of our youth, the "Swiss Family Robinson," mention is made of a tame monkey called Nips, which was used to test all edible-looking things as to the healthfulness of which the adventurers felt doubtful; and because of the obvious resemblance of function we christened this younger hunter Nips. Our guides were not only hunters but cattle-herders. The coarse dead grass is burned to make room for the green young grass on which the cattle thrive. Every now and then one of the men, as he rode ahead of us, without leaving the saddle, would drop a lighted match into a tussock of tall dead blades; and even as we who were behind rode by tongues of hot flame would be shooting up and a local prairie fire would have started. Kermit took Nips off with him for a solitary hunt one day. He shot two of the big marsh deer, a buck and a doe, and preserved them as museum specimens. They were in the papyrus growth, but their stomachs contained only the fine marsh grass which grows in the water and on the land along the edges of the swamps; the papyrus was used only for cover, not for food. The buck had two big scent-glands beside the nostrils; in the doe these were rudimentary. On this day Kermit also came across a herd of the big, fierce white-lipped peccary; at the sound of their grunting Nips promptly spurred his horse and took to his heels, explaining that the peccaries would charge them, hamstring the horses, and kill the riders. Kermit went into the jungle after the truculent little wild hogs on foot and followed them for an hour, but never was able to catch sight of them.

In the afternoon of this same day one of the jaguar-hunters—merely ranch hands, who knew something of the chase of the jaguar—who had been searching for tracks, rode in with the information that he had found fresh sign at a spot in the swamp about nine miles distant. Next morning we rose at two, and had started on our jaguar-hunt at three. Colonel Rondon, Kermit, and I, with the two trailers or jaguar-hunters, made up the party, each on a weedy, undersized marsh pony, accustomed to traversing the vast stretches of morass; and we were accompanied by a brown boy, with saddle-bags holding our lunch, who rode a long-horned trotting steer which he managed by a string through its nostril and lip. The two trailers carried each a long clumsy spear. We had a rather poor pack. Besides our own two dogs, neither of which was used to jaguar-hunting, there were the ranch dogs, which were well-nigh worthless, and then two jaguar hounds borrowed for the occasion from a ranch six or eight leagues distant. These were the only hounds on which we could place any trust, and they

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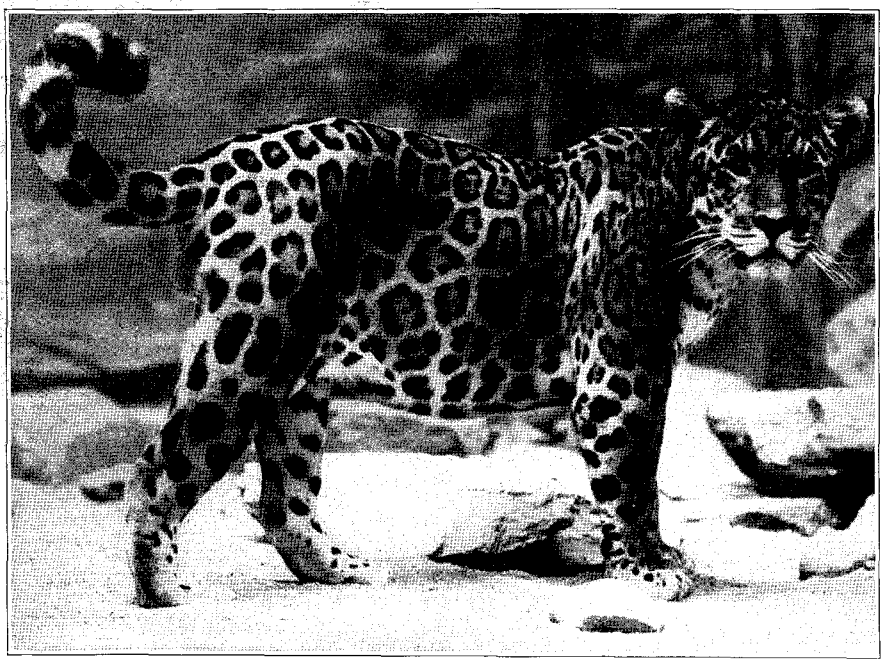
were led in leashes by the two trailers. One was a white bitch, the other, the best one we had, was a gelded black dog. They were lean, half-starved creatures with prick ears and a look of furtive wildness.



From a photograph by Edwin R. Sanborn.

A South American jaguar.
In the New York Zoological Park.

As our shabby little horses shuffled away from the ranch-house the stars were brilliant and the southern cross hung well up in the heavens, tilted to the right. The landscape was spectral in the light of the waning moon. At the first shallow ford, as horses and dogs splashed across, an alligator, the jacaré-tinga, some five feet long, floated unconcernedly among the splashing hoofs and paws; evidently at night it did not fear us. Hour after hour we shogged along. Then the night grew ghostly with the first dim gray of the dawn. The sky had become overcast. The sun rose red and angry through broken clouds; his disk flamed behind the tall, slender columns of the palms, and lit the waste fields of papyrus. The black monkeys howled mournfully. The birds awoke. Macaws, parrots, paraquets screamed at us and chattered at us as we rode by. Ibis called with wailing voices, and the plovers shrieked as they wheeled in the air. We waded across bayous and ponds, where white lilies floated on the water and thronging lilac-flowers splashed the green marsh with color.

At last, on the edge of a patch of jungle, in wet ground, we came on fresh jaguar tracks. Both the jaguar hounds challenged the sign. They were unleashed and galloped along the trail, while the other dogs noisily accompanied them. The hunt led right through the marsh. Evidently the jaguar had not the least distaste for water. Probably it had been hunting for capybaras or tapirs, and it had gone straight through ponds and long, winding, narrow ditches or bayous, where it must now and then have had to swim for a stroke or two. It had also wandered through the island-like stretches of tree-covered land, the trees at this point being mostly palms and tarumans; the taruman is almost as big as a live-oak, with glossy foliage and a fruit like an olive. The pace quickened, the motley pack burst into yelling and howling; and then a sudden quickening of the note showed that

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt and the first jaguar.

the game had either climbed a tree or turned to bay in a thicket. The former proved to be the case. The dogs had entered a patch of tall tree jungle, and as we cantered up through the marsh we saw the jaguar high up among the forked limbs of a taruman-tree. It was a beautiful picture—the spotted coat of the big, lithe, formidable cat fairly shone as it snarled defiance at the pack below. I did not trust the pack; the dogs were not stanch, and if the jaguar came down and started I feared we might lose it. So I fired at once, from a distance of seventy yards. I was using my favorite rifle, the little Springfield with which I have killed most kinds of African game, from the lion and elephant down; the bullets were the sharp, pointed kind, with the end of naked lead. At the shot the jaguar fell like a sack of sand through the branches, and although it staggered to its feet it went but a score of yards before it sank down, and when I came up it was dead under the palms, with three or four of the bolder dogs riving at it.

The jaguar is the king of South American game, ranking on an equality with the noblest beasts of the chase of North America, and behind only the huge and fierce creatures which stand at the head of the big game of Africa and Asia. This one was an adult female. It was heavier and more powerful than a full-grown male cougar, or African panther, or leopard. It was a big, powerfully built creature, giving the same effect of strength that a tiger or lion does, and that the lithe leopards and pumas do not. Its flesh, by the way, proved good eating, when we had it for supper, although it was not cooked in the way it ought to have been. I tried it because I had found cougars such good eating; I have always regretted that in Africa I did not try lion's flesh, which I am sure must be excellent.

Next day came Kermit's turn. We had the miscellaneous pack with us, all much

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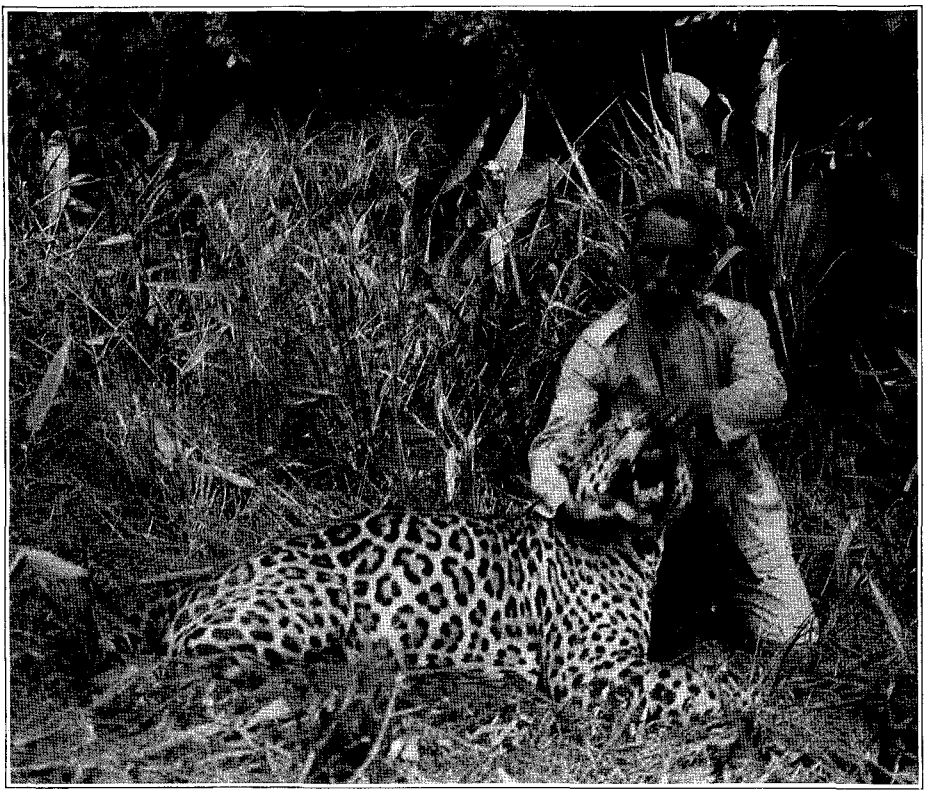

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Rondon and the second jaguar.

enjoying themselves; but, although they could help in a jaguar-hunt to the extent of giving tongue and following the chase for half a mile, cowing the quarry by their clamor, they were not sufficiently stanch to be of use if there was any difficulty in the hunt. The only two dogs we could trust were the two borrowed jaguar hounds. With my jaguar the white bitch had been our stand-by; this was the black dog's day. About ten in the morning we came to a long, deep, winding bayou. On the opposite bank stood a capybara, looking like a blunt-nosed pig, its wet hide shining black. I killed it, and it slid into the water. Then I found that the bayou extended for a mile or two in each direction, and the two hunter-guides said they did not wish to swim across for fear of the piranhas. Just at this moment we came across fresh jaguar tracks. It was hot, we had been travelling for five hours, and the dogs were much exhausted. The black hound in particular was nearly done up. We had to throw water over him; then, as he snuffed the scent, he challenged loudly. Evidently the big cat was not far distant. Soon we found where it had swum across the bayou. Piranhas or no piranhas, we now intended to get across; and we tried to force our horses in at what seemed a likely spot. The matted growth of water plants, with their leathery, slippery stems, formed an unpleasant barrier, as the water was swimming-deep for the horses. The latter were very unwilling to attempt the passage. Kermit finally forced his horse through the tangled mass, swimming, plunging, and struggling. He left a lane of clear water, through which we swam after him. The dogs splashed and swam behind us. On the other bank they struck the fresh trail and followed it at a run. It led into a long belt of timber, chiefly composed of low-growing nacurý palms, with long, drooping, many-fronded branches. In silhouette they suggest coarse bamboos; the nuts hang in big

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clusters and look like bunches of small, unripe bananas. Among the lower palms were scattered some big, ordinary trees. We cantered along outside the timber belt, listening to the dogs within; and in a moment a burst of yelling clamor from the pack told that the jaguar was afoot. These few minutes are the really exciting moments in the chase, with hounds, of any big cat that will tree. The furious baying of the pack, the shouts and cheers of encouragement from the galloping horsemen, the wilderness surroundings, the knowledge of what the quarry is—all combine to make the moment one of fierce and thrilling excitement. Besides, in this case there was the possibility the jaguar might come to bay on the ground, in which event there would be a slight element of risk, as it might need straight shooting to stop a charge. However, about as soon as the long-drawn howling and eager yelping showed that the jaguar had been overtaken, we saw him, a huge male, up in the branches of a great fig-tree. A bullet behind the shoulder, from Kermit's 405 Winchester, brought him dead to the ground. He was heavier than the very big male horse-killing cougar I shot in Colorado, whose skull Hart Merriam reported as the biggest he had ever seen; he was very nearly double the weight of any of the male African leopards we shot; he was nearly or quite the weight of the smallest of the adult African lionesses we shot while in Africa. He had the big bones, the stout frame, and the heavy muscular build of a small lion; he was not lithe and slender and long like a cougar or leopard; the tail, as with all jaguars, was short, while the girth of the body was great; his coat was beautiful, with a satiny gloss, and the dark-brown spots on the gold of his back, head, and sides, were hardly as conspicuous as the black of the equally well-marked spots against his white belly.

This was a well-known jaguar. He had occasionally indulged in cattle-killing; on one occasion during the floods he had taken up his abode near the ranch-house and had killed a couple of cows and a young steer. The hunters had followed him, but he had made his escape, and for the time being had abandoned the neighborhood. In these marshes each jaguar had a wide irregular range and travelled a good deal, perhaps only passing a day or two in a given locality, perhaps spending a week where game was plentiful. Jaguars love the water. They drink greedily and swim freely. In this country they rambled through the night across the marshes and prowled along the edges of the ponds and bayous, catching the capybaras and the caymans; for these small pond caymans, the jacaré-tinga, form part of their habitual food, and a big jaguar when hungry will attack and kill large caymans and crocodiles if he can get them a few yards from the water. On these marshes the jaguars also followed the peccary herds; it is said that they always strike the hindmost of a band of the fierce little wild pigs. Elsewhere they often prey on the tapir. If in timber, however, the jaguar must kill it at once, for the squat, thick-skinned, wedge-shaped tapir has no respect for timber, as Colonel Rondon phrased it, and rushes with such blind, headlong speed through and among branches and trunks that if not immediately killed it brushes the jaguar off, the claws leaving long raking scars in the tough hide. The jaguar will not meddle with a big bull; and is cautious about attacking a herd accompanied by a bull; but it will at times, where wild game is scarce, kill every other domestic animal. It is a thirsty brute, and if it kills far from water will often drag its victim a long distance toward a pond or stream; Colonel Rondon had once come across a horse which a jaguar had thus killed and dragged for over a mile. Jaguars also stalk and kill the deer; in this neighborhood they seemed to be less habitual deer-hunters than the cougars; whether this is generally the case I cannot say. They have been known to pounce on and devour good-sized anacondas.

In this particular neighborhood the ordinary jaguars molested the cattle and horses hardly at all except now and then to kill calves. It was only occasionally that under special circumstances some old male took to cattle-killing. There were plenty of capybaras and deer, and evidently the big spotted cats preferred the easier prey when it was available; exactly as in Africa we found the lions living exclusively on zebra and antelope, and not molesting the buffalo and domestic cattle,

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which in other parts of Africa furnish their almost exclusive prey. In some other neighborhoods, not far distant, our hosts informed us that the jaguars lived almost exclusively on horses and cattle.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Where the second jaguar went to bay.

They also told us that the cougars had the same habits as the jaguars except that they did not prey on such big animals. The cougars on this ranch never molested the foals, a fact which astonished me, as in the Rockies they are the worst enemies of foals. It was interesting to find that my hosts, and the mixed-blood hunters and ranch workers, combined special knowledge of many of the habits of these big cats with a curious ignorance of other matters concerning them and a readiness to believe fables about them. This was precisely what I had found to be the case with the old-time North American hunters in discussing the puma, bear, and wolf, and with the English and Boer hunters of Africa when they spoke of the lion and rhinoceros. Until the habit of scientific accuracy in observation and record is achieved and until specimens are preserved and carefully compared, entirely truthful men, at home in the wilderness, will whole-heartedly accept, and repeat as matters of gospel faith, theories which split the grizzly and black bears of each locality in the United States, and the lions and black rhinos of South Africa, or the jaguars and pumas of any portion of South America, into several different species, all with widely different habits. They will, moreover, describe these imaginary habits with such sincerity and minuteness that they deceive most listeners; and the result sometimes is that an otherwise good naturalist will perpetuate these fables, as Hudson did when he wrote of the puma. Hudson was a capital observer and writer when he dealt with the ordi-

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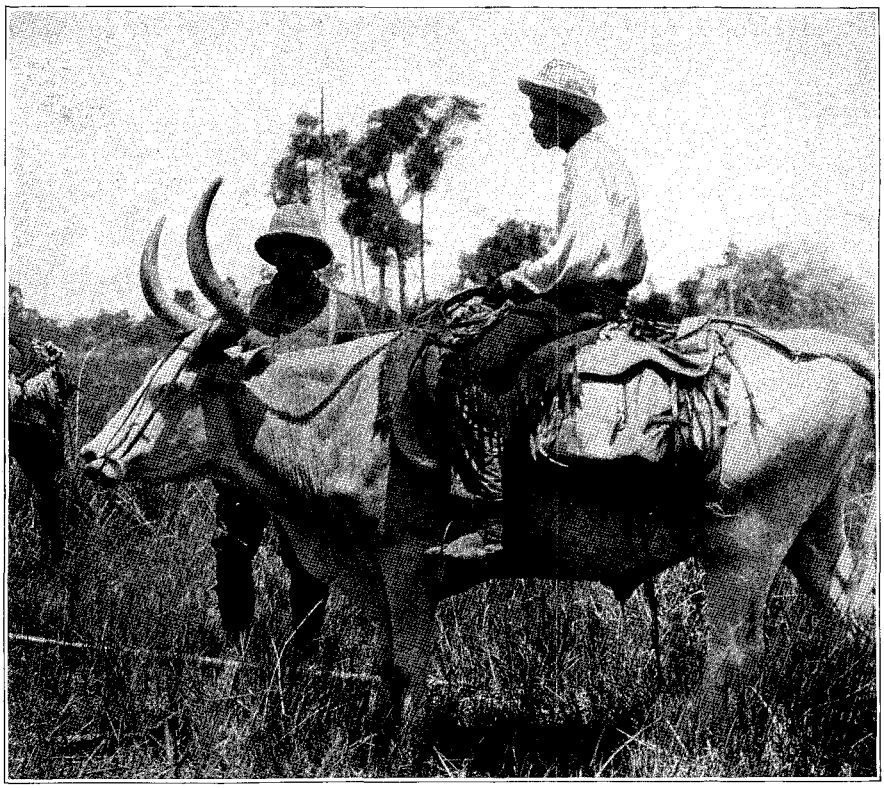
nary birds and mammals of the well-settled districts near Buenos Aires and at the mouth of the Rio Negro; but he knew nothing of the wilderness. This is no reflection on him; his books are great favor-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The brown boy on the long-horned trotting steer, which he managed by a string through its nostril and lip.

ites of mine, and are to a large degree models of what such books should be; I only wish that there were hundreds of such writers and observers who would give us similar books for all parts of America. But it is a mistake to accept him as an authority on that concerning which he was ignorant.

An interesting incident occurred on the day we killed our first jaguar. We took our lunch beside a small but deep and obviously permanent pond. I went to the edge to dip up some water, and something growled or bellowed at me only a few feet away. It was a jacaré-tinga or small cayman about five feet long. I paid no heed to it at the moment. But shortly afterward when our horses went down to drink it threatened them and frightened them; and then Colonel Rondon and Kermit called me to watch it. It lay on the surface of the water only a few feet distant from us and threatened us; we threw cakes of mud at it, whereupon it clashed its jaws and made short rushes at us, and when we threw sticks it seized them and crunched them. We could not drive it away. Why it should have shown such truculence and heedlessness I cannot imagine, unless perhaps it was a female, with eggs near by. In another little pond a jacaré-tinga showed no less anger when another of my companions approached. It bellowed, opened its jaws, and lashed its tail. Yet these pond jacarés never actually molested even our dogs in the ponds, far less us on our horses.

This same day others of our party had an interesting experience with the creatures in another pond. One of them was Commander Da Cunha (of the Brazilian

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navy), a capital sportsman and delightful companion. They found a deepish pond a hundred yards or so long and thirty or forty across. It was tenanted by the small caymans and by capybaras—the teeth cutting out chunks of tough hide and flesh. Evidently they did not molest either cayman or capybara while it was unwounded; but blood excited them to frenzy. Their habits are in some ways in-

From a photograph by Harper.

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit returning from the jaguar-hunt.

largest known rodent, a huge aquatic guinea-pig, the size of a small sheep. It also swarmed with piranhas, the ravenous fish of which I have so often spoken. Undoubtedly the caymans were subsisting largely on these piranhas. But the tables were readily turned if any caymans were injured. When a capybara was shot and sank in the water, the piranhas at once attacked it, and had eaten half the carcass ten minutes later. But much more extraordinary was the fact that when a cayman about five feet long was wounded the piranhas attacked and tore it, and actually drove it out on the bank to face its human foes. The fish first attacked the wound; then, as the blood maddened them, they attacked all the soft parts, their terrible explicable. We saw men frequently bathing unmolested; but there are places where this is never safe, and in any place if a school of the fish appear swimmers are in deadly peril, and a wounded man or beast is also in grave danger if piranhas are in the neighborhood. Ordinarily it appears that an unwounded man is attacked only by accident—such accidents are rare; but they happen with sufficient frequency to justify much caution in entering water where piranhas abound.

We frequently came across ponds tenanted by numbers of capybaras. The huge, pig-like rodents are said to be shy elsewhere. Here they were tame. The water was their home and refuge. They usually went ashore to feed on the grass,

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and made well-beaten trails in the marsh immediately around the water; but they must have travelled these at night, for we never saw them more than a few feet away from the water in the daytime. Even at midday we often came on them standing beside a bayou or pond. The dogs would rush wildly at such a standing beast, which would wait until they were only a few yards off and then dash into and under the water. The dogs would also run full-tilt into the water, and it was then really funny to see their surprise and disappointment at the sudden and complete disappearance of their quarry. Often a capybara would stand or sit on its haunches in the water, with only its blunt, short-eared head above the surface, quite heedless of our presence. But if alarmed it would dive, for capybaras swim with equal facility on or below the surface; and if they wish to hide they rise gently among the rushes or water-lily leaves with only their nostrils exposed. In these waters the capybaras and small caymans paid no attention to one another, swimming and resting in close proximity. They both had the same enemy, the jaguar. The capybara is a game animal only in the sense that a hare or rabbit is. The flesh is good to eat, and its amphibious habits and queer nature and surroundings make it interesting. In some of the ponds the water had about gone, and the capybaras had become for the time being beasts of the marsh and the mud; although they could always find little slimy pools, under a mass of water-lilies, in which to lie and hide.

Our whole stay on this ranch was delightful. On the long rides we always saw something of interest, and often it was something entirely new to us. Early one morning we came across two armadillos—the big, nine-banded armadillo. We were riding with the pack, through a dry, sandy pasture country, dotted with clumps of palms, round the trunks of which grew a dense jungle of thorns and Spanish bayonets. The armadillos were feeding in an open space between two of these jungle clumps which were about a hundred yards apart. One was on all fours; the other was in a squatting position, with its fore legs off the ground. Their long ears were very prominent. The dogs raced at them. I had always supposed that armadillos merely shuffled along, and curled up for protection when menaced; and I was almost as surprised as if I had seen a turtle gallop when these two armadillos bounded off at a run, going as fast as rabbits. One headed back for the nearest patch of jungle, which it reached. The other ran at full speed—and ran really fast, too—until it nearly reached the other patch, a hundred yards distant, the dogs in full cry immediately behind it. Then it suddenly changed its mind, wheeled in its tracks, and came back like a bullet right through the pack. Dog after dog tried to seize it or stop it and turned to pursue it; but its wedge-shaped snout and armored body, joined to the speed at which it was galloping, enabled it to drive straight ahead through its pursuers, not one of which could halt it or grasp it, and it reached in safety its thorny haven of refuge. It had run at speed about a hundred and fifty yards. I was much impressed by this unexpected exhibition; evidently this species of armadillo only curls up as a last resort, and ordinarily trusts to its speed, and to the protection its build and its armor give it while running, in order to reach its burrow or other place of safety. Twice, while laying railway tracks near São Paulo, Kermit had accidentally dug up armadillos with a steam-shovel.

There are big anthills, some of them of huge dimensions, scattered through the country. Sometimes they were built against the stems of trees. We did not here come across any of the poisonous or biting ants which, when sufficiently numerous, render certain districts uninhabitable. They are ordinarily not very numerous; they kill nestling birds, and at once destroy any big animal unable to get out of their way. It has been suggested that nestlings in their nests are in some way immune from the attack of these ants. The experiments of our naturalists tended to show that this was not the case. They plundered any nest they came across and could get at.

Once we saw a small herd of peccaries, one a sow followed by three little pigs—they are said only to have two young, but we saw three, although of course it is possible one belonged to another sow. The herd galloped into a mass of thorny cover the hounds could not penetrate; and when

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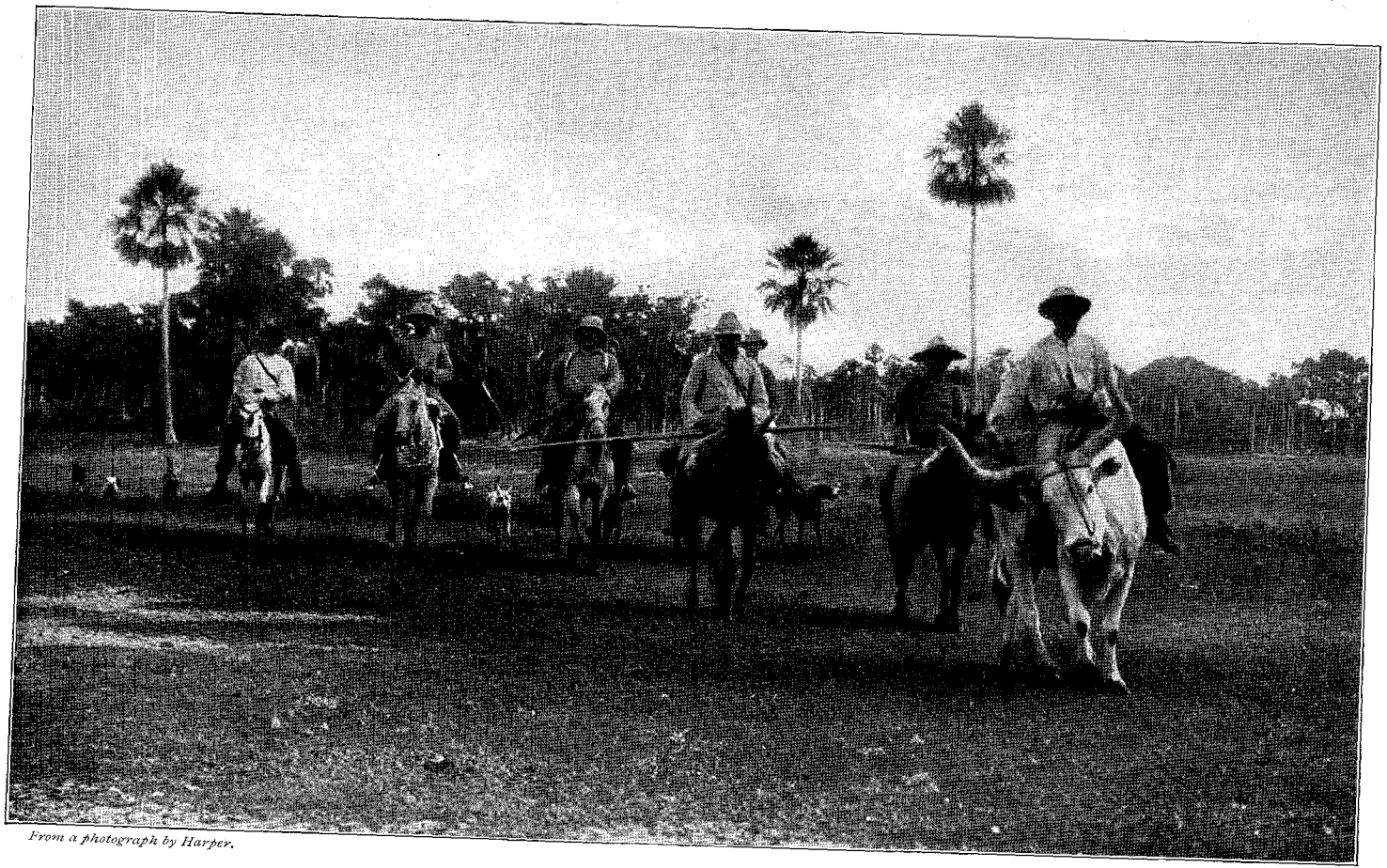

From a photograph by Harper.

The entire party on the way back to the ranch.

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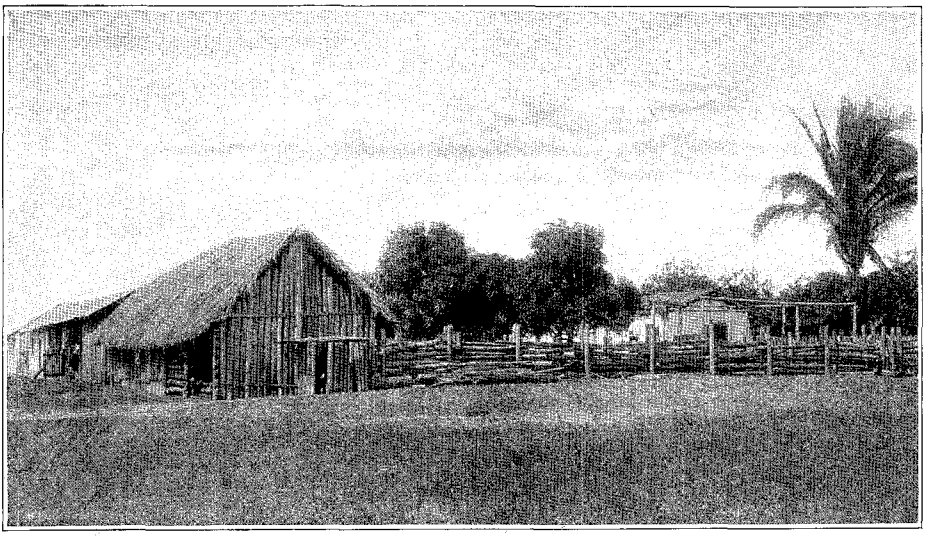

From a photograph by Harper.

Fazenda Las Palmeiras on the Rio Taquary.

they were in safety we heard them utter, from the depths of the jungle, a curious moaning sound.

On one ride we passed a clump of palms which were fairly ablaze with bird color. There were magnificent hyacinth macaws; green parrots with red splashes; toucans with varied plumage, black, white, red, yellow; green jacmars; flaming orioles and both blue and dark-red tanagers. It was an extraordinary collection. All were noisy. Perhaps there was a snake that had drawn them by its presence; but we could find no snake. The assembly dispersed as we rode up; the huge blue macaws departed in pairs, uttering their hoarse "ar-rah-h, ar-rah-h." It has been said that parrots in the wilderness are only noisy on the wing. They are certainly noisy on the wing; and those that we saw were quiet while they were feeding, but ordinarily when they were perched among the branches, and especially when, as in the case of the little paraquets near the house, they were gathering materials for nest-building, they were just as noisy as while flying.

The water birds were always a delight. We shot merely the two or three specimens the naturalists needed for the museum. I killed a wood-ibis on the wing with the handy little Springfield; and then lost all the credit I had gained by a series of inexcusable misses, at long range, before I finally killed a jabiru. Kermit shot a jabiru with the Lüger automatic. The great splendid birds, standing about as tall as a man, show fight when wounded, and advance against their assailants, clattering their formidable bills. One day we found the nest of a jabiru in a mighty fig-tree, on the edge of a patch of jungle. It was a big platform of sticks, placed on a horizontal branch. There were four half-grown young standing on it. We passed it in the morning, when both parents were also perched alongside; the sky was then overcast, and it was not possible to photograph it with the small camera. In the early afternoon when we again passed it the sun was out, and we tried to get photographs. But one parent bird was present at this time. It showed no fear. I noticed that, as it stood on a branch near the nest, its bill was slightly open. It was very hot, and I suppose it had opened its bill just as a hen opens her bill in hot weather. As we rode away the old bird and the four young birds were standing motionless, and with gliding flight the other old bird was returning to the nest. It is hard to give an adequate idea of the wealth of bird life in these marshes. A naturalist could with the utmost advantage spend six months on such a ranch as that we

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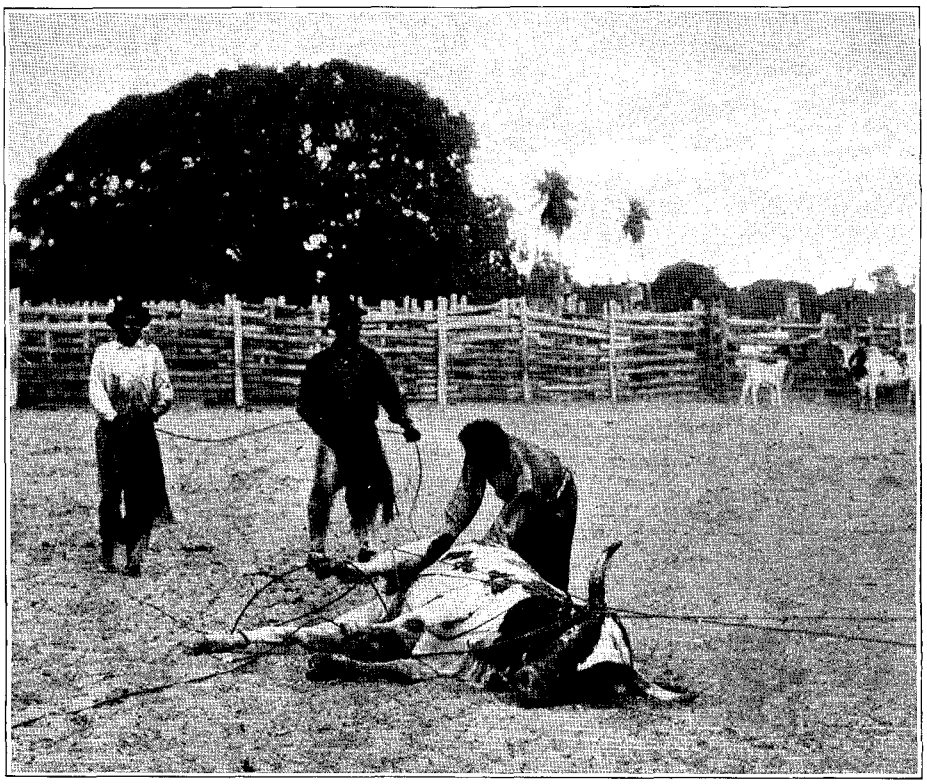
visited. He would have to do some collecting, but only a little. Exhaustive observation in the field is what is now most needed. Most of this wonderful and harmless bird life should be protected by law; and the mammals should receive reasonable protection. The books now most needed are those dealing with the life histories of wild creatures.

Near the ranch-house, walking familiarly among the cattle, we saw the big, deep-billed Ani blackbirds. They feed on the insects disturbed by the hoofs of the cattle, and often cling to them and pick off the ticks. It was the end of the nesting season, and we did not find their curious communal nests, in which half a dozen females lay their eggs indiscriminately. The common ibises in the ponds near by—which usually went in pairs, instead of in flocks like the wood-ibis—were very tame, and so were the night heron, and all the small herons. In flying, the ibises and storks stretch the neck straight in front of them. The jabiru—a splendid bird on the wing—also stretches his neck out in front, but there appears to be a slight downward curve at the base of the neck, which may be due merely to the craw. The big slender herons, on the contrary, bend the long neck back in a beautiful curve, so that the head is nearly between the shoulders. One day I saw what I at first thought was a small yellow-bellied kingfisher hovering over a pond, and finally plunging down to the surface of the water after a school of tiny young fish; but it proved to be a bien-te-vi king-bird. Curved-bill woodhavers, birds the size and somewhat the coloration of veeries, but with long, slender sickle-bills, were common in the little garden back of the house; their habits were those of creepers, and they scrambled with agility up, along, and under the trunks and branches; and along the posts and rails of the fence, thrusting the bill into crevices for insects. The oven-birds, which had the carriage and



From a photograph by Harper.

Roping bulls at the Las Palmeiras ranch.

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somewhat the look of wood-thrushes, I am sure would prove delightful friends on a close acquaintance; they are very individual, not only in the extraordinary domed mud nests they build, but in all their ways, in their bright alertness, their interest in and curiosity about whatever goes on, their rather jerky quickness of movement, and their loud and varied calls. With a little encouragement they become tame and familiar. The paraquets were too noisy, but otherwise were most attractive little birds, as they flew to and fro and scrambled about in the top of the palm behind the house. There was one showy kind of king-bird or tyrant flycatcher, lustrous black with a white head.

One afternoon several score cattle were driven into a big square corral near the house, in order to brand the calves and a number of unbranded yearlings and two-year-olds. A special element of excitement was added by the presence of a dozen big bulls which were to be turned into draught oxen. The agility, nerve, and prowess of the ranch workmen, the herders or gauchos, were noteworthy. The dark-skinned men were obviously mainly of Indian and negro descent, although some of them also showed a strong strain of white blood. They wore the usual shirt, trousers, and fringed leather aprons, with Jim-crow hats. Their bare feet must have been literally as tough as horn; for when one of them roped a big bull he would brace himself, bending back until he was almost sitting down and digging his heels into the ground, and the galloping beast would be stopped short and whirled completely round when the rope tautened. The maddened bulls, and an occasional steer or cow, charged again and again with furious wrath; but two or three ropes would settle on the doomed beast, and down it would go; and when it was released and rose and charged once more, with greater fury than ever, the men, shouting with laughter, would leap up the sides of the heavy stockade.

We stayed at the ranch until a couple of days before Christmas. Hitherto the weather had been lovely. The night before we left there was a torrential tropic downpour. It was not unexpected, for we had been told that the rainy season was overdue. The following forenoon the baggage started, in a couple of two-wheeled ox-carts, for the landing where the steamboat awaited us. Each cart was drawn by eight oxen. The huge wheels were nearly eight feet high. Early in the afternoon we followed on horseback, and overtook the carts as darkness fell, just before we reached the landing on the river's bank. The last few miles, after the final reaches of higher, tree-clad ground had been passed, were across a level plain of tall ground on which the water stood, sometimes only up to the ankles of a man on foot, sometimes as high as his waist. Directly in front of us, many leagues distant, rose the bold mountains that lie west of Corumbá. Behind them the sun was setting and kindled the overcast heavens with lurid splendor. Then the last rose tints faded from the sky, the horses plodded wearily through the water; on every side stretched the marsh, vast, lonely, desolate in the gray of the half-light. We overtook the ox-carts. The cattle strained in the yokes; the drivers wading alongside cracked their whips and uttered strange cries; the carts rocked and swayed as the huge wheels churned through the mud and water. As the last light faded we reached the small patches of dry land at the landing, where the flat-bottomed side-wheel steamboat was moored to the bank. The tired horses and oxen were turned loose to graze. Water stood in the corrals, but the open shed was on dry ground. Under it the half-clad, wild-looking ox-drivers and horse herders slung their hammocks; and close by they lit a fire and roasted, or scorched, slabs and legs of mutton, spitted on sticks and propped above the smouldering flame.

Next morning, with real regret, we waved good-by to our dusky attendants, as they stood on the bank, grouped around a little fire, beside the big empty ox-carts. A dozen miles down-stream a rowboat fitted for a spritsail put off from the bank. The owner, a countryman from a small ranch, asked for a tow to Corumbá, which we gave. He had with him in the boat his comely brown wife—who was smoking a very large cigar—their two children, a young man, and a couple of trunks and various other belongings. On Christmas eve we reached Corumbá, and rejoined the other members of the expedition.

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TRIPOLI

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I

ABSALOM ENGLAND, a tall grizzled Arab and sea-pilot, saluted me on the deck. The combination of names, race, and occupation might have seemed peculiar to me once, but I was proof against any African vagary. He was a land-pilot now, and took charge of me and mine. I did not lose my liberty, but I had unknowingly parted with all responsibility for myself; thereafter, except in consular guard or barred in my hotel, I was under his incessant watch and ward. I even began to have some value in my own eyes, seeing at what a price I was rated, and could easily have fancied myself a disguised soldan with an inseparable follower. He treated me as something between a son and a sheik. But at the moment to my unforeseeing eyes he was only a dark, respectful Arab, with a weather-worn and open-air look, black with many summers, a strong type of a fine race, and with a terrible cough that shook him.

We passed the Turkish officials and sank like a bubble in the variety and vivacity of the land, always so noticeable when one comes from the sea. It was pleasant to be in a city once more: there were noise and movement and things to look at; and almost at once the gray mass of a magnificent ruined arch, half-buried in the street, lifted its dark and heavy stones, bossed with obliterated faces and grimy sculpture, among the paltry buildings; a grocery shop with its bright fruits and lettered boxes seemed to have nested like a swallow in its lower stories. It looked like a worn old ocean rock in that incongruous tide of people and trade—once the proud arch of Marcus Aurelius. A few moments brought us to what elsewhere would have been an obscure hotel, but was here the chief hostelry,—a house with an interior court as usual, a few chambers opening on dilapidated galleries in a double tier, and rude stairs leading up. Seyd, a Fezzan negro boy, showed me to a tumbled room. It was an unpromising outlook even for a brief sojourn. I went at once to the French consul. The other powers have consuls, except that America at that time had none; but owing to the old position of France as the protector of all Catholics, her representative is pre-eminent in the eyes of the Mohammedans—he is "the consul." The consulate was a very fine old Arab house; a magnificent dragoman with negro guards received me in the great silent court and led me up the broad stone stairway to the large and beautiful rooms where I was to feel myself so pleasantly at home. Then Absalom and I fared forth.

I found myself in a true African street with a new trait. It is astonishing what originality crops out in the bare and simple things of this land; one thinks he has seen all, and by some slight shift of the lights something new emerges and is magically touched—the real and common made mysterious, the daily and usual made visionary, the familiar unfamiliar once more. It was a narrow street, vaulted from side to side, and its fresh atmosphere was bathed in that cool obscurity which in this land of fierce and burning rays is like balm to the eyes; and, besides, this street was painted blue, which was to add a caress to the softness of the light. This was the slight and magical touch. A stream of passers went down and up the centre of the blueness; the little shops on either side strung along their bright and curious merchandise of the museum and the fair; and the shadowy, azure-toned perspectives framed each figure as it came near, with flowing robe or dark haik and burdens borne on head and shoulder. The place had an atmosphere all its own, that stays in the memory like perfume. I loved to loiter there afterward, but then we had a goal; and we came at last by flights of steps to the market or the great space near the sea. I had seen the people by the beach from the steamer and wondered at their number; and that was why I had come.

It was by far the greatest market I ever

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saw. It was truly metropolitan. I went among the plotted squares of merchandise and rows of goods spread out in great heaps and little piles, and along by the small tents islanding their foreign treasures. To tell and name it all would be to inventory a civilization: cloths and finery and trinkets; grains in sacks, amid which I wandered nibbling hard kernels of strange savors, trying unknown nuts and dried fruits; utensils, strange-cornered knives with curves of murder, straight, broad blades; slippers and caps; what seemed to me droves of cows—it was so long since I had seen cows—camels and donkeys; vegetables,—bulbs, pods, and heads; things to eat, bobbing in pots and kettles; leathers, hides, straws. It was an improvised exposition—everything that the desert hand produces or manufactures of the pastoral kind or that the desert heart has learned to desire of migratory commerce brought from far away. The grass market especially attracted me with its heaped-up bales of halfa, where camels were unloading the unwieldy and enormous burdens balanced across their backs; and so did the Soudanese corner, with odd straw work, deep-colored gourds, and skin bottles.

But the stage was the least part of the scene; in this play the crowd was the thing. There were familiar traits, but in its wholeness it was a new crowd. I scanned them as an explorer looks at an unknown tribe from the hills. There was nothing here of Tunisian softness, mild affability and elegance, not the simple and peaceful countenances seen in the Zibans, nor the amiable cheer and brusque energy of the Kabyles, nor the blond beauty of the Chaouias, nor even the forbidding face of the Moor; here was a different temper —the spirit of the horde, the *fierté* of the desert, the rudeness of nature, borne with an independence of mien, a freedom of gait, unblenching eyes: true desert-dwellers. I think I never felt the full meaning and flavor of the word "autochthonous" before. They were the soil made man. There was also, beyond the tough fibre and wild grace of the free life, another impression, which owed perhaps as much to the feeling of the stranger there as to anything explicit in the crowd—a sense of something fierce and hard, an instinct of hostility, of disdain, the egotism of an alien faith master on its own fanatic soil.

This crowd, which fascinated me by its vitality and temper of life, was clad in every variety of burnoose and haik and head-gear; here and there was a crude outbreak of color, as if some one had spilt, and soiled, aniline dyes at random, but the general effect was sober—brown earth colors, mixed blacks and grays, dingy whites, a workaday world. There were many negroes. I had already added much to my knowledge of negro types, but here I annexed, as it were, new kingdoms of physiognomy. These men were strange as the tropics: some amazingly long-waisted, some Herculean in measure or extraordinarily lean and bulbous in the shoulders—new species of human heads. Arabs and Berbers, mingled with the mixed blood of half a continent, made the bulk; and here and there stood some richer personages, heavily robed, superbly turbaned, merchants from Ghadamès and from further off, where the desert routes spread fanwise from the Soudan to Timbuctoo, opening on the whole breadth of equatorial Africa, Lake Tchad, and the Niger. For Tripoli has been for long centuries a sea-metropolis—it is now the last sea-metropolis—of the native desert-world; hither still comes the raw wealth of Africa, with all the old train and concomitants of caravan, traders, and robber instincts; and here are most variously and numerously gathered the representatives of the untamed tribes. It is the last Mediterranean home of the predatory, migratory, old free desert life. This market, I knew, was the direct descendant of one of the world's oldest trading-posts, for the early Phœnician merchants established a commercial station here, as they coasted along exploring the unknown world; it was on this beach they landed, no doubt; that was long ago. This market was the child of that old trading-post. It was a wonderful scene there, under the crumbling walls in the blazing sun by the quiet sea.

Late in the afternoon I drove out into the oasis, which is a suburb on the south-east of the city. We were soon in the midst of it and passing along by the familiar scene of palm groves, with fruit-trees and vegetables and silent roads. It

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was a more open country than usual, and there was an abundance of gardens with houses in them; it had more the character of suburban villa life, a place of retirement from the city, than any oasis I had seen. The soil had much red in it, and this gave a strong ground-color over which the greens rose darkly on the blue. The tall wells—the *guerbas*—were a common feature in the gardens, for the oasis is watered in the old way by means of a pulley-arrangement between two high standards over which runs a rope worked by a mule or camel or other beast of all work, which tramped to and fro beneath as the goat-skin bucket rose and fell. I visited some of these gardens, picked oranges, and wandered about and talked with the laborers. We came out on the desert sharp as the line of a sea beach, cut by the palms; there was a fort or two on the edge, and the hard barren waste swept away with the finality of an ocean toward the far distant mountain range southward. Two Turkish officers rode up from the route; they were fine figures, splendidly horsed, and looked very real. On the way back we saw many Turkish soldiers, sturdy, capable men, badly clothed but military in every way. I was more interested in the groups and solitary figures returning from the market to their homes, the Bedouins with sticks in their hands or over their shoulders. How they walked! What an erectness in their heads! What an *élan* in their stride forward! Strangely enough, they reminded me of the virgins of the Erechtheum, the caryatides. I have never elsewhere seen such a pose. How like in color to earth, too, with their browns and grays on the strong tones of the roads they walked along! It was the clearness before twilight, and all the lines of the landscape were lowered and strong in the level rays; the palmy roads, the soldiers, the Bedouins made a picture fuller of life than one usually sees in an oasis. One felt the neighborhood of the city.

When I went out at night the streets were dark; lamps here and there gave a feeble light, stores were open, there were groups about. The cafés I dropped into were not full, unless small, and were all very quiet. There were long bubble pipes to be had, and silent Arabs smoking them; but I contented myself with coffee. It was not interesting, and I went to the Italian-Greek theatre. This was a small hall, but of considerable size, and full of Sicilians and Greeks. They were a hardy-looking company, not to say rough. On the stage a girl was being tied to a tree by some Turks; it was a pantomime, and the plot went on and the daring rescue was effected to the satisfaction of the audience. While the stage was being prepared anew, there was the sound of a row at the door. Instantly on either side of me there was a movement and thrust of those hard faces and strong shoulders, like the lift of a dark wave at sea; it reminded me of a mass-play at football in the old game, only it was bigger, darker, tense: it was fighting blood, always keyed for sudden alarm and instantly ready *en masse*. The little crowd, serried head over head, paused a moment, as an Arab came forward and made a short speech, explaining the trouble. The men fell back to their seats. The play was going on now—it was a variety performance—with two girls singing songs, and the rescued maiden of the pantomime came down to collect pennies. It was curious to see the changing expression on the faces of those men and boys. They had been hard faces, with Sicilian sombreness in repose, rugged with life, with something dark and gloomy in them; now they broke into smiles, their eyes shone and laughed, as she passed among them, they were glad to have her speak to them—it was sunshine breaking out over a rough and stormy sea. There was a dance now; and so the scenes went on till I came away and Absalom piloted me through the dark and deserted ways to the hotel. It was closed of course, but I was not prepared for what followed. There was a great undoing of bars and turning of locks, and I stepped in over the body of a sleeping negro and waited till his companion did up the fastenings. They seemed to me sufficient for a fortress; and, not content with that, these two negroes slept all night on the floor next the door. It was like a mediæval guard-room.

II

We were finishing our late nooning at the café which pleased me best near the little park with the old Roman statues

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by the sea where the handful of resident Europeans liked to take the air at evening. I was engaged in my favorite occupation of regarding the street. The little room was crowded with natives seated close, quietly gaming or doing nothing; Turkish officers rolled by in carriages; there was continuous passing; a half-dozen *gamins* played in the street, the most eager-faced, the most lithe-motioned of boys, the most snapping-eyed Jewish bootblacks, quite beyond the nimble Biskris of Algiers reputed to be the kings of the profession in the Mediterranean; on the other side of the street a flower-seller was, as always, binding up violets interminably in his lean hands. It was a pleasant scene; but I lazily consented when Absalom suggested that we drive out to the Jewish village. We crossed the street to the cab-stand. I am not good at bargaining, and I am impatient at the farce or tragedy, as the case may be, of a guide beating down a cabman; but my feelings toward Absalom were different. I frankly admired him as he stood in his plain dignity, perfectly motionless, with a long-stemmed rose at his lips, a beautiful half-blown dark bloom with the curves of a shell in its frail, firm petals; and when the figure had dropped deftly and almost noiselessly from fifteen francs to six, "it is just," said Absalom, and seated me in the carriage with the double harness.

We passed into the pleasant vistas of the oasis, rolling over the red roads with the tumbled earth walls and by the deep-retired houses and the orange gardens, and the air was full of the fresh balm of spring. It was a smiling, green, and blossoming world, and it was good to be alive. I knew it was just such a world that such villages are in, and this one was native to the oasis and partook of its qualities; but it seemed to take only the rudest and roughest of them, and to carry them down. It was a disheartening sight. I had never seen so wretched a Jewish village. The houses, the people, were of the poorest; and not in an ordinary way. The village was a fantasy of poverty, a *diablerie*. The faces and forms, attitudes, occupations of the people, their mere aggregation, depressed me in a sinister way. Some of them were sharpening sickles on old bones; and others, women with earrings, were working at some primitive industry with their toes, using them as if they were fingers. The little place was thronged and busy as an ant-hill; but the signs of wretched life were everywhere, and most in the bodies of these poor creatures. I was glad to be again in the garden and grove of the roadside and amid the wholesomeness of nature, as we drove off to the centre of the oasis.

There we found a great house, that seemed to be of some public nature, built on the top of a high bare hill. It belonged to a pashaw, and its roof commanded the whole view of the oasis and its surroundings. It was somewhat like a rambling summer hotel in aspect. We were admitted as if there were nothing uncommon in our visit, and I mounted to the roof and saw the wide prospect—the white city and blue sea behind, the ring of the palmerai about, the gray desert beyond—and on coming down was taken to a large and rather empty room with a balcony. There Absalom told me that the pashaw, who seemed to be the city governor, would be pleased if I would lend him my carriage, as he had an unexpected call to go to town. Shortly after the pashaw came in. It was evident that Absalom regarded him as a very great man. He shook hands with me, and was gravely courteous; but he understood very little French, and real conversation was out of the question. He ordered coffee, gave me cigarettes, and took me out on the balcony, pointing out the desert mountain range, Djebel Ghariane, of which there was a fine view, and other features. We drank our coffee, and after perhaps twenty minutes of polite entertainment he took my card, shook hands in a friendly spirit, and bade me good-by with an *au revoir*. I sat alone looking out from the balcony toward those distant mountains over the great desert, smoking the cigarettes he had left me, and thinking of that vast hinterland of fanatic Islam before my eyes, so jealously guarded from exploration, where the fires of hatred against the Christian nations are systematically fed, while a victorious proselytism is sweeping through the central negro tribes, reclaiming them from fetish worship to "the only God." The carriage was not gone long. We drove back at

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once, and I found the flower-seller by the cab-stand still twining those endless bunches of violets, and jonquils, and narcissi, in the sinking sun.

That evening we spent at the Turkish theatre. It was better furnished than the Sicilian. Palms decorated one side of the stage, and large flags draped the back. The centre was occupied by a group of three women of whom the one in the middle was plainly the *prima donna*. She was a striking figure, tall, and in her dress, attitude, and expression, of the music-hall Cleopatra type. A high gilt crown rested on her abundant black hair; her eyebrows were straight, the eyes liquid, roving, and full of fire, the mouth and other features large, the throat beautiful and firm; a white veil descended from the crown on either side, ornaments were on her arms and feet, she wore a flashing girdle, but the effect of her person was not dissipated in jewels or color; her figure remained statuesque, linear, and so much so that there seemed to me something almost hieratic in her pose, as she stood there, with the crown and the veil, motionless, the whole semi-barbaric form finely relieved on the broad stripe of the beautiful flag behind. This was when she was in repose; when she sang or danced, the effect was quite different. I was not her only admirer. There were a hundred or more men in the hall—no Europeans. They were smoking, talking, moving about in their seats freely, with an indolent café manner, and the performance went on with long waits. The lady of the stage was a favorite; men threw cigarettes to her, and engaged her in conversation from the floor, and she would fling back a sentence to them. There was one admirer beyond all the rest. He sat in the centre near the stage, a splendidly appointed youth from Alexandria, garbed in the richest red, with a princely elegance and mien, a gallant; cigarettes were not for him—he stood up and threw kisses with both hands vociferously and numerously; he left no doubt as to his sentiments. Once or twice he attempted to rush the stage, but was restrained. He would go out, and come back loaded with flowers for ammunition. He had a negro rival off to the left, also finely apparelled, but no match in that regard for the Alexandrian red, though he held his own in the attention of both the audience and the queen of the stage. Meanwhile the numbers of the performance lazily succeeded one another; there was music on the zithern and mandolin, the tambour was heard—songs, dances, other girls. It was all perfectly blameless; and, indeed, in my judgment, the Arabs have a stronger sense of public decorum than the northern barbarians at their play. I saw the entertainment out, and went to my castle.

III

A DRIVE in the oasis was always worth having, the sky was the purest blue, it was brisk desert air in the nostrils, and notwithstanding my misadventure with the Jewish village I yielded to Absalom's programme and went to see how the negroes fared at their own rendezvous. It was a lesson to me not to prejudge even a trifling adventure in a new land. The sight was piquant. The village was a little collection of conical roofed huts with brush fences round each one; a few palms feathered the sky over it, and groves of them made the horizon-lines, except where the sparkling sea stretched off beneath the bluff. The place was alive with women and children in striped burnooses and nondescript folds, whose rough edges and nutty colors seemed to belong to the complexions and stiff hair, of all varieties of turn, that one saw on every side. They were very poor people, of course, but their miserable state did not make so harsh an impression as in the case of the Jewish village; there was a happy light in their faces and a fitness in the environment of hut and brush under the palms in the sun which made the scene a part of nature. It was a bit of equatorial Africa transplanted and set down here—a Soudanese village in its native aspect, even to that touch of grimace, as of human nature laughing at itself, which negroes have in their wild state. I had a flash of such an experience at Gabès; in the oasis, just below the beautiful sweep of the cascades, there suddenly sprang up before me in the bush a young negress, as wonderfully clad as unclad. It was as if a picture in my geography had come to life. I might have been in a jungle on the banks of the Niger.

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It was the same here; the degrees of latitude seemed to have got mixed; the scene belonged much farther south under a tropic sky, and I lingered about it with interest and curiosity.

Then I turned to the market close by —not a great market like that of the city, but the oasis market. It did not cover a large space, but was prettily situated, and banked at one side by a fine palm grove, which gave it character and country peace. There were two or three hundred people there, scattered among the usual squares of goods and vegetables, variegated with straw work, skin bottles, and Soudanese helmets; but there was an uncommon number of animals—camels and cows, sheep and goats. There was slaughtering going on near the palm grove. It seemed that the purchaser picked out the particular sheep he preferred, and it was made mutton before his eyes. It reminded me of Greek Easter days. The scene, however, was by no means sanguinary; it was a country fair amid the quiet palms asleep in the blue —the life of the people in their own land in their ancestral ways.

IV

THE consul had made me his friend by incessant kindness. He had at the start insisted on my taking my first meal in Tripoli with him, and since then I had lived almost as much at his table as at the hotel, which was a blessing, not to say a charity. He was a scholarly gentleman, long resident in the Levant, and familiar with the Moslem world, though his appointment to Tripoli was of recent date. It was to this last fact, perhaps, that I owed the rarest of my privileges, an invitation to visit the mosques in his company. Tripoli is a stronghold of fanaticism and the mosques are jealously closed to the infidel; permission to visit them is seldom given, and if formally granted is generally made nugatory in some underhand way; for a person in my unofficial station such a visit would be unexampled. The consul, however, had never himself seen them, and he suggested that this would be an opportunity for me. His application was at once honored, and the next morning the chief of police called and we set out at once, preceded by the consular *cavas* or dragoman, himself no mean figure corporeally, brilliant in his Algerian uniform and bearing before him the formidable and highly ornamented staff of his office.

We went first to the Gurgy Mosque, which is considered the finest of all. I wondered if the key would be lost, which is the usual subterfuge; but the guardian was quickly found, and turned the lock. My account of the mosques must be meagre; the occasion allowed of only a *coup d'œil*, it was impossible to take notes on the spot, and one could examine in detail only near objects in passing. I can give only an impression, not a description. All mosques are much alike in plan and arrangement. There is a plain, open hall with the great vacant floor-space for prayer, the ornamented *mihrab* or niche in the wall showing the direction of Mecca toward which all turn, with brazen candlesticks or hanging silver lamps, and by its side and at a little distance the high pulpit with a steep stairway for the preacher or leader; there may be also a closed box on the floor, or sometimes elevated, for the Sultan or his representative, and a latticed space for women. These are permanent features. The mosques differ much, however, in size, ornamentation, and aspect, and in the *entourage* of the main room, its approaches, courts, and dependencies. The interior of the Gurgy Mosque was square, finely decorated, beautifully wrought. Intersecting arches, resting on rows of columns, divided it into several naves with many domes. The walls were tiled, and an unusual look of elaborate finish was given to the general effect by the fact that all the surfaces were entirely covered, nothing being left bare; to the color tones of the tiles were added on all sides the lights of the highly wrought stucco incrustation, cool marbles, and the dark, rich contrasts of beautifully carved wood. The capitals of the columns, done in stucco, were each different. Texts of the Koran, illuminated in a fine script on a broad band at the base of the domes, gave another element to the decoration. It was a beautiful mosque, and I remember it as one of the few I have seen which were perfectly finished; there was nothing ruinous or aged or bare about it, and it was completed—a lovely interior in which

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the simple elements of beauty employed in this art were admirably blended. We especially admired the carved woodwork here. Our stay, however, was but of a few moments' duration, and we saw only this interior.

We passed on to the Mosque of Dragut, the pirate, the same who built the Tower of Christian Skulls at Djerba by the seashore. It was quite different, a plain old mosque with old columns, and seemed to belong to old times. In a low chamber to one side was Dragut's tomb. It was covered with green cloth, and at the four corners colored banners hung over it; other tombs stood about it in the chapel, princes of Islam, and the usual maps of Mecca and the tomb of the prophet were on the walls, and some cherished objects of historic or personal reverence were here and there; all about were the great candles and the turban-topped small columns of the dead. It was a place of profound peace. This impression was deepened still more as we passed out into the adjoining courts with their low crypt-like columns, white-washed, heavy, and sombre. Here the commissary, or chief, who had us in charge, an amiable-faced Turk with a gray grizzled beard, pointed out the tomb of the English captain, as it is known, a renegade lieutenant of Dragut, who sleeps in a beautiful niche nigh his old commander. Farther on beneath an immense broad old fig-tree in the court were other tombs, with the turbaned end-slabs of different styles and heights—a little company shut in this quiet close of death. A great silence and peacefulness reigned there, alike about the ancient fig-tree without and in the bannered chamber within. I could not help thinking what a place of repose the great pirate had found out for himself and his companions in his death. I went out touched more than commonly with that sense of deep calm which a mosque always, half-mysteriously, awakes in me.

Of the third mosque, which I did not identify, but suppose to have been that of Mahmat, we had barely a passing glimpse, looking down from a gallery upon a large carpeted floor—there were many carpets—but it seemed to offer nothing of special interest. The fourth, however, El Nakr, the Mosque of the Camel, was after my own heart. It is the most ancient, as indeed one would expect from the name, that of Dragut being next in age, and has the special sanctity that attaches to a traditional religious spot. I suppose it was here that the faith began on the soil. We entered first into one of those low-columned crypt-like courts; two tall palms were growing in it, with a little patch of bright-green barley beneath. The artistic effect of this simple scene of nature framed in the seclusion of the gray old walls, with its bit of sky above, the sunshine and the unbroken peace, as it fell on my eyes, was indescribable; of a thousand scenes it imprinted itself on my memory as a thing seen once and seen forever—one of those pictures that are only painted by the soul for itself. We passed within. It was an old plain mosque, with low columns and an ancient look, all without elegance or ornament. It was in the same spirit as that of Dragut, but with still more of austerity and impressiveness. This was the stern old faith, which could dispense with all but God. It touched the Puritan sentiment in me to the quick. This was Islam in its spirituality. Here there was the solitary desert soul in its true devotion, that sought only room for God—the same room as on the desert sands or on mountain-tops. There was nothing else in the mosque—only the barley under the palms by the crypt-like cloister, the low-columned austerity within. I felt the harmony of the two—they were different chords, but one music of the desert silence.

It was only when we came out from this sanctuary that I noticed any resentment among the people. As we walked down by the row of men standing about the entrance, scowling faces and fire-flashing eyes were bent on us on all sides, but there was no other demonstration, and we passed through the crowd in that silent glare of hate. It is a curious sensation to feel oneself an object of hatred to a crowd, and this was my first experience of it, though of course one notices the hostile look of individuals in Mohammedan countries. It was disagreeable; and I half-blamed myself for having violated a prejudice which was perfectly natural for these men. We were out of the press in a few moments, and soon reached the last mosque that it was thought worth while to visit, that of Ahmed Pashaw. It was

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large, of the same decorated type as the first. There were the same old marble columns, the beautifully ornamented *mihrab,* the pulpit, the Sultan's box, a brown latticed gallery; bright mats lay on the floor, the blue and green tiles shone cool on the walls, moulded stucco and carved wood filled the spaces, there being one unusually fine ceiling in carved wood; and there were Koranic texts. The crescent was abundantly used in the decoration. It was all very beautiful and characteristic, full of restful tones, of harmony and repose. As we passed toward an inner door leading to the cemetery of the mosque, we noticed inscriptions to the dead on the wall, and one was pointed out of a pious man who went straight to Paradise. Outside beyond the tall minaret were the tombs of the faithful who were buried here, with the turban-topped slabs as usual. The guardian, who seemed a very old man, with true Arab gentleness urged me repeatedly and cordially to climb the minaret, but I refrained, disliking to detain my companions. We passed out from this beautiful inner close into the street, and turned to the consulate where we talked over our morning's walk.

It was no small part of my pleasure in Tripoli that I owed to my friend's hospitality, which gave me the graces and comfort of civilization in so rude a place as the ordinary traveller necessarily finds such a country. The boys of the oasis, in other parts of Africa, had given me the wine of the date-palm fresh from the tree; here I drank it a little fermented, an exotic drink piquing the curiosity, and was the more glad to renew my memory of a long forgotten *rosso spumante* and to make altogether new acquaintance with pleasant wines of Touraine. What conversations we had over these and on the quiet terrace by the garden, ranging through French African territory and the Levant, touching on Persian poets! and my host showed me many beautiful things. It is in this atmosphere of scholarly talk and friendly kindness that I remember the morning walk among the mosques of Tripoli.

V

The British consul, who had also shown me attention, arranged for me to visit the Turkish school of arts and crafts. Hassan Bey, who seemed to be an aide of the Vali, waited on us one morning at the consulate, and we set out to walk to the school. Hassan Bey was an exile from Daghestan, of a fine military figure, middle-aged, thick-set, with a pleasant countenance; his gray whiskers became his energetic face; he had a look of power, and the grave authority of character. He wore a sword; his sleeves and gold braid gave distinction to his person; and he carried lightly, like a cane, the short, twisted whip of stiff bull's hide that one occasionally sees on these coasts. I have seldom seen so manly a figure, rugged and strong, and stamped by nature for rule; and his politeness was complete and charming, with an accent of strength and breeding that put it out of the category of mere grace of manners. He interested me profoundly by his personality, an entirely new type in my experience, and as the walk was somewhat long I had an opportunity to observe him.

The director of the school received us cordially, gave us coffee and cigarettes, and showed us through the buildings, which were rather extensive. The school is endowed with some lands, and its income is supplemented by voluntary funds and a subsidy from the government. It receives upward of one hundred and fifty pupils, from the age of twelve years, and completely supports them during the course, which is seven years in length. Some literary instruction is given, such as geography and secondary branches; but the main end of the school is technical training in the arts and crafts. There was a carpet and silk-weaving department, a tailor-shop, a shoe-shop, carpentry, a foundry and blacksmithing, a refectory and store-rooms. The shops were rather empty, and the students whom I saw were few and of all ages; the rest may have been at their books. The foundry and the carpenter-shop were the busiest and most occupied; there were many heavy pieces of machinery of modern make, and the department seemed properly provided for and in competent management; work was going on in both these rooms, which I watched with great interest. I was told that the furniture of the Ottoman Bank was made here, and apparently orders of various kinds, as, for example, for wheels, were regularly received.

The foundation clearly enough was only

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a beginning, and the provision inadequate to the scale; but it was a serious and admirable attempt to plant the mechanical arts in the country in their modern form and development, and to foster industry in the simple crafts. The idea was there and in operation, however the means to realize it might seem small in my American eyes, used to great industrial riches in such things; and I was much impressed, not only by the facts, but by the spirit of the thing and those who had it in charge. The products seemed excellent, so far as I could judge of the various things shown me. I followed the example of the consul in buying a small bolt of strong silk in a beautiful design of brilliant colored stripes, and I should have been glad to have taken more in other varieties. I was rather surprised when at the end Hassan Bey suggested my going into the girls' carpet-school. We entered, paused a moment at the schoolroom door that some notice might be given, and on going into the room I saw that all the girls, who were young, were standing with their faces turned to the wall. We remained only long enough to see the nature of the work and its arrangement, and for a word with the teacher; but the scene, with the young girlish profiles along the sides, was picturesque. There is one other carpet-school for girls in another city. We spent perhaps two hours in this inspection and walked leisurely back to town, where I parted with Hassan Bey with sincere admiration.

In the afternoon I went with Absalom to visit a school I had heard of in the Jewish quarter, a pious foundation, the bequest of a wealthy Jew, for the education of poor boys. There were about five hundred of them there, bright-eyed, intelligent, intent, as Jewish boys in their condition usually are. The buildings were excellent, properly furnished, with the substantial and prosperous look of a well-administered educational enterprise. I visited several rooms, saw the boys at their desks and classes, heard some exercises, and talked with the professor in charge. I noticed a tennis-court on the ground. Altogether I was more than favorably impressed by what I saw, and the mere presence here of a well-organized charity school on such a scale was an encouraging sign. It was surprising to me to find this establishment and the technical school at Tripoli, where I had certainly not anticipated seeing anything of the sort, nor was this my only surprise. I had thought of Tripoli as a semi-barbarous country almost detached from civilization, a focus for Moslem fanaticism, a place for Turkish exiles, a last foothold of the slave-trader, and such it truly was; but it did not present the aspect of neglect and decay that I had imagined as concomitant with this. The old gates of the city had recently been removed; outside the walls there was a good deal of new building going on, which was a sign of safer and more settled life as well as of a kind of prosperity; the roads were excellent, and in a Turkish dependency that is noticeable; in some places new pavements had been laid. In other words, there was evidence of enterprise and public works, of modern life and vitality; and this impression was much strengthened by my experience of the two schools. It is true that I never lost the sense of that strangely conglomerate crowd that passed through the streets, that mixed and fanatic people. I indulged no illusions with respect to the populace *en masse*. The state of things, however, seemed to me by no means so bad, with these stirrings of civilization, of betterment, of a modern spirit in the city, and I was frankly surprised by it.

My surprise melted away some months later when, on opening my morning paper in America to read of the Turkish revolution, I saw that the Vali of Tripoli was among the first of the exiles to sail for Constantinople; and I observed that, later, he had an active part in the government of the Young Turks. He and Hassan Bey had been doing in Tripoli what they had been exiled for wishing to do on the Bosphorus. Then I understood.

VI

It was night. Absalom and I were in the Arab quarter, on our way to see some Soudanese dancing. There were few passers in the deep-shadowed, silent, blind streets that grew darker and seemed more mysterious as we penetrated deeper into the district. We had gone a considerable distance. From time to time a man would meet us, and then another. We seemed

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to be going from precinct to precinct under some sort of escort. I noticed that Absalom had many hesitations; once or twice he refused to go farther, and there was something resembling an altercation; then he stopped decisively, and would not budge until some one whom he desired should come in person. We stood, a group of four or five, waiting in the obscure passageway for some ten minutes. At last the man came, a tall Arab, with a look of rude strength and superiority. He was the chief, and we walked on with him in that dark network of corners and alleys. I was beginning to think it a long distance, when we turned under a heavy gateway into a dark open court, as large as a small city square, with houses round it like tenements. A kerosene lamp in a glass cage flared dimly on one side, and there were a few figures round the court; but the scene soon took on a livelier aspect.

The chief began collecting his men in the centre, and numbers of people emerged from the houses and sat on the edges near the walls of the houses. They were a rough-looking crowd, evidently very poor and badly clothed, and there were many that made a wild appearance squatting there in the darkness. Two policemen, attracted by the commotion, came in, and a street lamp was transferred into the court. There was now quite a gathering in the centre, where a fire had been built by which three men were seated; some sort of incense was thrown into it, and a light smoke with a pungent odor began to be lightly diffused through the court. There must have been as many as seventy in the crowd round the fire, and at least a couple of hundred spectators crouched about the sides; it was more of an exhibition than I had expected, and from the corner where I sat with Absalom and two or three attendants the scene began to be weird. Then the drum beat in the middle; the men, all of whom had clappers, lifted them in the air, falling into line, and immediately one of those wild, savage chants shrilled forth, rising and rising to an acute cry and falling monotonously down, increasing in volume and mingling with the noise of the sharp clappers and the drum —an infernal din. The chant of the Aissaouas, that I had heard in the desert, was "mellow music matched with this." And, from the first moment, it never stopped; it was ear-piercing as it reverberated in the closed court, and at first it was confusing.

The dance began with a procession in double file round the fire, with the three men seated by the smoky flame. It was a slow walk timed to the rhythm of the voices and the clappers, gradually increasing in speed and becoming a jump, with violent gesticulation, twisting, and long reaching of the arms and legs, while the human cry grew shriller and more vibrant and rapid in the emotional crisis of the excitement. Round and round they went, and from time to time the line would break into parts, as the men turned to the centre just before me. There were three persons who seemed to be leaders: one, whom I named the Hadji because he answered to my idea of that word, another dervish-like, and a black man. The dervish interested me most. He was the head of his group, and as he came between me and the fire, standing well forward from his band and well in toward the fire, he would whirl, and then reverse, whirling in the opposite direction; and—he and the procession moving forward all the time—he would fall limply forward toward his men almost to the ground, recover, and fling himself backward, rising high with his clappers spread far over his head. It was a diabolical posture; and, as he stood so, his leaping followers bowed down to him, kneeling almost to the ground but not touching it, and flinging themselves erect far back with arms spread. I wondered how they kept their balance in that dancing prostration. Then the group would pass on, and the next come into play—the Hadji, the black man—with the same ceremony, but without the whirling. Round and round they went interminably; the chant rose and fell, the march slackened and quickened, and every few moments there was this spasmodic rite of the salutation and prostration at the height of the dance.

The ring of spectators, crouched and huddled round the court, sat in the imperturbable silence and apathy of such audiences. The edges of the scene were an obscure mass of serried, half-seen forms under the house walls, filling the space rather closely; the smoke of the incense, with which the fire was fed, hung in the

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air, and Absalom said it was good for my eyes; the only light was the blaze of the flame upon the dark moving forms in the middle, and the two street lamps over them, and the night-sky above. It was an unearthly scene, with those strange figures and heavy shadows; and the fearful din made it demonic. I do not know what the dance was, its name or origin; but it seemed to me to be devil-worship, a relic of the old African forest, a rite of the primitive paganism and savage cults of the early world. The three dark men by the fire with the drum, the grotesque fantastic ritual of the bowing and kneeling procession, the atmosphere of physical hysteria and muscular intoxication, the monotonous shrill cry in which the emotional excitement mounted—here were traits of the prehistoric horde, of a savagery still alive and vibrant in these dancing figures. It was as if I were assisting at a worship of the Evil One in a remote and barbarous past.

After a while I began to take notice of particular individuals in the dancing mass. I was specially attracted by three who seemed uncommonly strong and tireless and made a group by themselves. They were poorly but distinctively clad. One was in black, with loose arm-sleeves showing his bare skin to the breast; one was in white, with an over-haik of black divided down the back, which streamed out; the third, who was very tall and lank, one of the tallest figures there, was in blue, faded and worn; and, as they danced, of course the folds of these garments spread out on the air, showing their bare legs in free motion. Their heads were closely covered with white, except the mouth and eyes —not merely covered, but wrapped. I turned to Absalom, and said, "Touaregs." He looked at them, as I picked them out for him, and said, "Si, signor," for he always spoke to me in Italian. I had wished much to see some Touaregs, and, though I had seen men with covered faces, I had never been quite sure. They are the finest race of the desert, first in all manly savage traits, bandits of the sands, complete and natural robbers, fierce fanatics, death-dealers—the most feared of all the tribes. They cover their faces thus to protect them from the sand, for they are pure desert men. I smiled to think that at my first meeting with the terrible Touaregs I found three of them dancing for my amusement; but I looked at them with the keenest interest. They were certainly superb in muscular strength. At the end of an hour they showed no weariness; and there was a vigor in their motions, an elasticity and endurance that easily distinguished them from the others. I watched them long. They were perfectly tireless, and the dance called for constant violent muscular effort. I shall never forget that group, whose garb itself, thin and open, had a riding look, and especially the man in the blue garment, with long, gaunt arms and legs, who fell forward and rebounded with a spring of iron.

There were some changes in the method and order of the motions, but the dances for the most part were merely new arrangements of the same jumping and kneeling performance. I sat in the awful din of it for two hours, interested in many things, and rather pleased, I confess, at being alone in such a company. One gets nearer to them so in feeling; with a companion of the same race, even though unknown, one stays with his race. I left the dance still in the full tide of vehemence and glory of uproar, overhung by the light pungent smoke and dissonance, with the obscurely crouching throng in the low shadows, and as we lost the sound of it in the deep silence of the dark lanes, where we met no one, I think the night of an Arab city never seemed so still. A man with a lantern went ahead to light the way, which was black with darkness; Absalom and the headman went with me, and a negro followed behind. They attended me to the door of the hotel, and it was a striking night scene as I stood in the hallway, the negro guards roused from their straw mats looking on, and shook hands with the strong-faced, rough-garbed headman who had had me in his protection that night.

VII

I WENT out for a last drive with the British consul toward the oasis of Gergarish which lies westward of the city, a new direction for me. He was familiar with the Mediterranean; and, the talk falling on the classical background of North Africa, I told him of my search for the lotus at Djerba. He avowed his belief

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that much of the Greek mythic past had its local habitation on these coasts, and gave me a striking and quite unexpected instance. I had supposed that Lethe was an underground stream and approached only by the ghosts of the dead. He assured me that it was situated not very far from Benghazi, where he had been consul, and made an excellent table water. It is a large fountain or underground lake in a cave; he had been on it in a boat with a friend, and it was said that fumes from the water would oppress the passenger with drowsiness. I heard this with great interest, and like to remember that I can obtain a cup of Lethe, should I desire it, this side the infernal world. My friend added his belief that partial oblivion can be found comparatively widely diffused in North Africa, not being dependent on either Lethe or the lotus. This tradition of drowsiness which attaches to these coasts in old days is to be attributed to the quality of the air, which is soporific. Continued residence causes a loss of memory, not that one forgets his early days, home, and children, like the lotus-eaters, but one grows uncertain about recent events and the mind becomes hazy as to whether one has or has not done this or that; to such a degree is this true that my friend advised a return to the north at least once in two years to allow the memory to recover its normal force. With such talk, which was quite seriously said, though it has its humorous side, and which faithfully reflects the African atmosphere, we whiled away the time, conversing too of the American excavations at Benghazi and the bells of Derna that rang the Italian priest to his death—for the Arabs dislike bells—and the thousand and one topics on which a traveller is always prepared to receive information. I had been so long alone that those talks at Tripoli were almost as much of a rarity as the scenes; they are an essential part of my memory of the voyage.

Our destination was not the oasis, but some caverns on a height above it. The day was brilliant and a noble desert view stretched round us from the eminence. The blue sea sparkled not far away, an horizon-stripe up and down the coast as far as one could see; the splendid dark-green mass of the oasis lay just below us in the valley, and between us and it the desert plain undulated with the long slopes of a rolling prairie, spotted with cattle and a few Arab groups; inland the sands swept on to the line of mountains low on the far horizon. The mass of rock above us was picturesque and solitary. The gem of the view, however, was Tripoli eastward. It was the first time I had truly seen the city from outside—just such a Moslem city as one dreams of, a white city, small and beautiful, snowy pure in the liquid air. I was surprised at its beauty. We explored the cave. It was of a sort of stratified pumice-stone, and partly filled up with sand. It had been at some time a troglodyte dwelling, and chambers had been hollowed in it. There are many troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, still living in this primitive manner in rock-hewn chambers in North Africa. There are villages of them in the mountains back of Biskra, and especially in the southeastern corner of Tunisia opposite Djerba, and they are found in the low range of the Djebel Ghariane that I was looking on in the distance. This cavern that we were exploring was one of their prehistoric haunts, a natural fortress and place of refuge for a small group of families in the wild waste.

The drive back was uncommonly beautiful, very African in color, and increasing in atmospheric charm as we neared the city in the clarity of the sunset light. The coast view was especially lovely. The blue sea made the offing, along which a line of scattered palms, continuous but thin enough to give its full value to each dark-green tuft in the blue air and to many a single columnar stem beneath, ran like a screen, not too far from the roadway; and the strong foreground was that red-brown earth, with the sunset light beginning on it. The beautiful white city lay ahead of us. The quality of the atmosphere was remarkable. The trees were very light, and seemed to float in the sky, like goldfish in a globe; and as the sunset grew, the diffused rose through the palms on the other side seemed almost a new sky. It was my last evening in Tripoli.

VIII

I HAD loitered for the last time in the street of the blueness, and lingered in the souks of the Djerba merchants and es-

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pecially in the little shop of a mild-mannered Soudanese dealer, where I gathered up the curious objects that had been slowly collecting there for me to serve as mementoes—things of gourd and hide, of skin and straw, a few ostrich-plumes. I had photographed the baker's shop, and stopped at the intersection of the four corners to look once more at the ever-passing figures of the inscrutable and conglomerate crowd, the float of the desert life. I had called on my friend and kind adviser at the French consulate, and my British host, to both of whom I owed so much of the pleasure and variety of my traveller's sojourn. In one respect it was unique in my wanderings. I had never seen so many strata of culture, so many diverse kinds and stages of human life, in one place. I had had a last talk with Seyd, the boy from Fezzan, and with the negro guards of the gate and the boys at the door who were eager rivals for my morning favors. Now it was over, and I stood on the deck with Absalom. I was sorry to part with him. What a faithful watch he had kept! No matter at what hour I stepped out into the street, he was there, seated by the wall; wherever I left my consular friends, in some mysterious way he was instantly there in the street at my side. He had tempted me to a longer stay with lures of hunting in the desert where he calmly explained he would watch with a gun while I slept, and then I would watch, though there would be two others with us, but it would be better if one or the other of us were always awake, for one did not know what might be in the desert; and he had planned a voyage to Lebda, the city of Septimius Severus—it might be a rough voyage in a boat none too good, but was not he a pilot? He had brought me one day all his pilot papers; there were hundreds of them, each with the name of the craft and the signature of the captain whose ways he had safely guided on this dangerous coast in the years gone by. But my voyage in North Africa was finished; it was done; the much that I had left unseen, and I realized how much that was—for wherever one goes, new horizons are always rising with their magical drawing of the unknown—all that was for "another time." So, knowing the end had come, he took both my hands in both his for our warm *addio,* bent his head, and went slowly down the ship's side.

I watched the scene, as we drew away. The central mass of the fort stood in shadow, and the sunset light streamed over the eastern side of the city, the beach and bluffs; slender minarets islanded the sky; the blue crescent of the bay lay broad beneath; the oasis rose over the banked earth, and stretched inland, and the high horizon-line was plumed with tall single palms, tufting the long sky. I watched it long, till the beautiful city in the fair evening light lessened and narrowed to a gleam, and at the end it was like the white crest of a wave that sank and was seen no more.

IX

I WENT on deck. It was a May night with a fresh cold wind. There was a bright star over the crescent moon which hung well down the west, and all the heavens were bright, but not too bright. I leaned on the rounds of a rope ladder of the rigging by the ship's side aft, and was alone; it was cold, and the passengers were few. I noticed on the horizon a dark shadow half-risen from the waters and mounting toward the moon; it rose rapidly, and grew black as it neared the light above. It was like a high arch, or cascade of gloom, broadening its skirts as it fell on the horizon. The moon was its apex, and seemed about to enter it. The scene was fantastic in the extreme, unearthly, a scene of Poe's imagination; the moon hung as if at the entrance of an unknown region into which it was about to descend. But there was no further change. The moon crested the arch; the single star burned brilliantly directly above and between the horns of the crescent and at some distance aloft. I watched the strange spectacle; the moon and the broad-skirted curtain of black gloom, pouring from it on the waters just in the line of its bright track over the sea, sank slowly down together. The moon reddened as it neared the horizon-line, and when the crescent at last rested on the sea, and the shadow had been wholly absorbed in the moon's track, there was another Poesque effect; the horned moon was like a ship of flame—not a ship on fire, but a ship of flame—sailing on the horizon. That picture,

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though it could have been but for a few moments, seemed to last long, and sank dying in a red glow slowly. I remember recalling the lines:

"The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set."

What followed was so singular that it may be best to record it in nearly the exact words of my rough notes, made early the next morning, off Malta.

"The strange thing was that the star, still somewhat high in the west, growing brighter, took the track of the moon. I mean the moon's path of light on the water became the star's path, as plain but whiter; one passed and the other was there imperceptibly; one became the other. It reminded me of one faith changing into another, from a higher heavenly source. I stayed because the star was so beautiful —the most beautiful star I ever saw, except perhaps the star off Cyprus. It grew larger and more radiant, with many, many points, and became a bunch, as it were, of jackstraw rays, one crossing another, all straight; and then, as I looked, a strange thing happened.

"I saw what might have been spirits in the star, as in a picture. The star lost shape, and became only the setting of these forms of light, perfect human figures. At first there were two, one older and one younger, like a saint with Tobias or Virgin with the young St. John; then there were many others, not at the same time, but successively. Some were constantly repeated; the Byzantine throned figure hieratic, the high-winged angel tall, the young angel seated and writing, the standing figure, prophetic, blessing, with high hands. There were scenes as well as figures: desert scenes as of Arabs—effects of the white and dark, like turbaned and robed figures together; the Magian scene; mixed moving groups, sometimes turned away from me. The figures often moved with regard to each other, and trembled on my own eye singly. When the star approached the horizon, there were figures that seemed to walk toward me on the sea, all white and radiant—single figures always. There were in all three sorts: Byzantine, with crown or palanquin above, and the throne; Italian groups and lines; and Moslem. There was nothing distinctively Greek except seated figures.

"This continued till the star set, perhaps an hour. I would look off from the star to the other stars and to the sea; but as soon as my eyes went back to the star, there were the changing figures still to be seen. One did not see the star, but the figures; not framed in a star or in a round orb, but on a shapeless background; one saw only figures of light as if 'the heavens were opened.' And when the star set and was gone, another planet above, also very bright, as I looked, opened in the same way, with similar figures. There I saw a form with Michel-Angelo-like limbs, seated on the orb with loose posture, like the spirit of the star, and then a tall throned figure with the crown over it. I did not at any time see any features—only forms, very distinct in limbs and modelling of figure, but too distant for features. It was an hour or more, and I still saw them in the new star when I turned away to go below. My eyes were tired. I was not at all excited—quite steady, and observing and experimenting; for I had never known anything similar to this. The visions were constant, without any interval, though changing. It was like looking into a room through a window, or out of a room upon a landscape.

"It was wonderfully *spiritual* and beautiful. The figures were all noble and beautiful, especially in line, and occupied with something, like living forms. They were *white*, but not with white clothing, except the Moslem figures, sometimes; but white as of some *substance of light*—the faces sometimes dark, and there were shadows marking relations of the figures, but not shadows thrown by the figures. I made no effort to shape them; they came; they were of themselves.

"I thought this was what Blake saw; what the shepherds saw; what all orientals saw when the heavens were 'opened'—what Jacob saw, perhaps. What struck me was that the star was no longer a star, but shapeless, and only *a means of seeing*. It was a most remarkable experience."

Africa was always a land of magic; and it seemed to me that night as if the spirit of the land were bidding me, who had so loved it, farewell.

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THE LIGHT CAVALRY OF THE SEAS

By D. Pratt Mannix
Lieutenant-Commander U. S. Navy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. A. SHAFER

THE torpedo flotilla of the Atlantic fleet as now organized consists of twenty-five destroyers divided into five divisions of five boats each. Their duties are almost precisely the same as those performed by the cavalry of a land army. Just as the mounted men are the "eyes of the army" so are the destroyers the "eyes of the fleet."

The general characteristics of these vessels are as follows: length, 300 feet; beam, 26 feet; displacement, 850 tons. They draw about ten feet of water, and each boat carries four officers and a hundred men. Their armament consists of three double torpedo tubes and five semi-automatic three-inch guns. Armor protection they have none, depending on their high speed (about thirty knots or thirty-four statute miles an hour) and the fact that most of their work is done at night.

As the name implies, torpedo-boat destroyers were originally built to combat the smaller torpedo-boat, which had become such a serious menace to the battleships and large cruisers that search-lights and rapid-fire guns could not be depended upon for protection. Gradually, however, the duties of the destroyer were extended until they included all that was formerly done by the torpedo-boat and much besides. The mere fact that a modern destroyer is three or four times as large as one of the earlier boats renders it so much more seaworthy and capable of carrying so much more fuel that the radius of action of torpedo-craft has been enormously increased, and they have become more and more dangerous to an enemy's fleet.

The duties of a modern flotilla may be tabulated in this way:

(1) Scouting. This comprises locating and reporting the position of the enemy and keeping in touch with him as long as may be necessary.

(2) Protection of one's own fleet from night attacks of the enemy's destroyers. This includes not only locating and reporting the position of the hostile torpedo-craft, but, if necessary, attacking them with your guns and sinking or driving them away before they can force home an attack against your battle-ships.

(3) Attacking the battle-ships of the enemy with your torpedoes. This is, of course, the paramount duty of every vessel in the flotilla.

(4) In addition to the above "regular" duties, destroyers are frequently used in what might be called "gunboat work": patrolling the enemy's coast; running up his rivers where the big ships cannot go; overtaking and capturing his merchant-vessels and firing on troops and field-batteries ashore. In the recent Turco-Italian War, although the Turkish navy remained at anchor most of the time, the Italian destroyers were constantly engaged, blockading, landing troops, and even attacking fortified towns.

In scouting, many different systems may be used. Most of these are confidential and cannot be divulged, but a general idea of the problem that confronts the flotilla may readily be given. Suppose a hostile fleet is making preparations to leave Europe, with the evident intention of attacking some point on our coast-line, or, as would be more probable, of seizing some island in the West Indies, establishing a base there, and directing operations against either the Panama Canal or the mainland. As long as that fleet is in or near Europe we can follow its movements from day to day. That is what our diplomatic agents and secret-service men are for, and they would cable, in cipher of course, detailed reports, not only of the fleet's location but of the number and types of vessels composing it, the amount of ammunition and provisions on board, the state of discipline of the crews, and

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everything that could possibly be of assistance to us in preparing to defend ourselves.

Now, suppose the hostile fleet weigh their anchors, and, steaming past the rock of Gibraltar, head out to sea. In a few hours they are out of sight; they can steer any course they wish and travel at any speed up to their maximum. It will not be many days before the people of our country will be asking themselves: "Where are they? When will they appear off our coasts, and what will be their first point of attack?"

We have certain facts to help us. No modern ship can keep the seas for months at a time as did the fleets of a hundred years ago. They must coal. We know the coal capacity and also, roughly, the coal-consumption at various speeds of all foreign war-ships just as they know ours. Hence we are certain that after a comparatively short time at sea the enemy must put in somewhere to refill his bunkers. If, however, they take their colliers with them, as a large fleet would undoubtedly do, even this becomes uncertain, as it is not impossible, in smooth weather, to coal at sea. Should such a force evade our battle-ships and effect a landing either in the West Indies or on the mainland they might do untold damage before they were overcome and their ships destroyed. Most of the school histories carefully slur over the fact that a few thousand British soldiers and sailors, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, marched to Washington, burned the national capitol, and escaped to their ships with trifling losses.

It is the destroyers' duty to locate the enemy as soon as possible and notify our fleet of dreadnaughts so that they can attack before he succeeds in landing his forces. His position, within certain wide limits of latitude and longitude, can generally be established by reports from merchant-ships who have seen him and ports where he has stopped for coal or repairs. This gives us a "scouting area," which the flotilla must carefully patrol by day and night.

The simplest type of such a patrol is to form the boats in a line with wide intervals between them, just as a skirmish-line is formed ashore. These intervals should be as large as possible, but not so great that an enemy's vessel could slip through without being seen by at least one of the destroyers. On a clear day they might be twenty miles apart; a division of five could then cover a hundred miles of the ocean.

The boats being in position, at a certain hour previously designated they start steaming toward the enemy, all making exactly the same speed in order to keep their proper station or "dress" in the scouting-line. Lookouts on the bridges carefully watch for any sign of smoke on the horizon, which is usually the first indication of the presence of a stranger. Anything seen must immediately be investigated, and, if necessary, reported by wireless to the battle-ships either directly or, if they be far distant, through a chain of vessels which relay the message along until it reaches the admiral. Should the stranger be harmless he is allowed to proceed, but if he prove to be one of the enemy's scouts, his location is at once sent broadcast by the wireless of the destroyer discovering him, and every effort is made to find the hostile battle-ships, which are probably not far from their scout. When contact is made with the big ships a general wireless call is sent out for all destroyers to assemble in that vicinity. Here they wait, taking advantage of their superior speed to keep just outside the range of the big guns, until night falls, when they may either attack or continue "tracking" the enemy, being careful not to lose touch for a moment and sending repeated reports to their admiral of what he is doing.

Of course, the hostile fleet will make every effort to keep these reports from getting through by "interfering" with their own wireless, and the best method of avoiding this interference is being constantly studied by all navies. One of the amazing examples of inefficiency shown by the Russian fleet which was destroyed by Togo in the Sea of Japan, was their permitting the Japanese scouts who were following them and reporting their movements to "talk" at will without making an effort to mix up the messages by using their own wireless.

If the enemy has not been discovered until he is very near our coast it will be necessary to attack as soon as darkness

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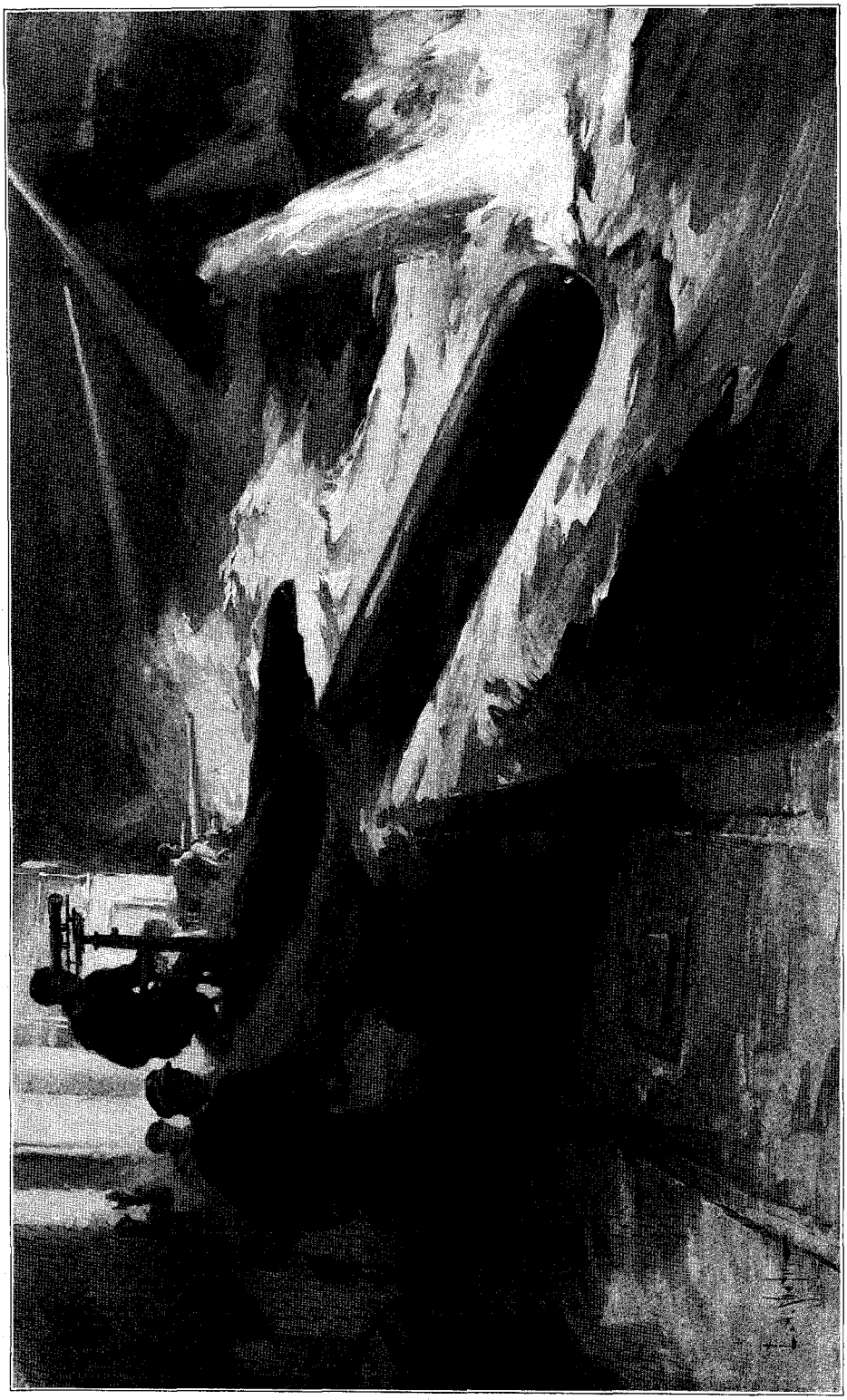

Drawn by L. A. Shafer.

The destroyers dash at full speed upon the head and flanks of his column, getting as close as possible before discharging their torpedoes.—Page 576.

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makes success possible. The destroyers assemble by divisions and with all lights extinguished dash at full speed upon the head and flanks of his column, getting as close as possible before discharging their torpedoes, and then swinging out into the darkness again to make another attempt, provided they are not sunk in the first.

There is only one possible protection for a fleet against such an attack, and that is to oppose destroyers with destroyers. This is done by forming a "screen" of torpedo-craft around the large ships. This screen, which consists simply of a big circle completely surrounding the main fleet of battle-ships, keeps careful watch, and the moment any of the opposing destroyers attempt to break through and get at the battle-ships the vessels of the screen illuminate the attacking boats with their search-lights and open fire on them with their guns, making every effort to keep their line from being broken. Service in the screen in time of war is the most dangerous possible, as the gunners on the big ships have a decided inclination to shoot at anything that looks like a destroyer, particularly during the excitement and confusion of a night attack when, if they wait too long to determine whether she be friend or foe, the answer may be a torpedo under the armor-belt. During the Russo-Japanese War all our destroyers on the Asiatic station were painted white instead of the usual dark gray, to prevent any possible mistakes being made either by Russians or Japanese.

All these exercises are held in time of peace, so that our flotilla may be efficient in war, even to the firing of actual torpedoes at battle-ships during night attacks. The usual explosive, or war head, is removed and an "exercise" or collapsible head substituted. If a battle-ship be hit the head of the torpedo is mashed in, but that is all the damage done, and the vessel attacked is never in any real danger. The illustration [p. 578] shows the head of a torpedo of the destroyer *Jarvis* after one of the night attacks made off the Cuban coast last winter. In this attack the division of five boats to which the *Jarvis* belonged ran at full speed with all lights extinguished across the bows of an advancing column of battle-ships, discharging their torpedoes in succession as they passed the line. The *Jarvis's* shot struck the second ship in the column on the starboard side forward, and would have seriously damaged her had there been an explosive charge in the torpedo.

During these manœuvres the destroyers keep very close together and run at high speed; hence it requires great coolness and quick action on the part of their officers to avoid collisions as the nights are frequently so dark that the boat ahead is invisible when only a few yards away. The boats themselves are of such light construction that any collision at the high speeds they habitually use is always most serious and generally involves loss of life. Only a few months ago a German destroyer was cut in two during manœuvres in the North Sea, and nearly all her officers and men were drowned. The only light carried by the boats in these exercises is one directly over the stern. As they manœuvred habitually in a column or "single file," the screened stern light of each boat serves as a guide for the boat behind her, enabling the leader to make any changes of direction that may be necessary. As the lights do not show from ahead, they are entirely invisible to the enemy.

Sometimes the flotilla is divided, half the boats serving on one side and half on the other. This greatly increases the danger of the manœuvres, for the simple reason that when two destroyers without lights are each making twenty-five knots and are heading toward each other they are actually approaching at the rate of fifty knots an hour, or express-train speed. Many of the captains make it a rule to have life-preservers served out to their crews before going out for any night work.

Various clever ruses have been used by the boats in their operations against the big ships. On one occasion a division of destroyers got within a few hundred yards of several battle-ships without discovery, by the following stratagem. Instead of turning out all their lights the leading boats hoisted two white lanterns in a vertical line on her foremast. This is the signal that all tugs carry while engaged in towing other vessels. The boats behind her turned on their regular red and green side-lights and were careful to keep in exactly the same relative positions. As

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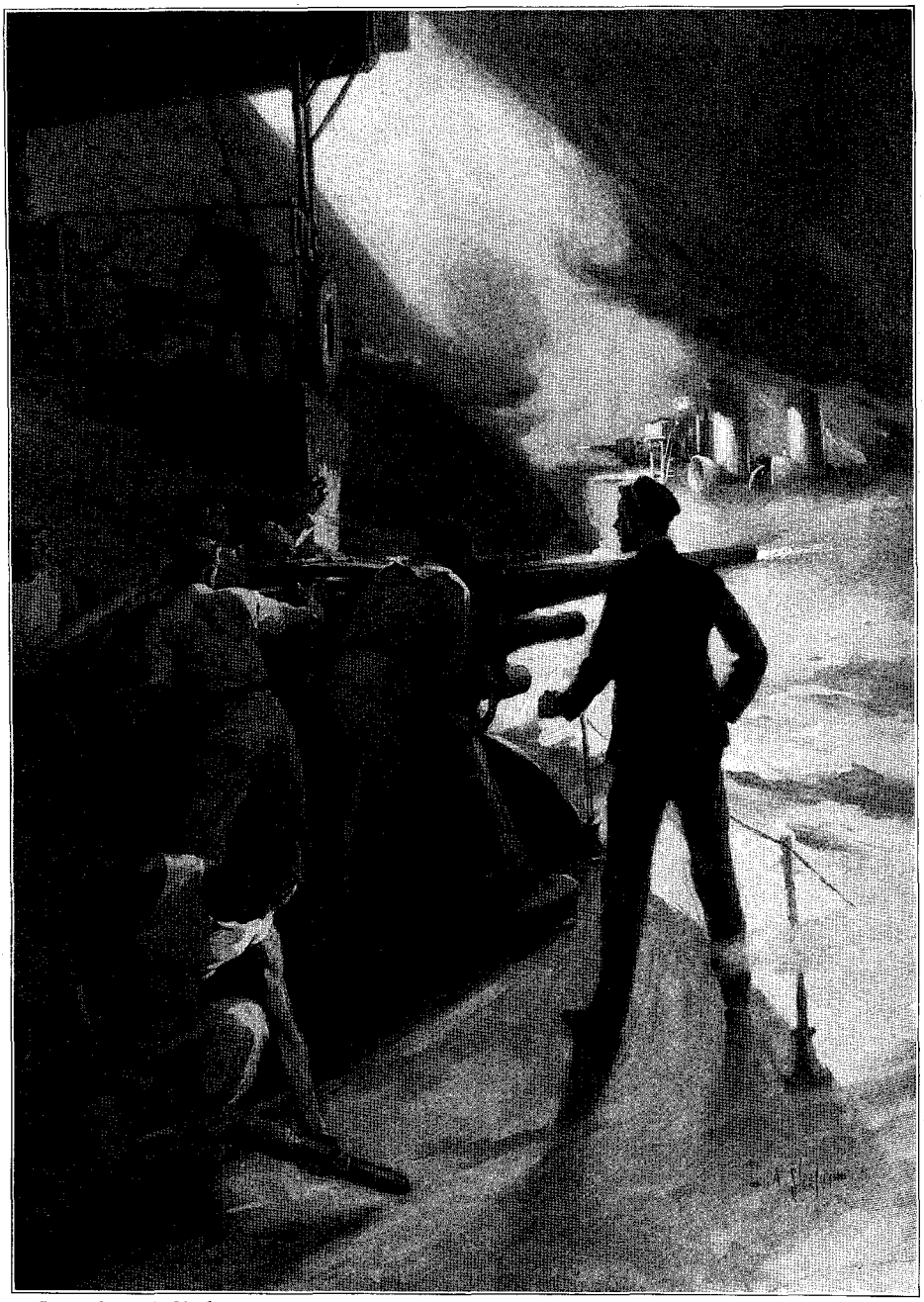

Drawn by L. A. Shafer.

The vessels of the screen illuminate the attacking boats with their search-lights and open fire on them

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the night was very dark and their outlines could not be seen by an observer two hundred yards away, they looked exactly like a peaceful tug engaged in towing a line of barges, and in this guise they ran in very close to the big ships, whose crews were straining their eyes looking for vessels without lights.

The introduction of oil fuel was a great improvement, as it makes sudden changes

Head of a torpedo of the destroyer *Jarvis* that struck a ship during manœuvres.

in speed possible. You may be steaming along at fifteen knots and if you want to make twenty-five all you have to do is send the order to the engine-room. With a coal-burner considerable time was required, as fires had to be built up and other preparations made. Oil fuel also renders unnecessary the dirty and unpleasant work of coaling ship. Now we simply run alongside the oil vessel, connect up the hose, start the pumps, and all hands go to dinner except a man to see that the tanks don't overflow.

The popular idea of a modern naval combat is two fleets miles apart firing at each other with their big guns. This by no means applies to the torpedo-craft. While their paramount duty is to attack the big ships of the enemy they not infrequently get mixed up in very lively scrimmages with each other. The Russo-Japanese War abounds in such incidents. In at least two cases boarding and hand-to-hand fighting were resorted to. In one of these, the famous case of the *Ryshitelni*, the Russian destroyer of that name ran into Chefoo Harbor, where she was followed by a Japanese boat whose officers and men boarded her, and, after a rough-and-tumble fight on her decks, during the progress of which the captains of the two boats rolled overboard clasped in each other's arms and continued fighting in the water, the Russian was seized and towed out of the harbor, in absolute defiance of the fact that China was a neutral country.

In the second case a Russian boat was boarded in the open sea off Port Arthur and her crew either killed or driven below. In still another instance, during operations at night, a Russian boat joined a division of Japanese destroyers, thinking they were friends; all night long they cruised together, but at daylight recognition was mutual, and the Russian was promptly sunk by the combined fire of her foes.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Wisconsin*, lying at anchor off Shanghai one summer's day in 1904, witnessed a spectacle that none of them will ever forget. A great armored cruiser came dashing in at full speed from seaward. Four of her five stacks were standing; where the fifth had been was a gaping hole in her decks from which smoke and flames rose masthead high, a veritable floating volcano. Close at her heels, like hounds after a stag, sped two hostile destroyers. It was the *Askold* escaping from the disaster of August 10.

Earlier wars provide many examples of dashing torpedo work. In the conflict between China and Japan in 1894–5 the Japanese boats distinguished themselves both at Port Arthur and at Wei-hai-wei. In the capture of the famous fortress, later wrested from the Russians, the destroyers ran close inshore, where they could not be reached by the fire from the big coast cannon, and enfiladed the Chinese trenches with their machine guns, greatly assisting the soldiers, who were assaulting the fortress from the rear. After

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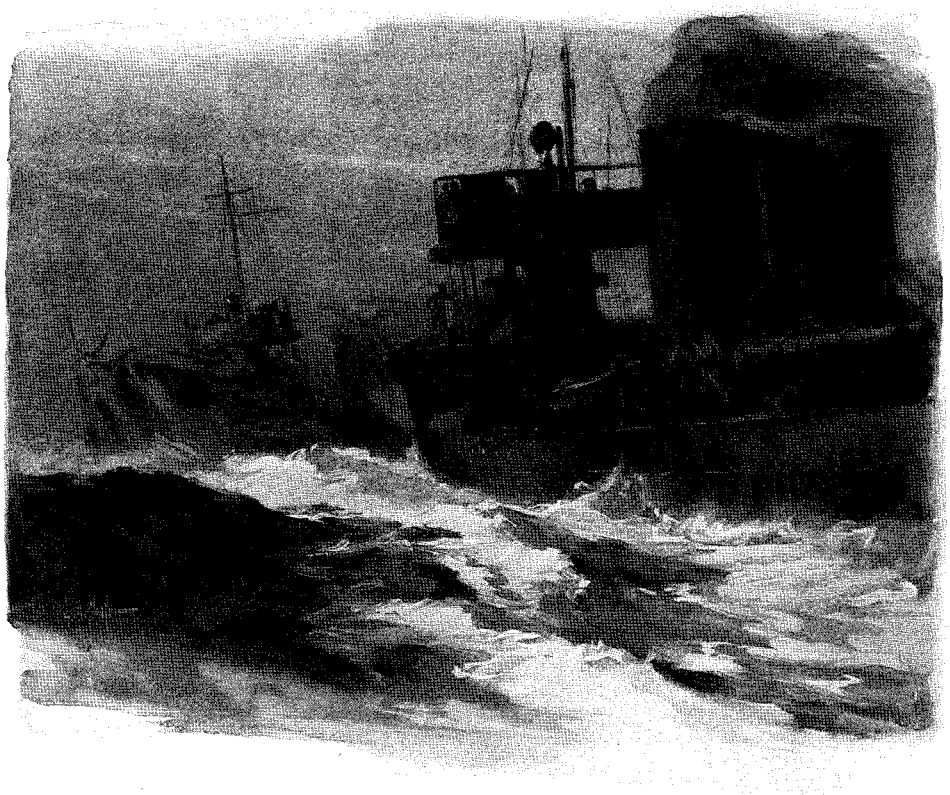

Sometimes the flotilla is divided, half the boats serving on one side and half on the other.—Page 576.

the disastrous battle of the Yalu the Chinese fleet took refuge in Wei-hai-wei harbor, anchoring close inshore under the guns of the forts. Here they were attacked early in February by seven torpedo-boats. One of the battle-ships was so badly damaged that she was hauled into shallow water and abandoned. The boats made the attack under a heavy rifle fire and were struck repeatedly, but little damage was done. Two of them were hit by small-calibre shell, exploding the boiler of one and so badly wrecking her that she had to be abandoned. A second shell burst in the fire-room of another of the boats with very little damage. In running out of the harbor after the attack a third boat ran aground while rounding the end of a long boom that had been laid across the entrance to prevent their getting inside. It is related of the officers and crew of this destroyer that, after making every effort to get afloat again and finding it impossible, as they had struck the bottom while running at full speed, all hands turned in and had a good sleep notwithstanding the fact that they were under the very muzzles of the Chinese guns.

In a second attack five boats took part: three of these managed to squeeze around the end of the boom; the other two headed directly for the obstruction, and went "full speed ahead." Their momentum was so great that they jumped the boom like horses going over a hurdle and landed safely on the other side, with the enemy's ships directly in front of them. The Chinese threw their search-lights on the attacking boats and opened a tremendous fire with their guns, but they were so excited that all their shots went high and not one of the destroyers was hit. The Japanese promptly let drive with their torpedoes and succeeded in sinking three large ships.

These operations were conducted in

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North China in the dead of winter. The hardships suffered by officers and men were simply incredible. On many mornings they were obliged to chop their boats out of the ice before they could get under way, and on at least one occasion a destroyer failed to fire her torpedoes, because the tubes were so clogged with ice and snow that they could not be used.

In the Chilian Revolution of 1891 a rebel battle-ship was attacked by two government torpedo-boats while at anchor in Caldera Bay. The Chilians knew nothing at all about the mechanism of torpedoes, but managed to get hold of a French ex-man-of-war's man who, very obligingly, adjusted their torpedoes and put them in working order. The two boats then entered the harbor, keeping a bright lookout for the enemy. Immediately upon sighting the hostile battle-ship the first destroyer ran at her and fired three torpedoes, all of which missed the mark. The large ship opened a tremendous fire with all her guns. The second boat meanwhile had been entirely unobserved by the enemy; she came up on the other side to within a hundred and fifty yards and fired a torpedo which missed; she then fired a second which hit the large vessel amidships, sinking her and drowning eleven officers and one hundred and seventy-one men. Not a man was hurt on board the destroyers and the boats themselves were very little damaged.

In a second revolution, that of Brazil in 1894, four government boats decided to attack a rebel battle-ship at anchor in Saint Catherine Bay. They had intended attacking simultaneously but got separated while entering the bay, and only one of them discovered the enemy. She suddenly sighted the battle-ship off her starboard bow and was promptly greeted by a heavy gun-fire. The captain went full-speed toward the big ship and gave the order to fire the bow torpedo, but through some mistake it had already been fired and the shot was lost. Very angry at this, he swung his ship around the battle-ship's stern and gave orders to fire the second torpedo, but nothing happened. The second officer then ran aft and fired the torpedo himself. A tremendous explosion followed, and shortly afterward the battle-ship sank in the shallow waters of the bay. The destroyer was hit thirty-eight times by one-inch shell, but only one man was hurt, and the boat itself only slightly damaged.

Without question service on a destroyer involves more hardships than any other kind of naval work. Many officers, including the writer, have gone to sea for years in the larger vessels without ever feeling even slightly uncomfortable, yet, since joining the flotilla they have on frequent occasions been violently and unblushingly seasick. It is a common saying with us that a man doesn't know what "seagoing" really is until he has tried it on a torpedo-boat. It makes one appreciate the tremendous hardships that Columbus, Cabot, and the other early navigators must have endured when they crossed the Atlantic in their cockle-shells.

Last winter the entire Atlantic fleet cruised from Guantanamo, Cuba, to the Isthmus of Panama in order to give officers and men an opportunity of seeing the canal before the water was let in. The usual cruising speed of the destroyers, when by themselves, is twenty knots, but, as it was advisable for all units of the fleet to arrive at the same hour, we were obliged to steam at the same speed as the battle-ships, or twelve knots, the result being that all the way across the Gulf of Mexico we rolled between thirty and forty degrees on a side and there was not a moment's cessation of this rolling. We anchored in Colon Harbor at six o'clock one evening, and all that night, even with our anchors down, the rolling continued, as there was a heavy swell coming in from the Gulf, and the breakwater, which is to protect the harbor, was not completed. Early the next morning we ran up the old French canal, went alongside the dock, and all hands from captain to cabin boy turned in and had their first sleep in four days.

As an example of destroyer work I would like to tell you of our experience on the *Jarvis* last spring. The *Jarvis* had to come north from Cuba before the other boats, in order to hold certain steaming trials. During the early evening we had been manœuvring with the fleet, but about eleven o'clock orders were received to "proceed on duty assigned." Course was set for Cape Maysi on the eastern end

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Drawn by L. A. Shafer.

All day we labored through it, and late in the afternoon sighted Watling's Island.—Page 582.

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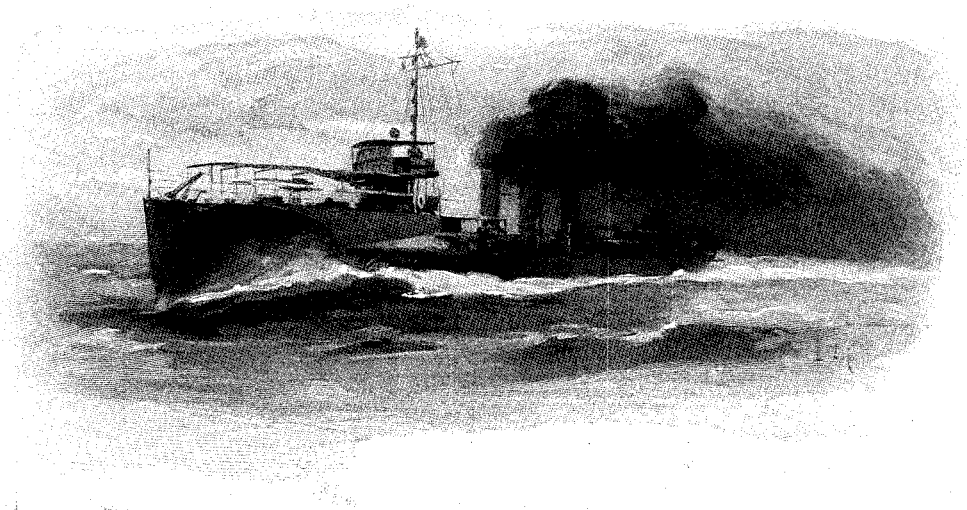

A destroyer at sea.

of Cuba and orders given to make twenty knots' speed. As everything was running smoothly, I went below to get a few hours' sleep; about two o'clock in the morning I awoke to find the ship was rolling and pitching very heavily. She would go flying up in the air, pause for an instant, and then descend with dizzy suddenness, landing on top of a wave with a crash that made her quiver from stem to stern. It wasn't unlike coming down in an express elevator and being stopped too quickly. Realizing that we were no longer in the lee of Cuba, I jumped out of my bunk, but hardly had my feet touched the deck when I was thrown the entire length of the room flat on the floor, and the next instant the heavy swivel desk-chair came down on top of me cutting a gash eight inches long in one shin; struggling to my feet I was immediately taken with violent seasickness but managed to get my clothes on and climbed up on the bridge. Here I found that after passing Maysi our change of course to the north had brought wind and sea directly ahead, and the ship was receiving tremendous blows from the high waves as she forced her way through them. Speed was reduced to fifteen knots, but just as the change was made an enormous green sea came over the bridge, drenching us to the skin and smashing the glass in the binnacle and the top of the chart-board.

All day we labored through it, and late in the afternoon sighted Watling's Island (which, by the way, was the first land seen by Columbus in 1492) and, passing through the Crooked Island Passage, set course for Cape Hatteras. The weather kept getting worse all the time: seas constantly swept the forecastle; several of the hatch-covers were forced open and water came in to such an extent that the ship had to be headed off and volunteers sent to close and secure the hatches.

For three days neither sun nor stars had been visible; hence we were by no means certain of where we were, as no observations could be taken. Finally, our dead reckoning showed that we should be within fifty miles of the Diamond Shoals Light Vessel, which is just off Cape Hatteras. From the appearance of the water we could tell that it was rapidly getting shallower, and, as there are some very dangerous shoals off Hatteras, with only a few feet of water on them, we were very anxious to know our exact position.

There is only one way of ascertaining a ship's position in thick weather at sea, and that is by taking soundings. Orders were given to start the sounding-machine. This machine is a heavy steel reel on which is wound about five hundred fathoms of strong wire with a lead on the end. The men sent aft returned and reported that the sounding-machine had been washed overboard. Its steel legs, riveted to the deck, were still there, but

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were broken off short by the force of the waves. The ship was then stopped and an effort made to find the depth of water by lowering a long line with a weight on the end. We kept drifting to leeward so fast that the line stood out straight from the ship's side and no sounding could be taken.

Meanwhile darkness was rapidly approaching and our position was becoming more and more dangerous. Just then the sun showed itself for about three seconds, and, snatching a sextant, I managed to take a very doubtful altitude, which placed us *fifty* miles beyond our dead-reckoning position. Hardly had this discovery been made when a sharp-eyed quartermaster pointed to a dim object, well on the port hand, and heading for it we discovered, to our extreme relief, that it was Diamond Shoals Light Vessel.

This fixed our position absolutely, and we headed up the coast for the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. Hardly had we dropped the light vessel astern when a terrific downpour of rain commenced drenching us to the skin, and entirely obliterating all the shore lights and other aids to navigation. It was bitterly cold and I had to decide between wearing a sweater drenched with ice-water or wearing no sweater at all. I decided on the ice-water. All around us we could hear whistles and fog-bells getting louder and louder as we approached the entrance of the bay. Finally I decided that further progress would be foolhardy, and we let go the anchor, veered to sixty fathoms, and rolled out the night, bitterly cold and drenched to the skin. With the rising sun we discovered that we were directly in the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and at six o'clock got under way and proceeded to the Norfolk Navy Yard. For four days we had not taken off our clothes or sat down to a meal.

There was no report ever made of this trip, for there was nothing to report. It was "all in the day's work."

MUNNERN

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATION BY FLORENCE E. STORER

HER name had been given her with distinctness and precision, on a wild midnight when there was sharp trouble in his mouth. Nothing to worry about. Teeth have to come, you know. Any parent, however weakling, can summon sufficient philosophy to bear *that* for them. Only—they do stay awake so, and make everybody else do it with them. She was sleeping, but lightly, while somebody else "had him," and the summons, stern yet appealing, rung through the house for the first time.

"*Munnern!*"

And she had answered to her name thus coined out of his need like a hound whistled to heel.

Ancient history now! Words had followed thick and fast, tripping each other up into strange, elfin tangles; big ones and little ones, some clear as diamonds, some with blurred rainbow edges—a wild, hurrying multitude. But "Munnern" stayed. That was her fault. She had clung to it foolishly, making no effort to transmute it into the correct "mother." Munnern she was still, and likely to remain even when the little voice that had named her should be heavy and deep with an amazing vocabulary.

Heavy and deep—*that* voice! A man's even step upon the floor instead of that light, clattering hurry, with the danger of a bump as its goal! Can the unborn summers hold such miracles as *that?* A man! Yet exactly this thing does happen to little boys—theoretically. She knew the scientific fact—like interstellar distances, or the age of mountains, not as a thing the mind could really grasp.

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She also calmly knew that a little boy so perfect would be a big man so perfect. His questions proved that. Only an extraordinary brain could contrive them.

"Who took care of the first baby?" he inquires one day, solicitously, and she, truthful soul, strives to answer in terms of protoplasm and the pithecanthropus, to his apparent satisfaction. But when she has labored to make him understand what the stars are, and how not even the biggest and wisest man in all the world can aspire to reach them, the calculating, thoughtful eye which he turns heavenward, and the critical solemnity with which he considers that his world is a round thing with nothing to support it any more than one of his soap-bubbles—she feels oddly self-reproachful, as though she ought to have been more careful in the choice of his environment. Unsupported worlds! One should have managed better than that.

Such a *very* little boy! Perhaps—not quite—just a shade—other children in contrast had such a—coarse look. Can it be that they are stronger? If he is to be big in body as well as in brain, maybe . . . some difference in diet; some slight thing may be needed. But there is no hurry; no hurry at all. We will give him an extra nip of cold water in his bath, add a half-ounce to his portion of beef juice, get him a little sleeping-suit so that he can sleep in outdoor winter air: a number of things can be done before we bother one of those specialists, who would only laugh at us for the worrying parents that we are. The boy is all right. Sound as a dollar. He is only of finer clay than other children. . . .

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace."

That is all. Still, it would do no harm to take him in some pleasant day. Except that he hasn't been vaccinated yet, and these public conveyances——

The effect of even slight worry upon the mind is strange. One day he had been singularly naughty. "Where *is* my little boy?" she had besought of him, with tears. And on the night that followed this naughty day there came a dream of which she had nearly died before she could wake. She reached his crib with stumbling haste. His face was serene in the night light. Was the perfect cheek too red? The hand—was it too hot and dry? He opened his eyes. They were calm; the fearful presence of that dream had not touched *him*.

"I want to come into the big bed," he commanded. She took him thankfully, though it was a practice to be sternly discouraged—and he slept at once, his short arm across her throat protectingly. But her own eyes did not close until morning. Such dreams should not be allowed! What are the good angels about to let them get by?

And in the morning—you would not have said that he was ill in the morning. Nor in the afternoon. He was not naughty like yesterday, but clinging and quiet, and wanting to be kissed a good deal. Perhaps he has taken cold. The lips are hot and he is not hungry. The family doctor is reassuring. But somehow his remedies do not reach the trouble, and if a little boy cannot eat . . .

And now the lights burn all night, night after night—how many? Why, a lifetime, isn't it? Now and then she sleeps heavily, for a few minutes, throwing herself limply across the foot of the bed—he has the big bed for himself now—to be roused by a fretful little voice—"I want to sit in your lap," or "Read!"—and Mr. Jeremy Fisher is read for the hundredth time, and the Tailor of Gloucester for the two hundredth.

A cross and weary little voice, yet when it had been crossest, a sudden reaching up of bony arms and a hot kiss.

Then came the night when she knew in her heart that if the boy were ever to be a man he must go—and go quickly—to more skilful hands than her own. The family doctor has already talked with the specialist over the wire; they have conspired, they will have him, and the manner of that wise old warrior, always charged with the kind serenity which is the most wonderful anodyne these country doctors carry in their arsenal—his manner has been so kind and reassuring—so very—that if she had not been a wise Munnern she might have been reassured. But she would have preferred him to be cross.

"Won't it be the same if we have a trained nurse here?" But they say, No,

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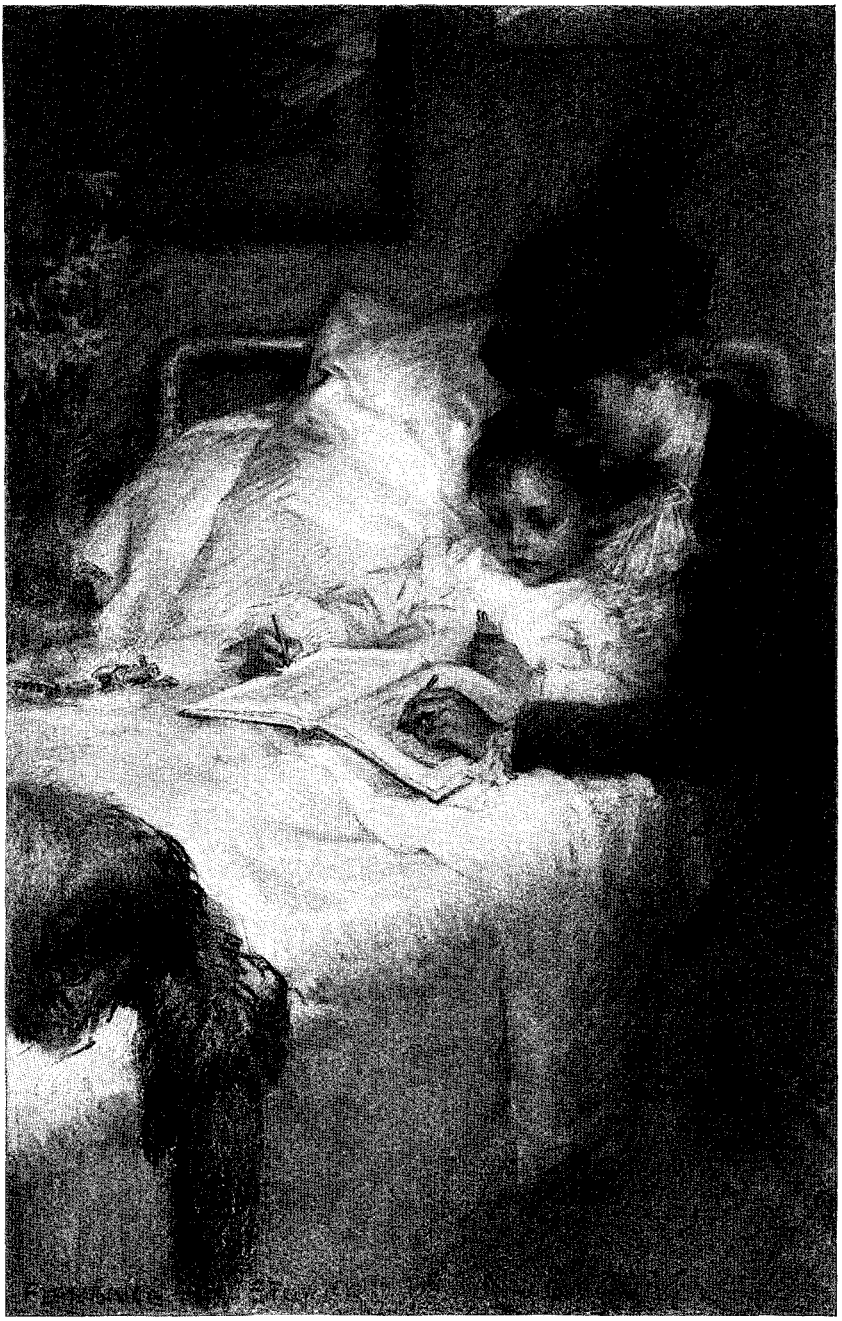

Drawn by Florence E. Storer.

He set her a task coloring one of his engines. . . . They worked in silence. . . . His head rested against her.
—Page 590.

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it will not be the same at all. They appear to think the danger lies in herself. He must be completely away from her anxiety. Doctors don't like mothers. They make *that* plain!

The arrangements are made by telephone. "Is there a room at Mrs. ——'s sanatorium?" There is one, fortunately, vacant this afternoon. Time-tables, then, and now order the carriage. We have delayed so long; let things be done quickly now!

"Can you have him dressed by ten o'clock?" Yes, she can have him dressed. He objects. Seems to think they are expecting too much of him.

"I don't want to walk."

They explain it as a pleasure-trip. He has so often wanted to ride on the cars; well, he is to do that to-day for the first time. But he shakes his head: "Not to-day."

There is mud on the knees of his leggings. The clean suit taken from the drawer is discovered to be innocent of buttons. Is it the mud, reminiscent of his last out-door romp, that makes her heart beat in that odd thick way?

"The carriage is here——"

At that he rouses. He will assist with the baggage. When one travels one carries things. He is not equal to a suit-case, but he will take her hand-bag, and take it he does, and never lets go during all the long hours of that journey. The hand clasped upon it shows every bone, but never loosens its grasp.

She has been dreading the jostling of the crowds. But there is no jostling, none of the little roughnesses. Even in the dingy waiting-room she notices a difference. Not curiosity or staring, but a deft making way, quick and civil answers when questions are necessary, a stepping back to give precedence. Their little party is an important one. The small pale face wins for them the right of way.

One word of encouragement for him thus far has been "engines." "You are going," they have told him, "upon the truly cars. Perhaps you will see the engineer himself. Maybe the fireman, too. Most certainly the conductor." He seems to think it a pity that such joys cannot be postponed until a day when he can appreciate them better; yet he smiles, and there is a spark of the old enthusiasm. It is six months since he himself determined to be an engineer some day, yet he has never swerved from that decision. Probably there never was a Christmas more exclusively devoted to engines than the one just past.

For a little while they exchange looks of congratulation over his head. He seems really to like it. At least he makes no complaint. The rumble may send him to sleep—he needs sleep so much!

If only he had not been looking out when they passed another train—the sudden noise and the swiftness.

She feels the leap of his body, but he makes no sound. He only stares rigidly at the new fear. The white smoke flying past, who knows what shapes it takes to a brain already distraught? Imagination sleeps in the small brain of a child like a jinnee in a bottle; a word can loose it, in monstrous shapes of horror or loveliness.

The swift dark interval of a tunnel—white smoke, crashing eclipse, huge smoke—and again darkness; it is primeval chaos and a whirling of angry gods. He calls feebly: "Munn*ern!*" She can barely hear it through the noise. She tries to turn his face to the warm oblivion of her bosom, but his neck is rigid. She bends her ear close to his moving lips.

"I want it to stop," he entreats. "It *mustn't* be dark any more!" A royal command like King Canute's.

Alas, his dear engines! Are they like *this*, then? He has lorded it over them so on his nursery floor! In his scrap-book he has pasted cut-out pictures of engines, with portraits of engineers and firemen and train-despatchers. Perhaps if he could realize the engineer out front—looking out of his cab all the way, keeping everything safe—she reminds him of this.

But no. The world is larger than he thought, engineers and their cars not a thing for very little boys. The unstable world is topsy-turvy, as one would expect of a thing with no solid foundation, and his dear engines have played him false.

The train stops upon a trestle overlooking a hundred or so of the behemoths, snuffling and gliding. Surely it will please him to look down on these. Yet he regards them but wanly. Is it only the day that makes things seem so wrong? He

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had tried to make them understand that this was no time to be making a joyous trip to New York. When the cars start again he hides his head against her breast, quivering and silent.

Will the journey never end? She begins to find her own terror now in the driving smoke. It is she now who shrinks at the tunnels, the noise. And there is an odd pain in the pulses? A thrill, like an electric current. . . .

But one's brain is calm and reasonable. No one could say "a hysterical woman." Yet, through and through and through again—the dagger upon her wrists, while time and train rush together with her and the boy.

Flying shapes in the huge smoke—giant threats in the quick darknesses. What are these that look in at her as they speed past the window—women; women with children in their arms, all of them! "We were in a besieged city," they say, "our children starved. . . ."

And another: "We lived until the city was taken—by barbarous men. . . ."

"Our children lie with us in the pit of Cawnpore. . . ."

"You tremble—*you!* Bearing him to safety and recovery! Once, the mercenaries of Herod came . . . *then* Rachel wept!"

After these a vast gray legion—a continual mist of pale amorphous faces: "We are those poor whose level is the sea-floor of life. Our children come and go without joy. We are the mothers of the defective—of criminals—whose daughters walk the streets. . . . Oh, fortunate woman! Be ashamed of your fear!"

Yet, so far from being ashamed of the littleness of her cause for sorrow, it is as if her heart opened wide to all these others. They rush in, and there is room for all, but her own is in no wise displaced. It is knit with them into the fabric of the world's sorrow. . . .

And what is this new pain, physical, actual, right under the pressure of his lax body?

A dull ache. Oh, yes, she remembers to have read of it—"My Hunt After the Captain." *His* son was reported killed. . . . The description is accurate: "Dull ache in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semi-lunar ganglion* lies, unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it. . . ."

Hunting for a grown-up son through hospitals in war-time: *that* is anxiety, if you like! Merely taking a little boy to a sanatorium—why, that should be nothing at all! Nevertheless, the *semi-lunar ganglion* is not to be comforted. "Mastering anxiety!"

He doesn't mind the ferry so much. The sea-gulls gain a wintry smile. Only he must be assured that there is to be no more of that dreadful quick darkness—no more tunnels. They swear to him by all truth that the boat will not go through any tunnels, and point out the lovely Brobdingnagian city, a towering silhouette through a mist of gray and gold.

New York? Very good, if there are to be no more tunnels on the other side. No; no more tunnels; not any at all.

"And when we go home again there mustn't be any——"

"Well—there *is* another way of getting back——"

"And not any autos!" It has just occurred to him that on a day of abounding misfortune an auto may be included. They have been speaking to each other of taxi-cabs, but he understands.

"Not any auto of any kind at all!"

So they apologize to the person in blue and brass. "Isn't there a hansom somewhere? The boy is auto-shy——"

Not even this potentate lifts an eyebrow at the royal commands. It has been so all along, she thinks; a deference, as if some invisible messenger preceded: "Right of way!"

The old hackman hurries them into his ancient mouldy cab. A glance at his face shows that this is something more to him than a fare; that he has known something about children in his day.

Such a broken-down affair! It gives the impression of being tied with strings—suggesting infirmity beyond cure, and a wheel bumps strangely, but at least the boy can see the horse. There is no hated whir and jump to prove his parents traitors.

An old house—very clean. The women in blue and white look at him with critical interest. Here at last he is no longer royal—no longer the centre of the solar system. He is a "case."

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"Doesn't look nearly so bad as little Annie did," one says to another. The word "malnutrition" is mentioned. Ah me! The prayerful pains that have gone to the fashioning of his fare! They look at each other intelligently when she mentions this fact, and smile forbearingly. "Too much pains, perhaps," says the head nurse politely. If they only knew! She tells them how bright he is, how good, and when well—how beautiful. She touches his hair. It is harsh and dry.

"You don't mind if we cut it, do you? He'll be so much more comfortable."

Has he been uncomfortable with it, then? She had not thought; it was so pretty. But it is no longer pretty; even she can see that.

"By all means."

"Then," comes haughtily from threatened royalty, "mother must cut it."

He has been told that he is to stay there until he is well, yet he has not quite understood. He looks about the room with suspicion, at the women in blue and white, at the high, white beds, and delivers his ultimatum: "I will not go to bed in this house!"

It is not a challenge, but a statement of fact.

"When are we going home?"

"When you are well, my darling."

"I am well now. I will not undress. I will go home to-night."

Not an appeal. It is quite settled: "To-night!"

But before the debate can proceed far—the doctor. And a wild storm with the stethoscope as its centre. . . . Poor King Canute! The stethoscope retires at last, victorious.

"Well, mother"—that is the doctor's way with the fluttered multitude that crowd his path—a world of understanding he puts into the word—"we can make this boy well. But"—there is something threatening in his kindness, something military—"you must let us *have* him, you know."

"Have him?" What does the man mean? That is what she has brought him in for; that they may "have him," for a few days. Then she will take him back. She will learn how to do things for him, get new ideas about his diet. Then she will take him home. Something of this idea she gives to the physician. She is to stay at a near-by hotel and spend most of her time with him.

The physician and nurse exchange glances of sympathy—for each other. They have been through all that so many times. It will take a great deal of explaining. They will talk it over with her to-morrow, they say. She is content.

"It is nothing that can't be put right. We will make him strong and well. . . ." The word "malnutrition" is mentioned again, this time with a note of final authority. And he is gone, curt and kind—to other mothers, no doubt. . . .

And now—oh, oh, little King Canute! The tide boils up at the foot of his throne. She must leave him. . . . No use to explain to him. A kiss and a hug—he is too weak to fully express his mind. . . .

She hurries. She hears him cry—but she is a fine, brave woman—no nerves—none at all. She goes—to the hotel.

"You get a good night's rest," they have been telling her. "What you need is sleep."

It is a pleasant room. She sits alone and stares at a simpering Gainsborough. On the other wall minces "The Dancing Lesson." Really, as she reviews the past week she is proud of herself. She must be a remarkably strong woman to bear so much and not be ill. Tired, of course; very tired. . . . How he did cry! . . . She will eat a good dinner. Surely. Yet—the tray seems singularly uninviting. . . . The ganglion is still busy. . . . "Stupid, unreasoning brain, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones or the wild horse is lassoed. . . ."

A good night's sleep. She wakes every hour to give him medicine, see how he is . . . a good night's rest! At two o'clock she reads advertisements of little boys' suits in the last evening's paper. This will be a good opportunity for shopping. . . . At last the windows are gray.

She eyes the telephone. One must let the nurses eat their breakfasts, no doubt—and then: "How is he?"

"Coming on very nicely indeed. But I should *not* advise your seeing him this morning. Not for the best results."

What are they concealing? Not see him this morning?

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She must be ingratiating, must cajole, must flatter. One does not become haughty toward the holders of hostages. Her voice is silk and honey as she expresses her confidence in the woman at the other end of the wire. She ends with: "But of course you won't object to my peeping at him through the crack in the door?"

A sound like a suppressed exclamation, then quick and firm refusal.

"No. It has been tried in other cases, and is not a success. No. I don't allow peeping through cracks."

Oh, of course! Munnern understands. There are foolish, hysterical women with whom it would never do. They would see him and forget their promise, and rush in upon him with wild kisses.

She carefully explains to the gray-eyed woman at the other end of the wire how different she is from those other mothers, upon whom the gray-eyed one's opinion has been based. She assures her that she would leave the crack as she found it and depart. Strange! The woman cannot see that difference between her and other women. Any superiority of strength of mind has passed quite unnoticed.

Very well; there is still the doctor. *He* must have observed it. Was she not steady yesterday? Did she whimper? Did she tell them about how the *semi-lunar ganglion* was behaving? Or the pain in her wrists?

It *is* rather early, perhaps, to talk to so busy a doctor as this one. She feels a pang of sympathy as she calls him from his breakfast. But it is an important matter. What is a hungry doctor and his coffee compared to a mother who is being kept from her boy by a gray-eyed woman in blue and white?

Still—he needn't have been—no—not savage, but——

"It would be most undesirable for you to see him if we are to get the best results." ("Best results," again.)

"But——"

"If I can't have him absolutely, I don't care to handle the case."

"How long, then?"

"Two months, at the very least."

Two months! Two years—two centuries! She had never dreamed of its being over a week. She hastens to explain how very much better she can do for him at home. She lays bare her own wisdom, comparing herself favorably with trained nurses. The wire tingles with impatient contempt.

"When you brought him in you were under the impression that he was moribund. Why do you object now to two months' recovery?"

She had been under the impression that he was—why, no—not *that*. One does not use such words even in one's own consciousness. She had been frightened—but she had not admitted the shape of her fear. The physician, piercing her reserve, had read the thought and named it as he would make any other diagnosis.

"There's not the slightest cause for worry," snaps the wire. "Good-by."

She turns away with an odd smile. She does not resent his brusqueness. It comes to her that she would be sorry if he found it necessary to speak gently. Think! It may be that the next mother he speaks to—though he soften his voice never so, may drop at his feet like a stone. It is for the sake of those other mothers to whom he must be gentle, that he cuts short the needless inquiries of people who are really very fortunate—like herself. Think what he sees in the hospitals and be ashamed of your importunities! She thinks of his temper with a happy smile, and treats herself to a better breakfast than she has had for many days. . . .

"You may see him to-morrow for fifteen minutes," thus the gray-eyed woman over the wire. "After that, not for two weeks."

She is humbled now. She has been made to understand. They have tamed her. She is submissive. See how Puss follows you with her great yellow eyes when you bear away one of her kittens! She makes no objection. It is the law of the giants—and she trusts them (with reservations). At least she knows her powerlessness. She purrs, and fawns, and submits.

To-morrow, then—for fifteen minutes. That is very kind.

"*When you brought him in you thought* ——"

She uses the physician's dread phrase to whip herself into acquiescence.

He was sitting up in bed with his treasures about him, at work upon a new book

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of engines, coloring them with his colored pencils. He did not smile as she entered. If she hadn't known his ways she would have thought him indifferent to her. But she knew. It was his mask of reserve. His shingled hair gave him an oddly mature look, for it had been done by skilful masculine hands, not nibbled by a Munnern's scissors. That and his thinness had added years to his small face, and something else—was it the writing of sorrow and pain? So little! Had it been a man's-size trouble—her desertion of him, and the physical wretchedness?

She felt again the insecurity of the environment to which she had brought him. Unsupported worlds . . . parents who are toppled over at a breath, who possess no weapon at all against dreadful things happening to little boys . . . mothers whose best efforts only plunge them into a dreadful thing called malnutrition?

He regarded her intently for a moment, then set her a task coloring one of his engines. She might put on the red, he said. A mark of favor, red being a pleasant color to apply.

They worked in silence, he directing with his finger. His head rested against her. Evidently he was wonderfully improved. Yet he was scheduled to be in bed for two weeks yet! If he had been at home, she acknowledged with humility, she would have known no better than to let him up. To what unsteady hands had this imperial vase been intrusted for nearly four years! Shall she ever dare to receive him back again? Let him stay with these people who know. Oh, let him stay! She has done so ill by him!

The engine was colored. The fifteen minutes were up. Not again for two weeks. She kissed the short hair and rose. He looked at her wildly—oh—the terrible under lip! It is trembling—it comes out!

"If you cry they won't let me come so often," she whispers. The intelligence of a conspirator flashes into his eyes, but—can he? He understands, but has he power to control himself?

The tiny face trembles like a reflection in troubled water. Slowly—like the closing of a man's fist, it strengthens, stiffens. Very pale, he turns to the nurse, and shows her how to go on with the coloring. She may use the green, he says, in a steady voice. He does not look again at Munnern.

No hysterical farewells, woman! You commanded the man, now he commands you.

She went out with backward looks, but he did not glance toward her. He was too busy. Yet when she was outside the door there came a steady silver note: "Good-by!" Not even a tremor? Yes—but so veiled that only she could have detected it.

She stood in the hall a moment and strangely exulted. She understood at last how it was that little boys grew up into men. She had an instant's vague vision of a being tall and splendid, deep-voiced (a singing voice, too), deep-chested, wise, good, strong above all other men—such a creature as perhaps never lived except in the imagination of young girls and mothers.

Down the narrow dark stairs the vision went with her. She leaned upon its arm, tired, old, and very happy: "This is my son!"

Two months! That will be the end of April. There will be the first blush of young green in the grass, crocuses, a softness in the air, red maple flowers on the branch across his window, bluebirds, meadow-larks, little chickens to watch. He will even be able to make mud pies. It will be the allegorical return of spring. A rush of almost unbearable joy and eager life!

He will come back with the spring. . . .

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A NEW FIELD FOR MOUNTAINEERING

By Elizabeth Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CANADA'S mountain country extends from the foothills of the Rockies east to the Pacific coast west, roughly some six hundred miles; and from the forty-ninth parallel to as far north as a man can win by land. The greater area of this country is strictly alpine in character, many extensive sections still virgin ground; and it is likely that, in spite of increasing mountaineering activities, there will be many maiden peaks fifty years hence. Within the last five years new regions, hitherto unknown save to trappers, hunters, or prospectors, who said nothing, have been discovered that rival the Swiss Alps. In the northern Selkirks, dominated by Mount Sir Sandford, are many splendid snow mountains still virgin. This region lies within the Big Bend of the Columbia River north, famous as a waterway in the history of the great rival fur companies, and is exceedingly difficult of access—the most difficult of any in the Selkirks so far exploited. In the southern Selkirks, near the source of the Columbia and easily accessible, are groups of glacier mountains that were unheeded until Earl Grey caught a glimpse of them from a pass leading toward the Columbia valley, and pronounced them very like and equal to the Swiss Alps. Since then certain Canadian and American climbers are thrall to this region, but it is not otherwise known. Another unsuspected glacier terrain, accessible by water, was found within forty miles north of Vancouver City; and still another on Vancouver Island, which was promptly set apart and named Strathcona Park by the British Columbia government.

Meanwhile climbers from the world over had been climbing in every glacier-bearing range contiguous to the C. P. R., an occasional party going north as far as the Columbia ice-field, which, they were fond of telling, covers two hundred square miles at a mean elevation of 10,000 feet above sea. As far, and farther, they went to the Athabasca Pass north of Columbia's Big Bend, to Mounts Brown and Hooker, whose fabulous heights computed by David Douglas, the botanist, in 1827, to be 16,000 and 17,000 feet, were reduced in 1893 to a sober 9,000 and 7,000 by Professor A. P. Coleman, of Toronto. Between the Athabasca and the Kicking Horse Pass of the C. P. R. occasional climbers from England and the United States explored and climbed, and still explore; but they have left hundreds of peaks untouched and nameless, nor have they given any definite name to this attractive mountaineering field lying along the summit range of the Rocky Mountain system for over one hundred miles.

Again, owing to the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which enters the Rockies by the Athabasca valley east and already provides a daily service as far as Tête Jaune Cache, fifty-three miles west of Yellowhead Pass, an ice-bound world north that rivals and perhaps transcends every other field has been made accessible. Yellowhead Pass is on the Continental Divide, the tortuous line of water-parting that marks the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. The outstanding low passes, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet high, which have served as highways across the summit range for romantic fur companies of the past and prosaic railways of the present are: the Kicking Horse, Howse, Athabasca, Yellowhead, and an unnamed pass farther north, traversed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie of the Northwest Fur Company in the first overland journey from ocean to ocean in 1793. The Yellowhead is two hundred miles north of the Kicking Horse, and was first surveyed in 1871 as a probable route for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Northward the Continental

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Divide makes amazing turns, sometimes doubling on itself; and this is why you must cross it twice in making the circuit of the great mountain Massif, whose peak (13,068 feet) is the highest yet measured in the Canadian Rockies.

Mount Robson had its name fifty years ago, when Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle saw it from the junction of the Grand Fork and Fraser valleys, ten miles away as the crow flies. In their book, "The Northwest Passage by Land," they placed its altitude indefinitely, from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above sea. Who was its namesake is not known—the most probable tale of three is that a hunter named Robson was in charge of a detachment of men sent into that country by the Northwest Fur Company before its amalgamation with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. Oddly enough, for over forty years after Milton and Cheadle nothing was heard of Mount Robson, although explorers and geologists passed along the upper Fraser valley, and no white man visited it, although engineers were surveying there for three transcontinental railways.

When the Alpine Club of Canada was organized in 1906, its first president, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, suggested to Professor Coleman that he undertake the conquest of the mountain. At that time this meant an expedition by pack-train from Laggan on the C. P. R., by bad trails and swift torrents for three hundred crooked miles to the upper Fraser valley, whence new trails had to be cut; or from the eastern foot-hills north by the Athabasca River over bad roads and trails and much muskeg for one hundred miles to the same valley, where it runs westward, south of the mountain. Dr. Coleman and his party made expeditions in 1907 and 1908, trying each route and spending the greater part of each short season of two months in getting to and from the mountain, but making plucky attempts to climb it. His were the first geological investigations, and his party were first-foot on the mountain. Mr. A. L. Mumm and a party from the English Alpine Club spent the summer of 1908 and several succeeding summers exploring there, making unsuccessful attempts to reach the top. The great hindrance was weather, Mount Robson being the rendezvous for all the storms within a radius of fifty miles. However, in 1909, Mr. G. B. Kinney, who had been with Dr. Coleman in the expeditions mentioned, went in early by himself and climbed the mountain, taking with him on the ascent a young fellow, Donald Phillips, who had never before climbed. With one ice-axe between them, and thirty-five feet of packers' rope, they made the attack again and again, sleeping on cliffs at 10,500 feet; and after many attempts in very indifferent weather, and finally in storm, they succeeded, making the most dangerous climb ever made in Canada, the upper reaches being by a route that guides and experienced men condemn.

Two years later, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was well into the mountains, and its "tote road" built beyond Yellowhead Pass, Mr. Wheeler carried an expedition to Mount Robson, and made a photo-topographical survey. With him there collaborated a party sent out by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, who returned with those spoils of fossil and flora and fauna dear to the heart of science. A circuit was made of the Rainbow group of mountains, of which Mount Robson is the dominating mass, Mr. Wheeler's map coming later as a boon to both climbers and geologists; and when Dr. Walcott followed him into that country to study the structure of the group, he found it a strikingly accurate guide, even in detail. The area of the Robson massif is about thirty square miles, and the circuit about eighty miles. The encompassing valleys are, starting from the south—a portion of the upper Fraser, the Moose (east and west branches), Calumet Creek, the Upper Smoky, and Grand Fork, which joins the Fraser near the railway. All the valleys are of supreme interest by reason of forests and lakes and flowering alps, and a great variety of glaciers. The Divide is crossed at Moose Pass, between the head waters of Moose River and Calumet Creek; and again at Robson Pass, between the head waters of the Smoky and Grand Fork rivers.

From the junction of the Grand Fork and Fraser there is a splendid view of the southwest face of the mountain (Milton and Cheadle's view), which on this

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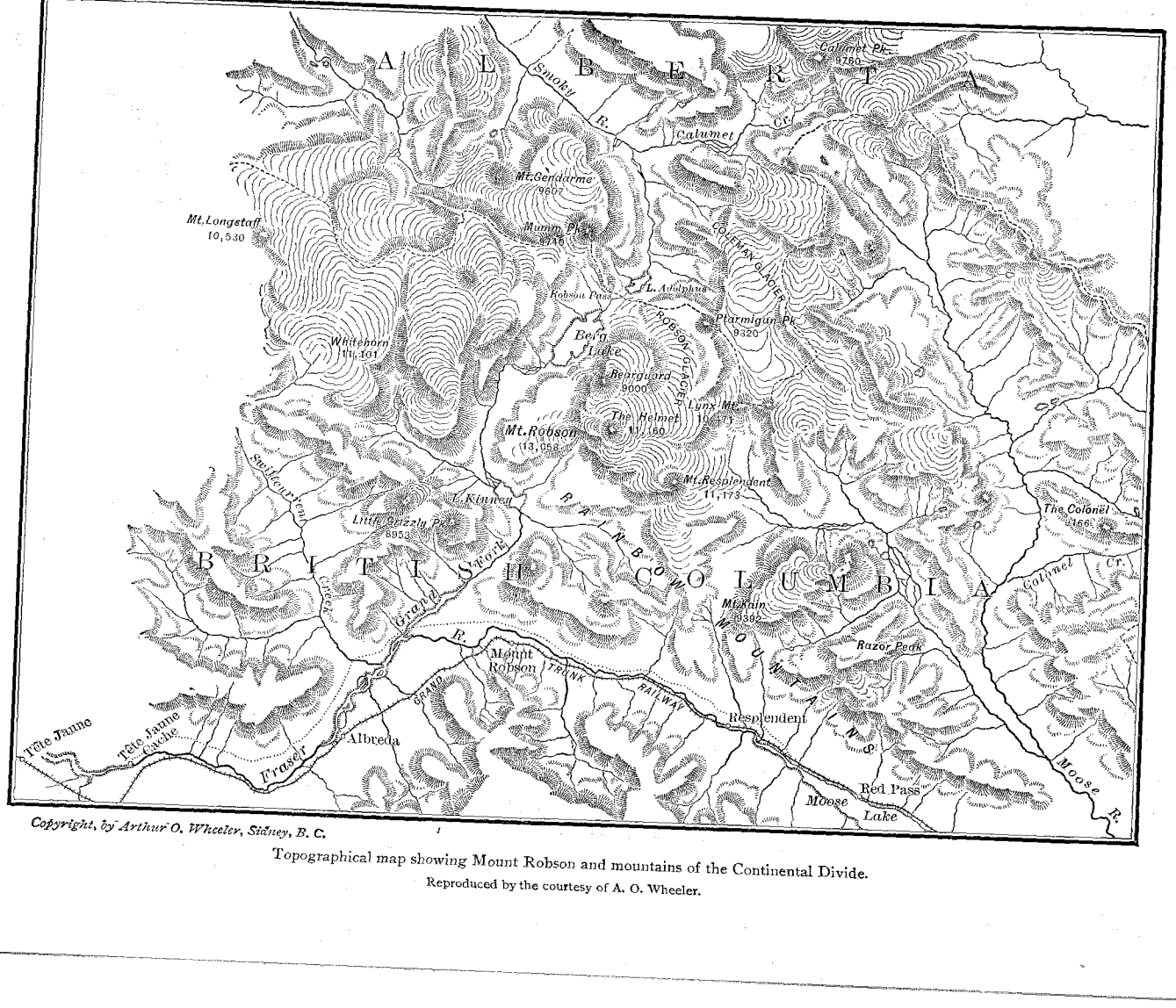

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Topographical map showing Mount Robson and mountains of the Continental Divide.

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side rises above the valley in two miles of rock too steep for snow to lie save in places on the highest parts, the summit itself being crowned with ice and snow. A long shoulder runs southward. This is to be the site of a large summer hotel, railway companies knowing well how to turn nature to uses of utility—"useful as is nature to attract the tourist foot." The valleys of the Moose and the Grand Fork rise 2,000 or 3,000 feet to their heads, so that on its north and northeast side, which is superbly clad with ice and snow, Robson Peak is scarcely 8,000 feet above the valley. To be precise, it is 7,538 feet above Robson Pass, where every expedition has camped. The great Robson Glacier, flowing in a semicircle five miles from its névé, ends in two lobes at the pass, and is the original source of the Grand Fork and Smoky Rivers. A medial moraine is beginning to form, and is distinctly marked. Its subglacial streams play a fickle, curious trick. In certain years, for no rhyme or reason (if Dr. Walcott or Dr. Coleman know, they do not tell) nearly all the streams from the eastern lobe turn to join those of the western lobe, which feed the Grand Fork, and so to the Pacific, instead of flowing into the Smoky and on to the Arctic Ocean. He who runs may read where these streams ran, perhaps a year ago. The terminal moraines are ridges of fifty feet and more in height, and produce trees according to their ages, from one hundred to two hundred years old; while those growing out of the thin meadow on the pass are over four hundred years old. Here is a palpable chapter in the story of the earth, as charming as the wild park itself—for Robson Pass is a beautiful park. But the whole mountain with its solid horizontal lines is an open book, even to the dilletante geologist.

Half a mile east and a little lower down than Robson Pass, which is 5,530 feet high, lies Adolphus Lake, of an exquisite turquoise blue, set in forest and now fed by clear streams mainly. At the present time the stream running into it from Robson Glacier scarcely affects its lovely color. It is about half a mile long. Half the distance west, and slightly lower still, is Berg Lake, twice the size and of a more muddy blue, owing to its larger share of nourishment from three glaciers. It lies close to the mountain, and into it steeply descends Tumbling Glacier, a cascade of splendidly séracked, blue ice, 5,000 feet from its source under hanging glaciers above. Its avalanches disturb the water, throwing spray, sometimes for half an hour, as high as an Atlantic surf. It is the most spectacular scene in all the mountain landscape about. Icebergs sail on the lake all summer, some showing twenty feet above the water, which means that sixty feet are beneath it. Between Tumbling Glacier and Robson Glacier rises out of the massif Mount Rearguard (9,000 feet), well wooded on its lower slopes, and the habitat of mountain goat. Last summer all the goat in the vicinity retired to Mount Rearguard, from whose high pastures they regarded the human visitors below with a sense of safety and perhaps wonder. It was very pleasant, in the long northern afterglow, to watch them feeding or lying at ease on some high, narrow shelf.

Fully fifteen glaciers and snow-fields, near and far, can be seen from Robson Pass; those on Mount Robson and its satellites being the most impressive. Robson Glacier, which half-encircles Rearguard, flows from a snow-filled cirque four miles wide, enclosed by Mounts Ptarmigan, Lynx, Resplendent, Robson's Peak, the Helmet, and Rearguard. It is of the piedmont type, being nourished by the hanging glaciers and snows above. These snow-covered glaciers are of exceeding whiteness, and the peaks that bear them rise out of the cirque, which is known as the Robson amphitheatre. The Helmet (11,160 feet), snow-crowned and shapely, looks like a small mountain in the presence. I say the presence, for so does Mount Robson prevail over nature and man, as if the mountain had a distinct being. Which, indeed, the wise poets know. The Helmet is the only peak still virgin. Mount Resplendent (11,173 feet), beautiful in the purity of its perpetual white mantle, and heavily weighted with snow cornices, Lynx Mount, 700 feet lower, and unnamed summits between, are all overshadowed by the massive preponderant peak. Picking your way among crevasses you may travel up the Robson Glacier to the am-

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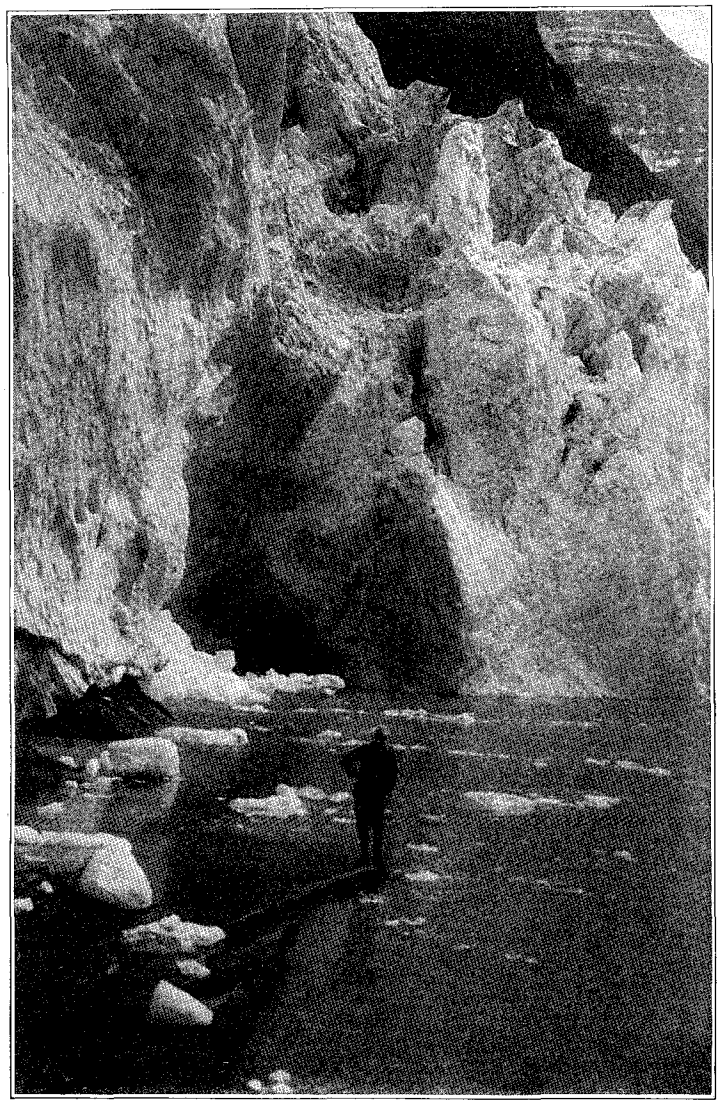
phitheatre in an hour of fast going, and stand at the entrance of the snow-cirque nourished by higher snows. Climbing splendent serves as a window for one view. It is possible that the Alpine Club of Canada will have a camp in this valley



From a photograph by Harmon.

At close range. The snout (tongue) of Tumbling Glacier and Berg Lake.

Mount Resplendent or its neighbors you may look down into Resplendent valley, loveliest of alpine valleys for high verdure and bloom and for serried forest, the west branch of Moose River flowing through, and Lake Lazuli, a typical alpine tarn, lying low in the midst. A fissure in a fantastic cornice on Mount Re-

before long. On the cirque immediately below Mount Resplendent stands a quaint tower of rock some 500 feet above the ice, named the Extinguisher from its likeness to the conical cap once used to put out the candle. Turning north from the cirque, you cross Snowbird Pass to Reef Névé, and down Coleman Glacier,

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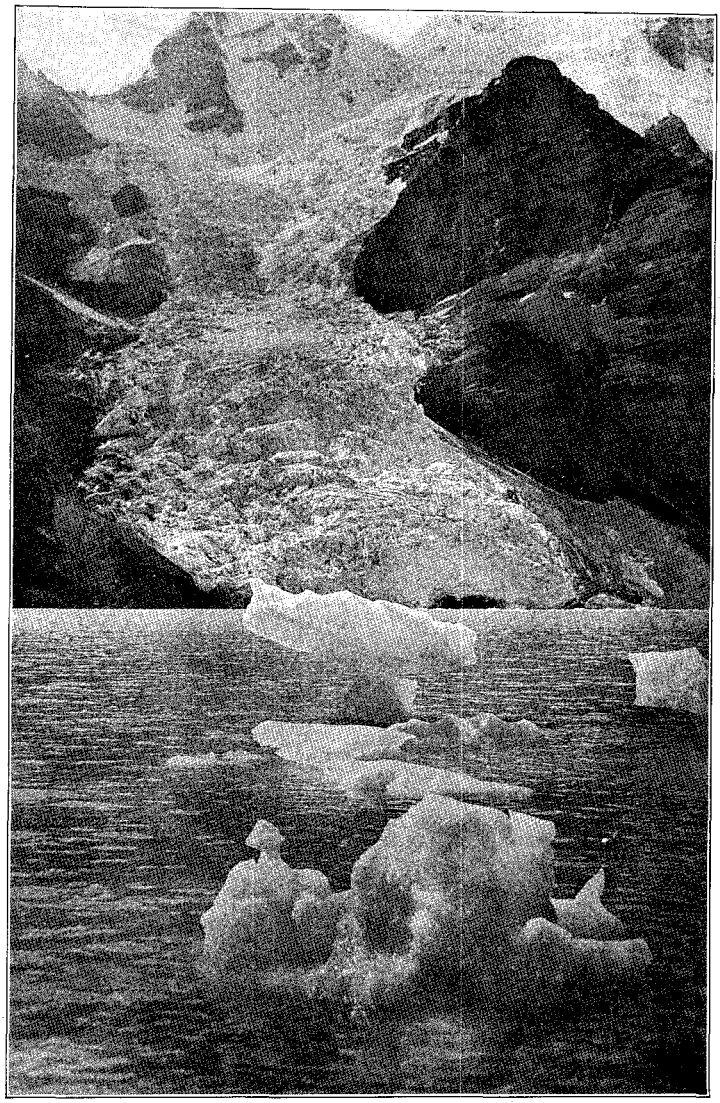

From a photograph by F. W. Freeborn.

Icebergs in Berg Lake.

reaching the Smoky by a tributary; and, following a new trail, turn west again up Calumet Creek to Moose Pass. Calumet valley presents seven or eight glaciers, much broken with séracs and crevasses. Only two mountains above them have been climbed—Calumet Peak and an unnamed one. The lack of names is a great drawback. From the summits of these two peaks you look on an ice world north, where Mount Bess and Mount Chown, both white mountains, alone have names. Many fine snow-mountains appear, one of enormous size some eighty miles away, which rivals Mount Robson. It is probably lower, the passes and valleys getting lower as the mountains trend north. No white man has been known to visit it, though it has excited the interest of skilled mountaineers on both sides of the Atlantic. Phillips, the young outfitter and hunter who began his career by climbing Mount Robson with Mr. Kinney, was trapping within ten miles of it last win-

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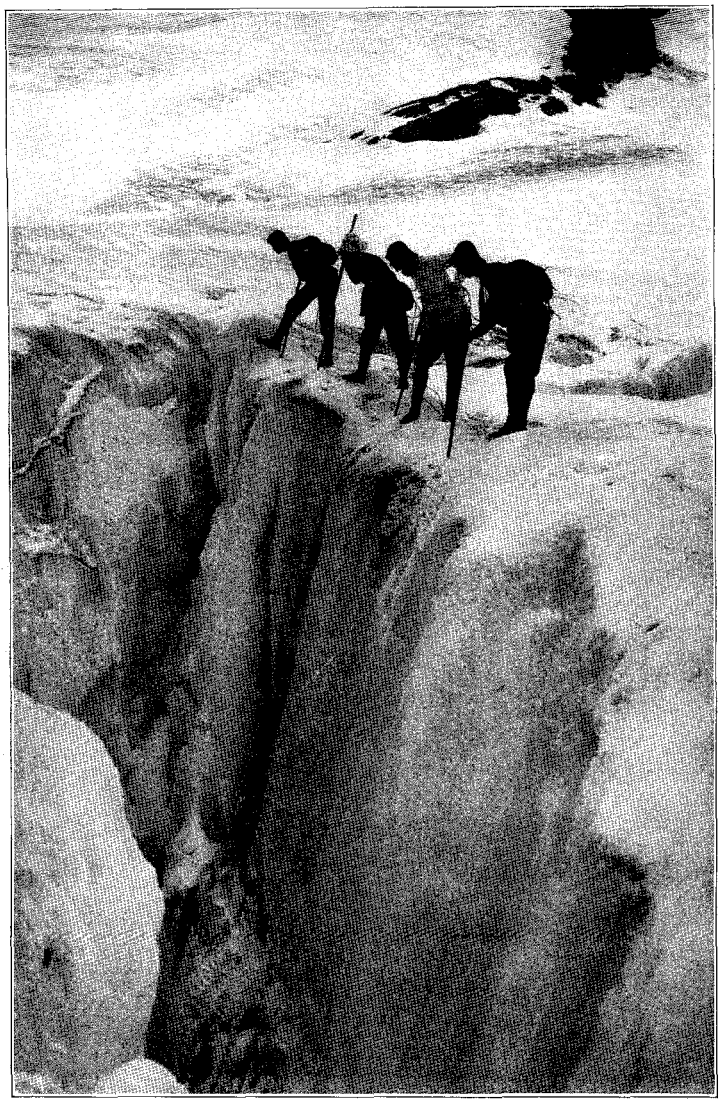

A typical crevasse on the Robson Glacier.

ter. He has developed a remarkable capacity for mountain topography, and is a dependable, intelligent man, who could, in the terminology of that country, "pack" any prospective climber to the base of the mountain. They call him "Curly" Phillips, from his masses of curly hair. He is one of a fine set of outfitters, an old-fashioned type happily not extinct in the northern Rockies. There are, notably, the Otto brothers, and John Yates, and Fred Stephens, true men of the mountains, guides and hosts of the valleys and passes, men whom their patrons delight in for their integrity, intelligence, humor, and picturesque speech. They have tales to tell around the camp-fire, and you may say of them that they give point to certain words not generally in use at the ingle-nook in the town. Still, "heartily know" there are no half-gods on the hearth in the forest. These are as truly children of the open air as the beloved Stevenson or Borrow himself, or any poetic vagabond of

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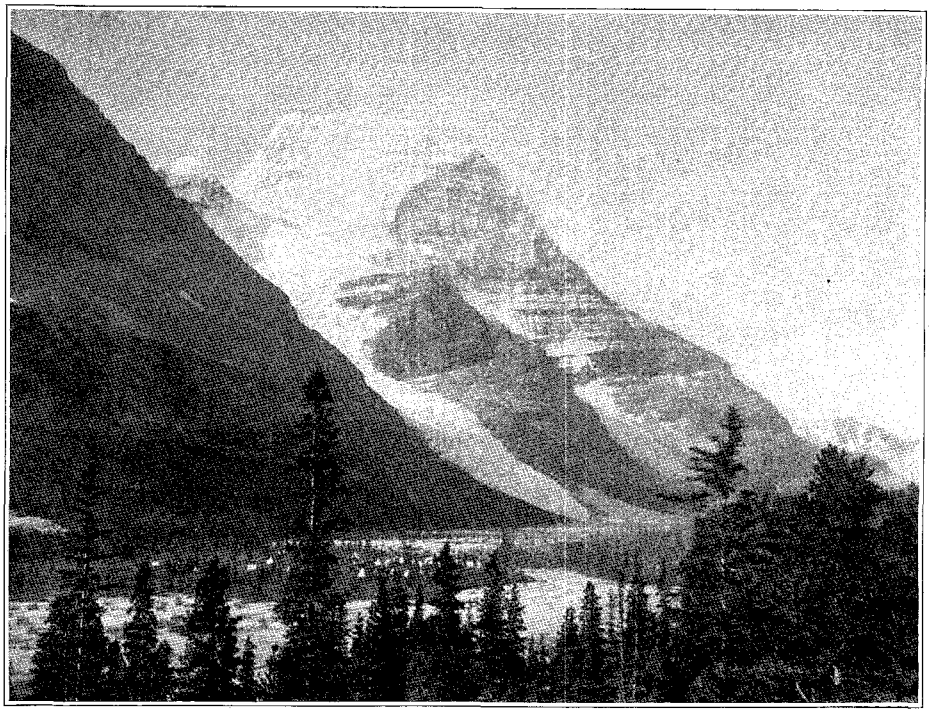

Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada on Robson Pass.
Mount Robson, the Helmet, Tumbling Glacier. Slopes of Rearguard in extreme left where goats pastured.

them all. Had Stevenson camped in the Rockies with Stephens, English literature had gained by more than an essay.

Now that the railway crosses the Yellowhead Pass and traverses a portion of the upper Fraser valley, and that trails have been blazed from "the steel" twenty-five miles to Moose Pass, this unexplored group of snow-mountains will be comparatively easy of access. Another group that offers hardships of discovery is the Caribou Range, a series of beautifully shaped mountains rising west of the Fraser, where the dense forests of British Columbia are the great barrier. Like the Selkirks farther south, they are of Archæan rock heavily timbered and weighted with glaciers. There is no record of any man, white or red, having penetrated the long reaches of fallen timber, devil's-club, and other thick shrubbery under its close, living forest.

It fell to the Alpine Club of Canada last summer to accomplish considerable exploratory climbing on Mount Robson and on the peaks and glaciers contiguous. This club is not an exclusive one, such as the American Alpine Club, which keeps to a limited membership; nor such as that great and famous club, now nearly sixty years old, which is the mother of organized mountaineering. Although there are many scores of alpine clubs in the world, the oldest one retains its privilege and right to be known by the third article alone. It is not the English Alpine Club, nor the Alpine Club of England, but "The" Alpine Club, my masters. Its little dull-brown button, bearing the dull-brown letters "A. C." and nothing more, is therefore not so shy and diffident as it looks; and, moreover, it is a symbol that climbers in all lands covet earnestly in the apostle's way.

That alpine club is also a social club. The Alpine Club of Canada is quite other, being a national club of a democratic sort, with a determined purpose in its eye of making mountaineers out of young Canadians. Only eight years old, it has now eight hundred members of different grades, England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy,

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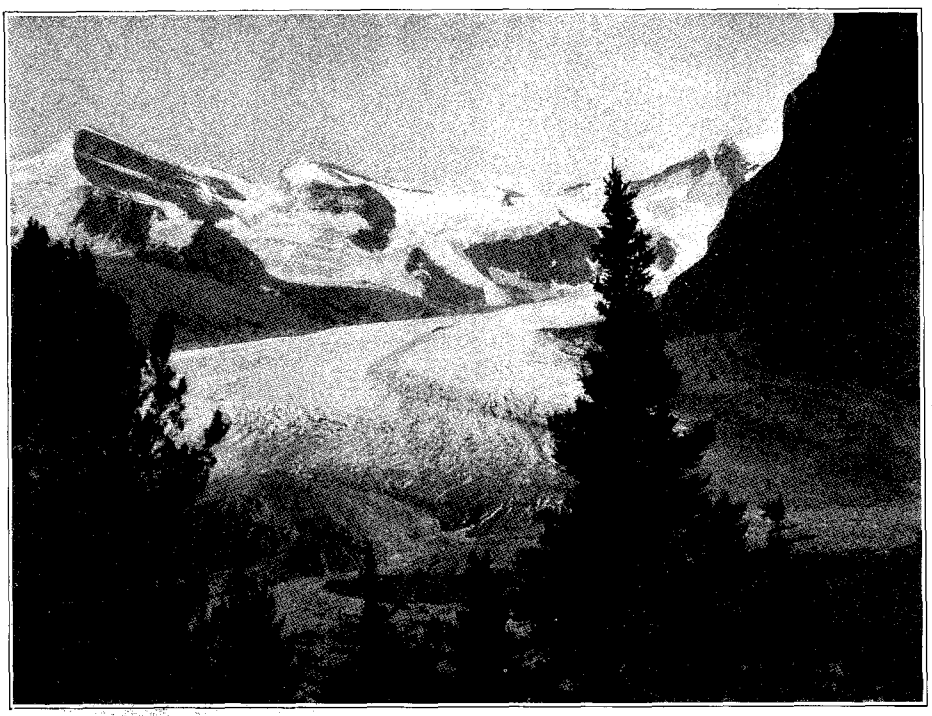

From a photograph by Harmon.

Robson Glacier, from Mount Mumm, showing Mount Lynx (left) and unnamed peaks.
Extreme right—slopes of Mount Rearguard where goats pastured.

India, and South Africa, and nineteen States of the United States, as well as Canada, being represented in its membership. So many are the American members that by courtesy the Stars and Stripes are unfurled on its club-house in Banff every Fourth of July.

Two clauses alone in the constitution indicate the national character of the club, while setting forth the reason of its existence: the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; the encouragement of the mountain craft and the opening of new (mountain) regions as national playgrounds. When it was born in 1906 in the city of Winnipeg, there were scarcely half a dozen skilled climbers in Canada, and they were men. To-day a large number of members, including ladies, show remarkable skill on both ice and rock. And these are not persons of large means who can go, when they will, to the mountains and engage guides and packers for as many weeks or months as they choose. On the other hand, they belong mostly to those intellectual professions so inadequately paid and so necessary to the progress of the world. It is entirely owing to the A. C. C. that most of these can go at all to the high sanctuaries that are still undisturbed by the tread of the rabble, that remain undefiled by the tin cans and other odious signs of an invading irreverent multitude with money in its pocket. Every summer since its inception a camp accommodating from one hundred to two hundred persons has been held in some strategic place, when novices qualify for active membership by climbing to an altitude of 2,500 feet above timber-line on a glacier-hung mountain. Every year fifty or sixty have thus learned to climb, under professional Swiss guides and competent mountaineers, while old members make more difficult ascents and expeditions. The camp is under the supervision of the director of the club, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, who is an honorary member of "The Alpine Club," and an active member of the American Alpine Club. Pack-trains, outfitters, cooks, and Swiss guides are employed; there are "chief

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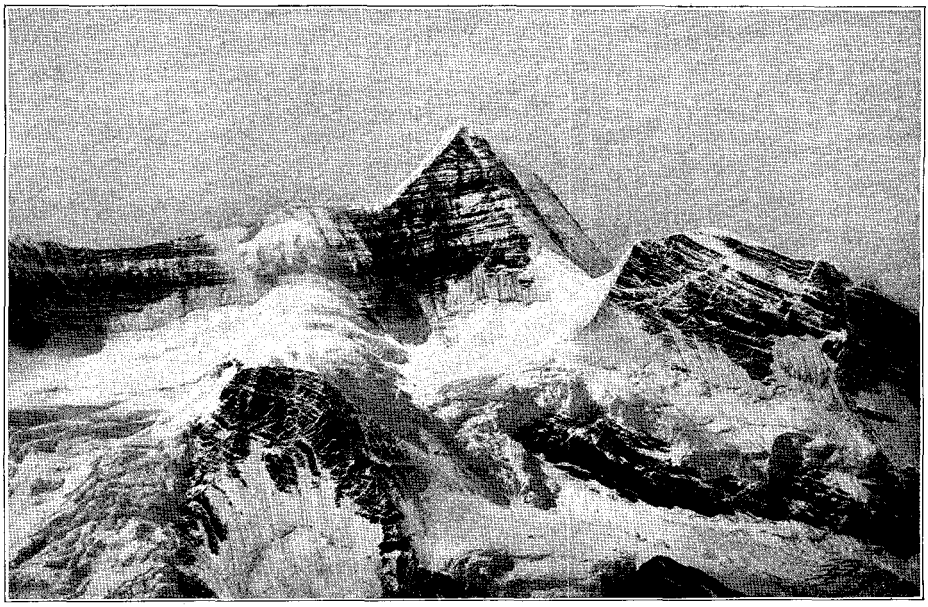
mountaineers" and a corps of boy scouts; there are punctilious rules for climbs and expeditions, for the daily life of the community; and, in short, everything necessary for the safety and comfort of the company. But the punctilio is not too punctilious; the ordinary members have nothing to do but tramp, explore, and enjoy themselves with mountain study and the sublimest of all sports invented by man. In this thing the club has been a good success, making progress far beyond the expectations of the founders in awakening Canadians to a sense of the æsthetic and ethical value of that sport and of the immense field for its exercise in their own land.



From a photograph by Harmon.

East Face, Mount Robson. Mount Helmet to the right.
View from point at 10,000 feet.

In 1913 the club held the second camp of the season (for active members only) on Robson Pass. Of the sixty-odd members who were first-foot over the new trail from the railway, seventeen were Americans. A pack-train of forty horses carried the tents, the grub (which is Rocky Mountain English), and the personal impedimenta; the company itself, like true climbers and pilgrims, tramping up the trail which rises nearly 3,000 feet in the course of its sixteen miles. "Curly" Phillips, who blazed and built it, achieved at least one wonderful engineering feat in a steep log bridge ninety feet across a gap, under which the rock slopes at an angle of sixty degrees to the river 300 feet below. The bridge was necessary to avoid a very steep and troublesome ascent in the trail, and to enable horses to get into the Valley of the Falls, a stretch of flowering meadows and park lands running between Mount Robson and Mount Whitehorn, and so called from some twoscore waterfalls shining like silver or foaming white down vertical purple cliffs on either side. It is about five miles long, and forms a portion of the upper reaches of the Grand Fork valley.

That trail was an interesting bridle-path to one elderly pilgrim who was bidden to ride—to ride behind a pack-train of twenty horses—and who had the pleasure of watching every pack fastened upon every pack-saddle with the "diamond hitch." This is an exact and occult process of securing the pack to the bronco's back, and is so named from a diamond figure formed by the rope on top of the pack when completed. The pack remains both firm and easy during travel and, by a deft turn of

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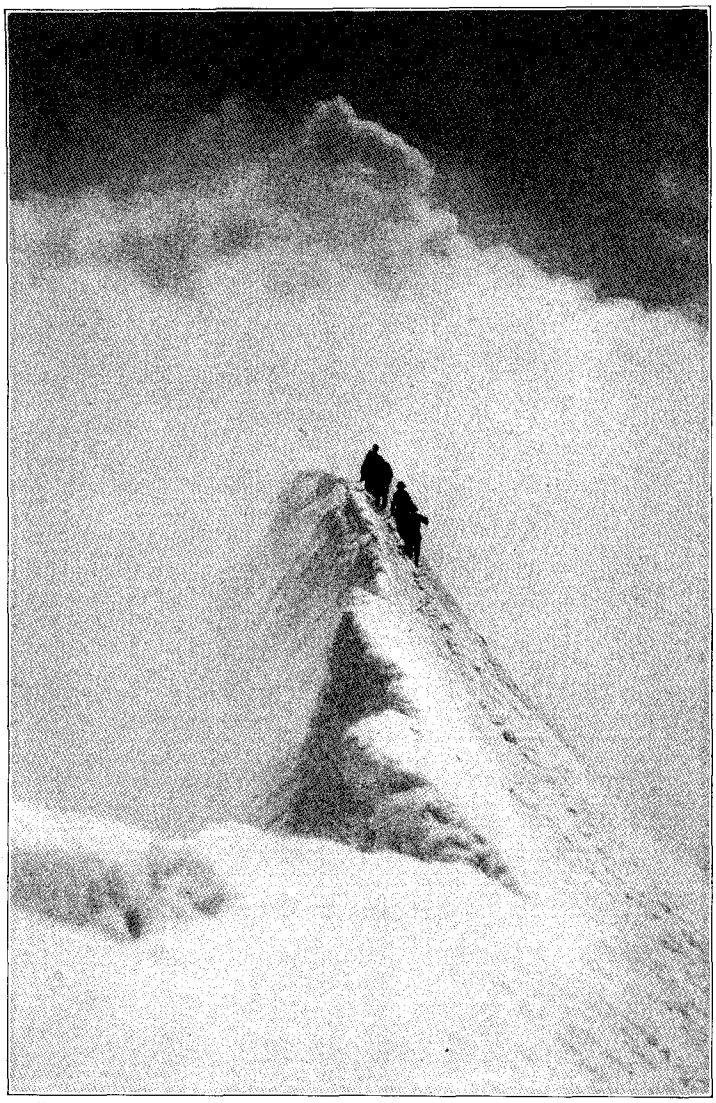
the packer's fingers, is unbound in a moment at the end of the journey. In the early days as much as one hundred dollars was paid to learn the trick, which came from Mexico. Had the beloved Stevenson, travelling with a donkey in the Cevennes, been initiated into its mysteries, there had been no complaint of "holding a pack upon a pack-saddle against a gale out of the freezing north." Otto kept the pack-train going and on the trail by variations of a stentorian, reverberating, unspellable shout, a mixture of Cree and Chinese and hog Latin, perfectly understood by the horses. One of us thought of Stevenson's tame and unavailing "proot!" and how he would have delighted in this bronco-driver — and in this trail. To tell the truth, Otto's horses were not pure broncos, but a better breed, good-looking and well shod.



From a photograph by Harmon.

Top of Mount Resplendent, altitude 11,171 feet, showing tracks of many climbers.

Though rain poured for hours, we did

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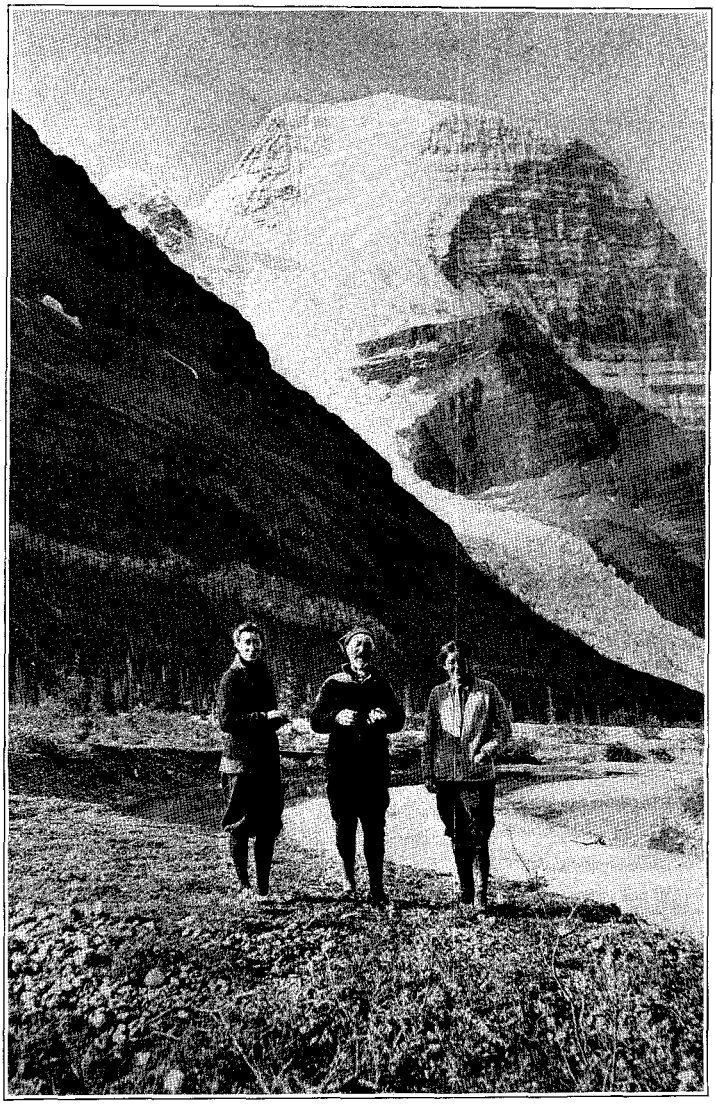

From a photograph by F. W. Freeborn.

Director A. O. Wheeler and two women climbers.

not heed it under the high cedar, hemlock, and Douglas fir, and kept travelling as fast as hills and torrents and packs would permit. For the pilgrims ahead were wet and weary, and needing their "dunnage." Beyond Lake Kinney, a forest-framed green lake about a mile long, just as we entered the high Valley of the Falls, the sun came out and dispersed the low clouds in a glory of shining mists; and we found ourselves in the midst of an entrancing alpine panorama. A few hours later we were skirting the wooded margin of Berg Lake, in time to see a plunging avalanche change its placid water into wild breakers from shore to shore. And so to Robson Pass, where the white tents and gay flags were set picturesquely among the trees.

The packs were soon loosened and the patient horses rolling on the turf, while an early dinner was served in a fly-tent, the camp's commodious dining-room. The serving Chinamen who had followed close on the heels of the horses confided

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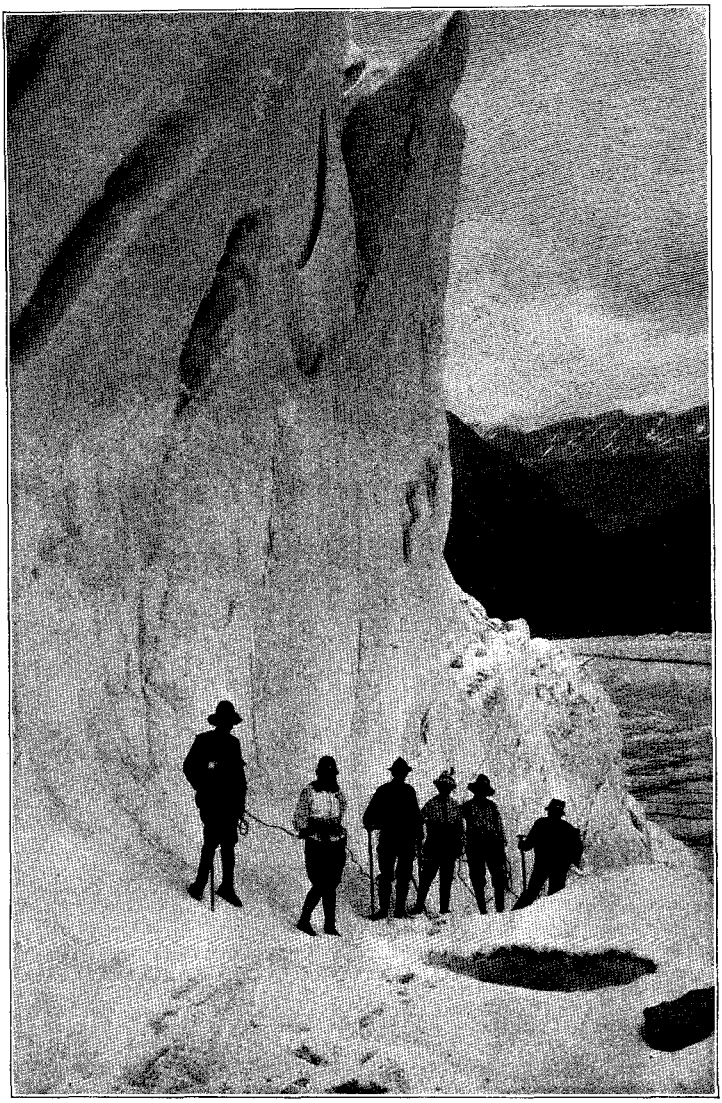

Under the séracs. Robson Glacier.

their unanimous opinion of this enterprise to one of us. And it was of a piece with the judgment of many famous critics of the early British climbers, Ruskin's, to wit, about turning the Alps into "soaped poles in a bear garden"—though Ruskin afterward repented and joined the Alpine Club: "Mount Lobson no good climb. Too much high. Everybody clazy."

The camp lasted for fourteen days, and ten of them were days of queen's weather; no pioneer had ever known such a procession of sunny days. Expeditions and climbs filled every day, shine or rain. Auxiliary camps were placed at the junction of the Smoky and Calumet Creeks, four miles east of Robson Pass, and on the Alps below Moose Pass, four miles farther. In this way ample time was allowed for exploring new névés and ice-falls and alps. Mount Resplendent was a favorite climb, not difficult nor yet mere drudgery, although you are climbing altogether on snow. There is a place down the Smoky

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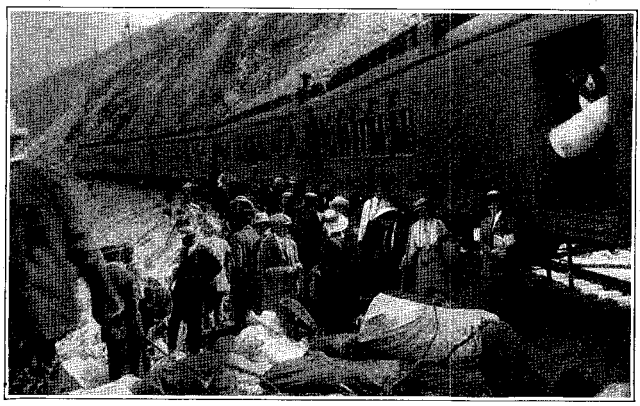
valley where you see Mount Resplendent alone, a beautiful pure cone rising above the foreground of green forest and meeting the blue sky in snow. Mount Robson shut away from view, this might be the great prize of the neighborhood. All wanted to make that peak (11,173 feet) peaks between it and the peak which gives the range its name made good sport for unambitious climbers, and mirth enough when Mr. Mumm's old Swiss guide fell through snow into a crevasse. The rope is necessary on every most innocent-looking snow-mountain in all that district.



From a photograph by Dr. Stone.

A. C. C. detraining, July 27, 1913.

their own. Four ropes of five persons each would reach the summit in seven hours, the steeper places involving step-cutting; but a score of glissades made quick sport of the descent, one party coming down as far as the Extinguisher in an hour and a half. Here a halt would be made for afternoon tea. It was merry climbing, but strenuous enough to suit the bold climber who scorns the easiest route to any summit: séracs and cornices and crevasses and ice-walls there were to his joy, and enlarging views as he paused from climbing.

Mount Mumm, at the end of the Whitehorn Range and scarcely 4,000 feet above Robson Pass, with the fine Mural Glacier and ice-fall on its thither side, was one of the easiest climbs—at first through timber, then flowering alps and rock. Its alps were a joy to see, a riot of color, scores of species growing there in all the mountain flowers. It is so in all the high meadows above the trees when summer reaches the last grass. The great, gloomy mountains, as Hugo prettily reminds us, are marvellous growers of gardens. "They avail themselves of the dawn and the dew better than all your low valleys can do it."

Mount Mumm and several unnamed

Mount Whitehorn is a pointed rock peak (11,101 feet) rising out of surrounding glaciers beyond tremendous rock ramparts reaching to the Valley of the Falls. It is next in difficulty to Mount Robson, and was climbed from a base camp in that valley. One ascent included a traverse of the mountain over ice and snow, and travel by the long northern twilight and starlight over snow-bridges on a much-crevassed flowing glacier to the rocks, where the party of six men and four ladies, led by Konrad Kain, the club's Austrian guide, dozed till dawn. They had started at 6 A. M. in rain, and had not reached the pointed summit until 4 P. M. (the last rope at 5 P. M.), and Konrad had said: "Ladies and zhentlemen, it will be too long to go down the same way. I will find you a quicker way." And so it was that they bivouacked on the rock at 9,000 feet, the ladies creeping into crevices, thrusting their feet into rucksacks and keeping warm by conversation. One of them said it was not nearly so uncomfortable as it sounded in the telling. Besides, the night was beautiful—and had they not been travelling on a glacier by starlight? In the morning they ate breakfast and raced down rock and scree, reaching their

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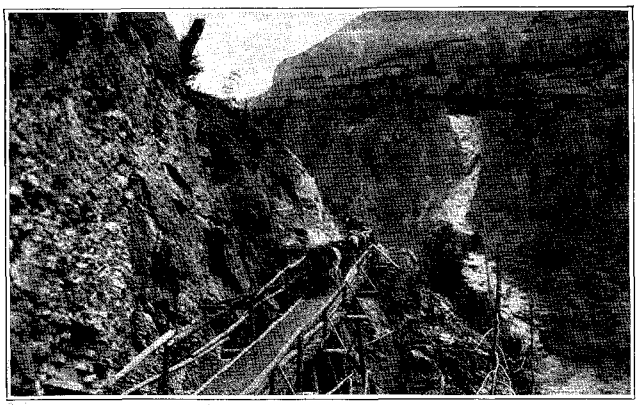
camp in the valley by 9 A. M., feeling fit as fiddles after being out twenty-seven hours. Whitehorn, like Robson, is a mountaineer's mountain.

The main object of the camp was to explore Robson Peak, and to discover some feasible route, some right way, to the top, the amphitheatre. Next morning they started at 4.15, crossed the glacier and snow-field of the cirque, and ascended the Dome (10,098 feet, an outlier of Robson Peak) on account of a rock ridge which would shorten the route; thence over glacier to an ugly bergschrund. Here



From a photograph by R. C. W. Lett.

Part of trestle bridge on Robson Trails.

which would be recorded for the benefit of all comers in the future. It is and will ever be a dangerous mountain, to be held in profound respect by men skilled in mountain craft. "There is plenty gamble with your neck on Robson," soberly remarked Konrad, who made a traverse of the mountain after careful study of every side from the valleys below, and who found it much more difficult than the inspection prophesied. The traverse was the first of the three attempts made during camp; it was by far the most brilliant achievement in the annals of the Canadian Rockies, and will no doubt rank with more than one famous feat in Switzerland. The two later expeditions failed of the summit by three hundred feet or so, but both were fruitful in leading to a knowledge of that right way up the southwestern face of the mountain; and both were thrilling climbs.

The first party consisted of Mr. W. W. Foster, a deputy minister in the British Columbia cabinet; Mr. A. H. MacCarthy, late of the United States Navy, and Konrad. They left camp at Robson Pass on the evening of July 30 and slept at an elevation of 6,500 feet on the morainal ice under the Extinguisher in Konrad cut one hundred and five steps in a wall of solid ice. From the bergschrund to the top of the mountain is 2,000 feet of the hardest and most risky climbing on that side of the mountain. The arête being a long, knife-edged pitch, steps were cut in the hard snow below the edge proper. Altogether, up and down the mountain, Konrad cut six hundred steps in ice and nearly one thousand in snow. At 2.30 P. M. the final dome, above which towers the real summit unseen from below, was reached. This dome is a mass of ice and, owing to the continuous fine weather, the clear ice showed through the snow. The ascent here was very slow, by an almost upright ice-couloir, where cutting was extremely difficult and perilous, owing to the pitch. As higher elevations were reached and masses of ice passed, the peak rose higher and higher above lesser domes hitherto concealing it. A freezing wind was blowing, and rope and clothes were frozen stiff. Finally, Konrad turned and said: "Zhentlemen, I will take you no farder." For a moment consternation seized Mr. Foster and he wondered if Konrad's gay courage had at last given way, when the guide moved to let the two step on the summit of the

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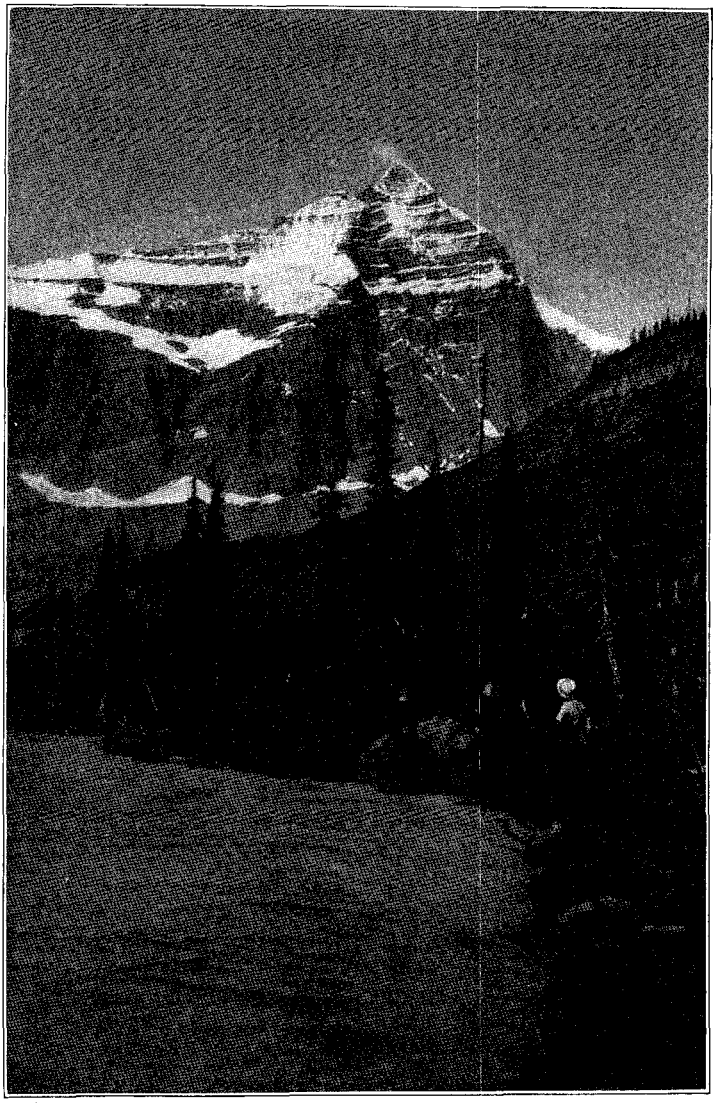

From a photograph by Harmon.

Mount Whitehorn (11,101 feet), from Berg Lake.

snow-cap. They remained on top less than fifteen minutes, there being no cairn to build and the descent now becoming the great problem. Telling the tale at camp-fire, Mr. Foster described the mountains stretching below them for one hundred miles in the clear distance as a rough, white prairie with little peaks upstanding.

When the tale was finished, Curly Phillips, who had listened eagerly, went up to Mr. Foster and said: "We didn't get up that last dome." And when I asked him how high it would be, he said "Between sixty and seventy feet." This quite artless and spontaneous statement is not repeated in the mood of the hair-splitter, but merely to illustrate the ingenuousness of Phillips, who, in telling his own story, would giggle ever so little over his own terror on the narrow ledges and almost vertical slopes of new snow. "The rest of you may tackle Mount Robson as often as you like, but not me! Not for ten million dollars!" And yet

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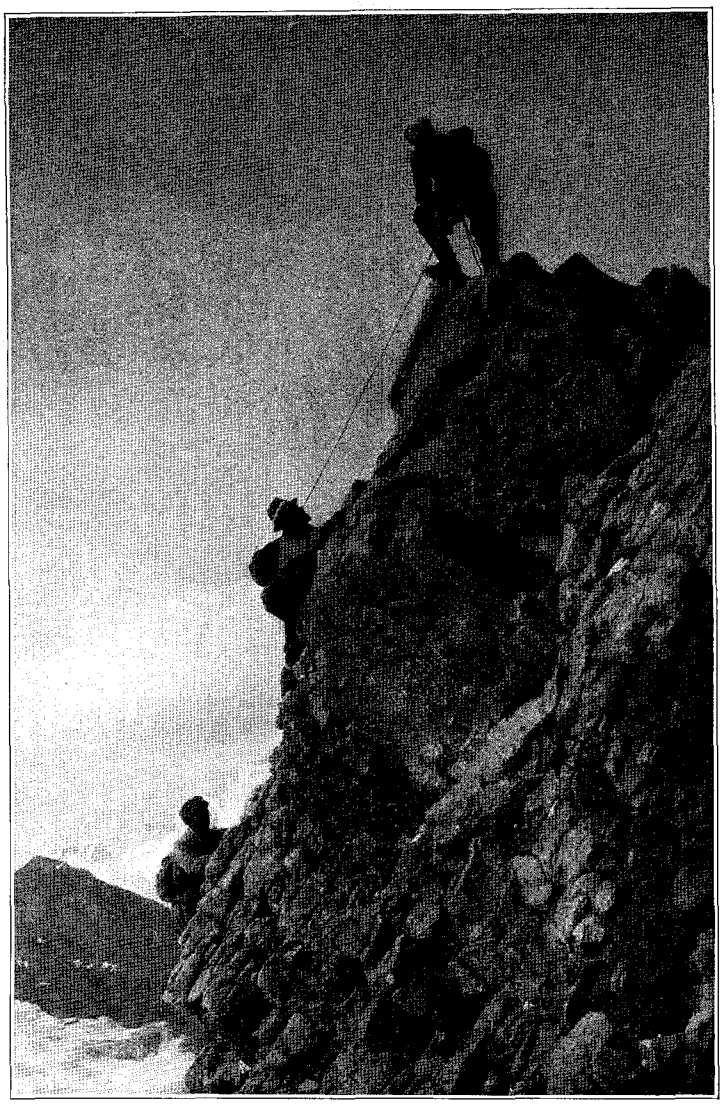

From a photograph by Harmon.

Climbing a spur on one of the Robson peaks.

Phillips has developed into a good mountain craftsman.

Knowing that descent by the route he had so laboriously cut would mean a night on the ice at high altitude, Konrad decided to try a glacier on the southwest face, by which he could get to rock for a bivouac. This meant more cutting of steps down the ice-slope to a glacier which they followed till it fell abruptly away, and they crossed over to the rock, making such good progress that by 9.30 they made their bed on an exposed shelf eight feet wide at an altitude of 9,000 feet, and hard by a couloir down which broken ice crashed at intervals all night. Building a little wall on the edge of the ledge, taking off boots, wrapping feet in puttees, and roping together by the arms, they lay with heads to the mountain and feet to immeasurable space until morning, when they breakfasted on a half-sandwich each, and resumed the descent. Many futile chimneys and ridges were

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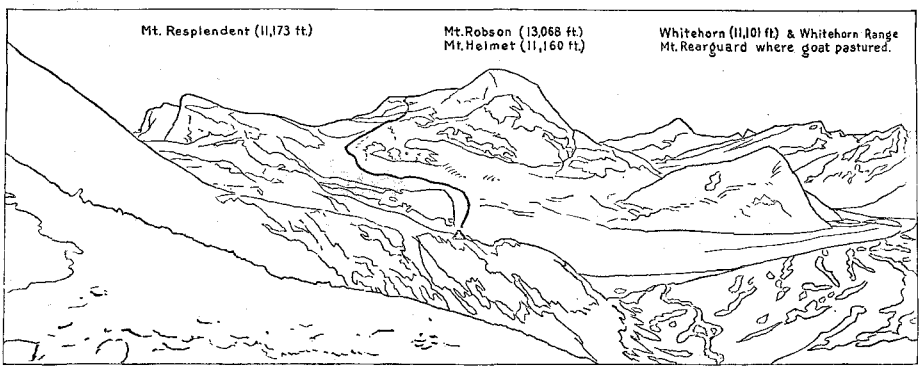
Mt. Resplendent (11,173 ft.)
Mt. Robson (13,068 ft.)
Mt. Helmet (11,160 ft.)
Whitehorn (11,101 ft.) & Whitehorn Range
Mt. Rearguard where goat pastured.
Konrad's route of ascent across cirque and up the dome to shoulder.
Bivouac on ice at base of Extinguisher.

Diagram of Robson amphitheatre from Lynx, centre station.

tried ere the downward route was picked out, but once they had reached a buttress overlooking Lake Kinney the descent was as good as accomplished. At 12.30 P. M., August 3, they stood on the shore of Lake Kinney, having spent thirty hours on the traverse from the first bivouac at the Extinguisher. They had no water for eight hours, had fasted twelve hours, and, save for the bivouac on the ledge, had been going steadily. The weather had been clear and sunny throughout. At 4.30 P. M. they marched into camp on Robson Pass, much battered of face but brisk of leg. We had no sign from them since they left in the afterglow on July 31, and we looked for them to return by way of the Extinguisher and down the long and somewhat level Robson Glacier. I had strayed down toward Berg Lake to watch for breaking blue avalanches and the splendors of sudden spray, and who should come up the delta but these three! I was tremendously excited—no, I was deeply moved—when, with that "high imperious verbal economy" which is Nature's gift to the conqueror, they told of their exploit. I instinctively shook hands in the very mood, I do believe, of that ritual belonging only to the moment of solemn triumph on lofty and long-defiant mountain peaks. The three hurried up the pass to camp, and I hurried to invade the kitchen and make speedy soup with "Oxo" and peas, hot water and corn flour. We all were eager to minister to the heroes with our own hands, and hovered on the edge of that substantial, unæsthetic tea. Konrad was very modest indeed, though they gave him all the kudos. Next evening he was in good form and by request told the company at camp-fire how he once played the "zhentleman" in the Tyrol and hired a guide. It was a dramatic tale, told in broken English, full of humor and piquant philosophy. For Konrad is both philosopher and raconteur.

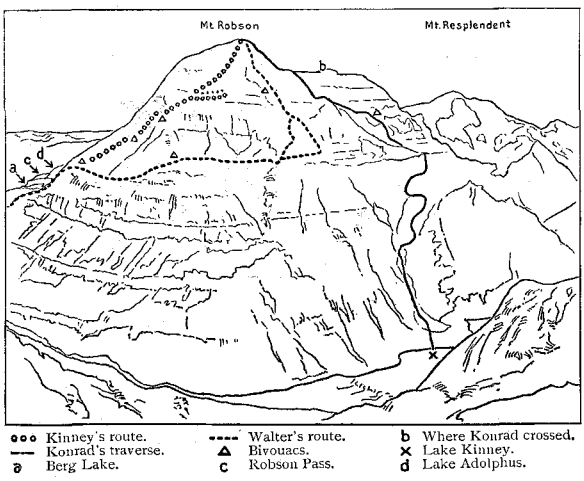

Diagram of Mount Robson, Lake Kinney, and Valley of Grand Fork, showing routes and passes.

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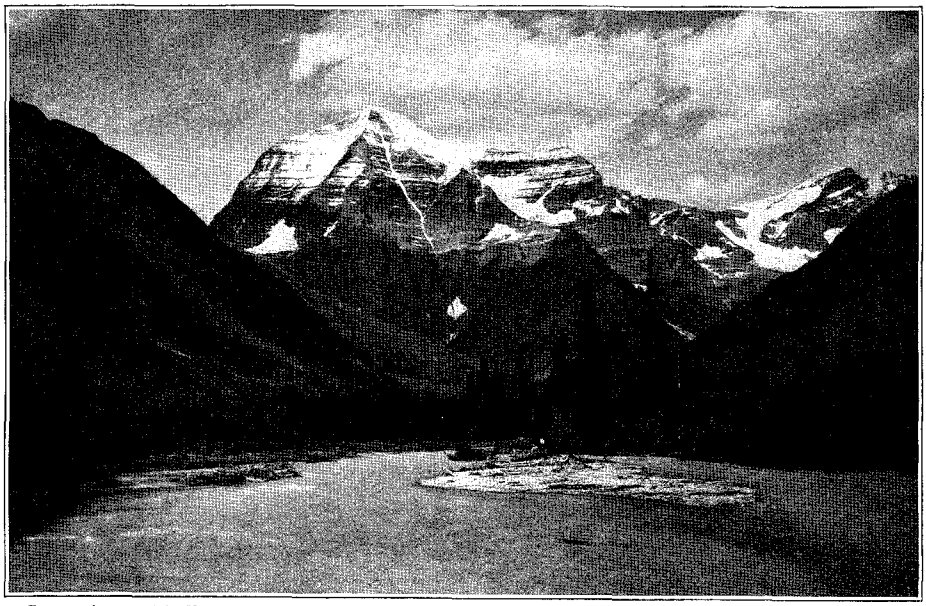
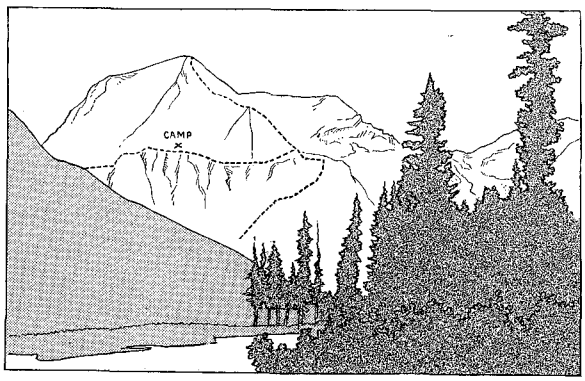


From a photograph by Harmon.

South-southwest side of Mount Robson, rising 10,000 feet above the valley.
The small three-cornered glacier on the left is Avalanche Fan.

The second attempt was made on the west ridge, from a camp in the Valley of the Falls, the party consisting of Mr. B. S. Darling, Vancouver, and Mr. H. H. Prouty, of the "Mazamas" (Portland), led by Walter Schauffelberger, another Austrian guide with less experience than Konrad. From the camp in the valley they packed blankets, food, and fire-wood to a camp at 8,475 feet in altitude, close by Avalanche Fan, a small fan-shaped glacier fed by avalanches. Hard climbing began west of this glacier, the party working up ledge by ledge on the yellow bands seen from the railway, thence on the slate-colored rock, to a place about 12,800 feet, where two ridges met, and they came to a slope of hard ice heavily corniced on both sides. These wind-moulded cornices displayed huge, capricious shapes of an unearthly beauty, hundreds of them shining like diamonds in the sun, white wings, monks' cowls, penguins, "archangels." The slope of about sixty degrees necessitated such short strokes of the ice-axe that fifty steps per hour was the best possible. They had been thirteen hours and fifteen minutes on the arête, much time being spent exploring the route, and it was now 6.15 P. M. With only about three hundred feet to climb, they turned reluctantly back. Storm clouds were gathering on the summit and sweeping up the slope on which they stood. Snow began to fall, it was bitterly cold, and



Route of the third party on Mount Robson, showing line of descent toward Lake Kinney.
This will be the stock route.

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even the rope was frozen like a wire hawser. They made as much haste downward as possible, and darkness forced a bivouac in falling snow at 11,000 feet on the crest of a ridge not ten feet wide, where they protected themselves from the gale by building a wall of flat, loose limestones. What with snow, hail, lightning, and thunder they passed a lively night. At 5 A. M. they pulled their feet out of the slush in their rucksacks made by drifting snow and natural warmth, and started slowly down through white mist, exploring for a safe route, and finding it in a long snow-couloir which brought them to the yellow bands of rock. The couloir was deeply scored by an avalanche trough, down which the fresh snow was pouring in a steady stream, but it was safe and speedy; and they reverted to the arête and reached their high camp below the mist in eight hours from the bivouac. Thence it was easy going. They were climbing every minute of daylight, halting only to eat, but they ate frequently, and were in good condition.

This route will appeal to all cragsmen, as there are real problems to solve throughout the whole five thousand feet of the ridge. The special points of danger now are: the impossibility of obtaining proper belays on narrow places as difficult as an ice-slope, and the swing of the rope sending down masses of the loose stone which litters the ridges and chimneys. Much climbing will clear away this accumulation of ages, and the mountain will be equipped with belaying-spikes and wire ropes; also, a hut will be built at an altitude of some eight thousand feet. There is scarcely any cutting on this route until you reach the summit slopes; only eighty steps were cut by this party. Mount Robson will no doubt be climbed again and again on its magnificent white northeast face, but the continuous avalanches of ice in the afternoon forbid descent that way, and a traverse will always be necessary.

The third attempt, most thrilling of all, was by Mr. Darling and Mr. MacCarthy, with Konrad and Walter. A sudden and violent blizzard struck them within five hundred feet of the top, and they made a perilous retreat. No man knows the high alps until he knows them in storm, says Sir Martin Conway; and a greater than he, that most brilliant mountaineering genius that ever lived, A. F. Mummery, of glorious memory, declared that no school of danger had such an educative and purifying power as this school. "It is worth much," he cries, "for a man to know that he is not clean gone to flesh-pots and effeminacy." Well, north, south, east, west, there is no avoiding the crown of ice on Robson Peak, and this difficult mountain will never be "an easy climb for a lady," nor yet for a mountaineer.

The railway company proposes to build a chalet on Robson Pass, large enough for a limited number of visitors. It will overlook Berg Lake and Tumbling Glacier; but, for that matter, every window in it must be vis-à-vis with some sight of mountain splendor. Meanwhile, those who love a bed of balsam boughs on alpine turf, with the tent-door open to the stars and white snows, may find this glorious situation safe for a season or two more. Even Wordsworth, who believed that mountains and streams and the whole world of beauty were best loved and understood by the common people, protested—or his muse protested for him—"These tourists, Heaven preserve us!" The much scorned and ridiculed tourist, who has his rights, will one day seize and occupy Robson Pass, but the mountain-lover will still possess it as he alone can. He will find the delicately blue butterflies flitting on the "dry" glaciers and the humming-birds flying among the blossoms on the green alps above, and every lovely living thing in the old haunts of snow or rock or forest or stream. Dawn with its rosy glow on the high snows will be his; noon with its masses of cumulus, sunset, and the northern afterglow; moonlight, starlight, all that strange rapturous beauty which is of the high alps and the high alps only. "Gone are they, but I have them in my soul," as Browning's *Luigi* would say. Truly, Nature never did betray the heart that loved her, but in beauty ministers and heals even when demanding her sacrifice of toil.

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A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES KING

By Gertrude King Schuyler

A FEW anecdotes of the late Charles King, casually related by one of his daughters, seemed so well worth preserving that she consented to make some memoranda of our conversations. These notes I have put together in the form of a more or less connected narrative.

EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER.

When my grandfather, Rufus King, returned home after his second mission to England, he bought a place at Jamaica, Long Island, where he always lived after that and where he died. My Uncle John inherited the place, and to this day the Kings are taken back to be buried in the churchyard. The old farmers at Oyster Bay used to tell me that they could remember seeing my grandfather with his five sons riding all over the country—and splendid horsemen they were.*

However, my father, Charles King, was born in New York, and it was always his home, with the exception of ten years spent in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he had quite a large place, called Cherry Lawn. He left Elizabeth to go to the president's house at Columbia College. My father was born March 16, 1789, and passed his early childhood in England, where his father was United States minister. He was sent to Harrow with his elder brother in 1797, and when their parents returned to America they left the boys there. King George protested, saying: "All a mistake, Mr. King. Boys should be educated in the country where they belong." When, as a young man, my father was presented to the King and Queen, they remembered him at once and the King said: "You were the little boy who was left at Harrow when your father went home."

Lord Byron was one of their schoolmates and Uncle John was bottle-holder to him in one of his schoolboy fights. The other boys despised Byron as a poet, because he could not write Greek and Latin verses. Sir Robert Peel wrote all that the boys asked him to write for them; and in fact did everything they wanted him to do. It was Peel this and Peel that, all the time.

The two boys were left at Harrow only a few years, and were then sent to a branch of the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. There they had for schoolfellows Tascher de la Pagêrie and many more of the Empress Josephine's young relations. Old Mr. Gamble from North or South Carolina told me that he was in Paris at the time and was so proud of the two young Americans who were taking all the prizes. Uncle John and my father were immensely pleased because Josephine was to give the prizes and was to crown them and kiss them on each cheek, but she was ill and could not come, and a snuffy old senator did it, instead, which they did not like at all. It was just before the campaign of Austerlitz. All their young companions were going off to fight, and my father had every intention of going too, but their guardian got wind of it, and the American minister in Paris (Mr. Adams, I think) put a stop to it. They saw the grand review before the army started. He was in Paris again when it was occupied by the allies and knew some of Wellington's aides very well. He was invited to the grand ball given by Wellington on July 31, 1815, and was told to bring any other young Americans. They all refused, saying that they would not go and be taken for d——d Englishmen. He said that he was not going to be taken for a d——d Englishman either, but that he was going to the ball. So he had a very small gilt American eagle made and fastened to a little black cockade which he pinned to the lapel of his coat, went to the ball, and en-

*The five sons were John Alsop, at one time governor of the State of New York; Charles; James Gore, the well-known banker in New York; Edward, who practised law in Cincinnati; and Frederick, a physician. John and James were members of Congress at the same time, from 1849 to 1851.

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joyed himself extremely. The cockade with the eagle still exists.

The morning after Ney was shot he went to the Luxembourg Gardens to see the place. He found nobody there to tell him anything, except a deaf and dumb boy, who went through it all in pantomime, placing himself against the wall in the exact spot. He knew Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël and heard the former say that she would give her beauty for the other's cleverness. He was on intimate terms with Madame de Staël's son; so much so that when she received the news of his having been killed in a duel she sent for my father and talked to him—always with the little green twig in her hand.

It was during this period of his life that the Dartmoor affair took place, and he was a member of the commission appointed to go to England to investigate the matter. Some of our men who were in prison at Dartmoor had been fired upon while trying to escape; but the commissioners found that the prisoners had been on parole, and that under the circumstances the English were quite right. As the feeling in America was at that time naturally very strong against England, there was a perfect howl of indignation when this report was returned, and my father's share in it was always brought up against him.

Some years before this, when he was only about nineteen, he had been sent to Amsterdam, to the Hopes, to learn banking. He remained with them for a year and then returned to New York, and in 1810, when barely twenty-one, he married Miss Eliza Gracie, daughter of Archibald Gracie, of New York. It was probably about that time that he became a member of the banking-house of Archibald Gracie & Sons, he and William Gracie being the "Sons." His second stay abroad, of which I have spoken, was on account of his wife's health.

He was always to the fore in everything that was going on in New York. One of the things I remember hearing about him was that at the time of the great fire he proposed blowing up some houses, and having received permission to get the gunpowder from Governor's Island, he went for it and returned with it in a small open boat, and it was the means of stopping the fire. He was one of the leaders of the Assemblies, and used to be called the Pink, because he was so handsome and elegant. The soul of hospitality, generous, large-minded, and never bearing malice himself, he never expected to find it in others. I can remember in much later days how he would sometimes be telling of a pleasant conversation with some one and would suddenly break off in the middle with: "Bless my soul, so-and-so wasn't on speaking terms with me. I forgot all about it—just went up to him. I thought he looked rather funny." And that would be the end of it. He was always keenly interested in politics and in all public questions wherever he might be. Within my own remembrance, when we were living in Elizabeth and afterward at Oyster Bay, all the torchlight processions used to come to our house, and he would go out and make a little speech, and then treat them all to lemonade and cake, or some similar mild refreshment. Pretty nearly all the French who came to New York came to him, from Lafayette down, and I quite well remember the beautiful gold-faced watch which was given him by the French in New York as a mark of their esteem.

My father's first wife died young, leaving seven children. I do not know whether the banking-house failed before or after her death; I only know that it was an honorable failure. In October, 1826, he married my mother, Henrietta Liston Low. She was the daughter of Nicholas Low, of New York, who was a great friend of both my grandfather King and Mr. Gracie. The three families were very intimate. As there were, in the course of time, six of us younger children, we were an enormous family, but I must say, a united one. When my father and my Uncles John and James were young men, they agreed among themselves that, if in a discussion, any one of the three should become at all warm, the other two would immediately drop the subject. Consequently, they never had a quarrel, and were the most devoted brothers. They all had large families who were more like brothers and sisters than cousins. My father and mother never allowed us to grumble or be cross. "The family is much too large to be put about by the ill humors of any one member of it. If cross, go away until you can recover yourself; if ill, go to bed and we will send for the doctor."

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He was half a doctor himself, so tender and gentle if any of us really were ill. We were never allowed to indulge in rough jokes. "*Jeu de main, jeu de vilain*," he always said. Neither were we permitted to say that we were afraid, or that we could not do a thing. He said that no such words as *fear* or *can't* existed in the English language.

My own recollections begin with the Elizabeth days and our life at Cherry Lawn. Well do I remember old Saint John's Church, all painted white, with the memorial tablets around the walls; and the choir in the gallery at the foot of the church. And then the gray dove in a gray cloud, so pretty and soft, which Mr. Edwards painted on the bare white wall behind the altar, but which was washed out because somebody considered it too high-church. The same somebody also objected to flowers for the same reason; which reminds me of a story my mother told us of Dr. Hawkes, of New York, standing up in the chancel and announcing: "There will be no flowers used in decorating the church because a weak brother—and a *very* weak brother he must be—has objected." In the side aisles of Saint John's were four square pews. We had one with a window looking into the Sunday-school behind, and didn't that window-ledge make a fine place to play railroad, with all the available prayer-books for cars! On coming into church my father always stood for a moment holding his hat against the wall, and said his prayers into it, as they say. He and my mother sat side by side, the rest very much according to their ages, the very littlest with them, and the other small ones on a lower seat with their backs to the chancel. The pew was so large that there were two benches facing the chancel, one in front of the other, and also one or two side places. Mr. Moore was our rector, good old man, with I don't know how many children. The youngest was called Grant Moore, which the parishioners thought superfluous. On one Sunday in the month all the children of the church used to be assembled around the chancel at the afternoon service to be catechized in the presence of the whole congregation. It was a most terrible ordeal, especially when it came to your duty toward man, and the last answer of all—impossible to remember!

We had a rockaway and two old horses, Jack and Tom, who did all the ploughing and all the going back and forth, and were borrowed for all the funerals. We had a yellow Cherokee pony, Billy by name, who was perfectly gentle and equally obstinate. When four or five of us got on him at once he would stop in some nice, soft, grassy place and dump us. We had a donkey, too—also obstinate—nice gray Jennie, with a small brown son, Neddy. We used to be out in all weathers and take the most delightful walks, my small sister always coming between me and any stray geese who might be in the road, saying in the most important way: "I thuppose I mutht drive the geethe away from Gert," and then I would be ashamed of being such a sneak, as she was smaller than I—but I let her come between me and the geese all the same! She was always perfectly fearless, could even then climb like a cat, and as she grew older could swim like a fish and sail a boat as well as any boy.*

But the great event in our young lives was the dancing-class. The old Frenchman, Chariaud, who taught three generations, was our teacher. We had a lesson on Friday evening, and another early Saturday morning, so that he might get back to town for more classes. He played the violin himself, and I can see him now, with his violin under his chin, leading us in the grand march and then stepping off to one side to look after the children who were behind. The Spanish dance, the schottische, the polka-redowa, were the dances, after we had got through the first position, the second position, and so on. Such a happy carriage-load of children as used to be taken down to the early morning class, all in our nice little calicoes and ginghams, made with low necks and short sleeves, with our pantalets, nicely tucked, coming down to our ankles, our very full skirts almost up to our knees, and our hair well curled! I had thirty-two ringlets, and had to stand on a chair for an hour to have them done. It was no joke to dress a child in those days—or indeed for a child to be dressed. I can see my mother making our little blue dresses; I can hear the peacock squawk in the big weeping willow behind the nursery. Our nurse was Elise, a French Protestant, who remained with us as our maid after we

*The little sister is now Madame Waddington.

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were grown up, until many years later we pensioned her off.

I remember another old Frenchman, M. Bacquet, who had a school, and classes in French for outsiders. I have a vivid recollection of the green-bound phrase-book, and the "Recueil Choisi"; and we had Télémaque—"Calypso ne pouvait se consoler"—and Gray's "Elegy," which my sister always had to learn for a punishment. Peter Parley was our delight, and how beautifully we painted Mrs. Schuyler burning the corn and Columbus's three ships! Our lessons with our English governess always began with a chapter of Girdlestone's "Commentaries on the Bible," after we had had family prayers read down-stairs out of a beautiful old square prayer-book. Miss Edwards, our governess, always had her sewing while she was teaching us, and I can hear her now, stroking the gathers, and can feel the "thimble pies" on top of my head which she used to give us when we were naughty. What a dance we must have led her, poor young thing, only fifteen when she came to us! But she was a capital teacher; we were all thoroughly grounded. And we always had quantities of books about. We were very carefully taught to sew, too, and to fold letters, as it was before the time of envelopes.

In the library was a large round table with small drawers all around it and a leather cover fitted into the top. There we always sat in the evening, one of the elder sisters generally reading aloud for an hour. "Ferdinand and Isabella" I remember, for one thing. At nine o'clock precisely my mother would put up her work and say that she was going into French society for an hour, and would then bury herself in "Les Trois Mousquetaires." At one time her little old cottage piano which she had had when a girl was in the dining-room back of the library, and those who wanted to play and sing could go off there. The rooms did not communicate, fortunately for the readers. I remember the old music books with their pink and blue leaves: "Those Evening Bells," "By the Banks of Guadalquivir," etc. But the joy of the house was the large drawing-room, up one step, with large doors; and there such mysterious packages used to arrive for days and weeks before Christmas, the doors being kept constantly locked. But there were side-lights, very pretty ones, and through them we peered and saw the mysterious packages. And what glee when the married sons and daughters began to arrive with all their children and were packed into a house already as full as an egg! Early on Christmas morning we all raced down to the drawing-room, where we found the doors at last thrown open, an enormous Christmas log burning on the hearth, and the children's presents arranged around the room. There were always two great boxes of Stewart's candy—one of broken candy, one of sugar-plums.

My father and mother were the life and soul of everything. She was to the full as entertaining as he, and nothing was ever any fun to him unless she was with him. No matter how he might be occupied, if she came into the room he put everything down to ask her what she had been doing—smiling at her and twirling his eye-glasses around his finger. Every day, when he came home from his office we ran half-way to the station to meet him, and fell upon him to search his pockets for the trifles which he always brought us. We all doted on him always, and were enchanted with everything he did, either in public or private—were so proud whenever he made a speech. He used to say, "I never saw such foolish children," but he was pleased all the same. One of my nieces writes to me: "I remember the happy days when my beloved grandfather was the centre around whom we all revolved. He was to me always the handsomest, cleverest, and dearest man in the world, as well as the most distinguished, and so good to every one of his grandchildren. I think of him at Cherry Lawn, where he lived so happily, surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and countless dogs, and how happy he was when he got us all in the big carriage and down into the town, picking up every one he saw that looked tired or old."

My father's ever-ready hospitality added an element of the unexpected to the family life. On one occasion, when he had gone to a political meeting and had already invited I don't know how many people to lunch, my mother asked one of my cousins how many more his Uncle Charles had asked:

"I don't quite know, Aunt Henrietta, but the last people I heard him invite were a

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deputation of thirty gentlemen on horseback, with their horses."

Upon which my mother had everything cooked that she could lay her hands on, had all the available chairs brought down, did everything possible, and then put on her bonnet and walked out of the house, saying that she was ashamed to stay and see the fiasco. But there was no fiasco—plenty to eat, plenty of chairs, and all most successful.

General Scott, who then lived in Elizabeth, had a habit of spending every Sunday afternoon with my father, and I well remember those summer days when they sat in the large hall near the open door, and I used to plant my little chair between my father's knees and listen, fascinated, while they talked about the Mexican War. The general and his wife were never in love with each other except when apart. She admired him immensely for all that he was, and he greatly relished her wit, and they wrote long letters to one another. They had four beautiful daughters, to whom he gave Roman names, while she gave them what she considered *Christian* names. He called them Virginia, Cornelia, Camilla, and Marcella. I can only remember her name for Camilla, which was Adeline. He would say: "Camilla does so and so." To which she would reply: "Yes, Adeline always does." He was very particular about pronunciation. One of his aides of whom he was very fond once said before him, "Cheek by *jole*." "Cheek by jowl, captain Pegram," he corrected. "H-O-W-L, howl."

"Cheek by *jole*, general," retorted the captain. "B-O-W-L, bowl."

My niece reminds me of the games of whist, when the general "frightened us all except grandpa by his violent temper when his partner played the wrong card, till at last he had to play dummy, for no one would play with him, he abused them so."

When we lived in Elizabeth my father was editing *The American*, which, although it attained a very high standard morally and intellectually, was not a financial success. After he gave it up he was associated with General Watson Webb in *The Courier and Enquirer*, but that venture was no more successful than the other. In financial matters, as in everything else in his life, he was as trusting as a child—too absolutely straightforward and honorable himself to suspect that any one else could be different. It was after the last newspaper venture that he was made president of Columbia College. He was from the first enthusiastically interested in his work there, full of plans and ideas for the college, wishing to make it the great university which it has since become. Socially, of course, he was as prominent as ever. I remember that he was always much in request to preside at public dinners and to make speeches on all sorts of occasions—which he did extremely well. One day, many years after, while walking about the Acropolis at Athens, Mr. Abram Hewitt told me that he remembered my father's address at the opening of the Croton Reservoir as a model of what such an address should be; and that when he, himself, was to speak at the opening of the new reservoir, he made a great effort to get my father's speech, in order to read it over before preparing his own.

When I recall the men who came to the house either as intimate friends, or as occasional visitors, such names as Washington Irving, Ogden Hoffman, Reverdy Johnson, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and Thackeray rise to my mind, with many, many others; but with the thoughtlessness of youth I took them as a matter of course, and my memories of them are more or less vague. Circumstances, as well as his own talents and character, placed my father in a position to witness and take part in many of the most interesting events of his time, and he naturally made the most of every opportunity. Unfortunately, few records of his life have been preserved. He did not have, to any great extent, the letter-writing habit, and his diary, which must have contained much that was interesting, was lost after his death.

When we went to live in New York the college was at the foot of Park Place on Church Street. As the President's house was not large enough for us, we had also the top story of Professor Drisler's house, with a door cut through to connect it with ours. We must have driven Professor Drisler wild with our antics over his head. When the noise became unendurable we used to hear rappings from below, as a hint to be quiet. When the college was moved up into the old Deaf and Dumb Asylum

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on Forty-ninth Street, we had an apartment in the building—not an apartment all on one floor, but a perpendicular slice of the building arranged as a house, with its own system of staircases and—what was very pleasant—a fine broad piazza. After some years these rooms were all needed for the college, and we went and lived for two years in a furnished house on Fourteenth Street, while they built a president's house; but we had not lived in it very long when my father resigned. Many were the pranks that were played up there in the college. We were a lively family, and we amused ourselves extremely. We had two pianos in the house, and how they did go, both at once, my mother standing between and beating time. When my brother Cornelius's eldest boy—a little fellow in a white frock—was living with us, the entire family, headed by my father and mother, danced the Lancers with him every night before he went to bed.

We always attended Grace Church, where we owned the Low pew—a family inheritance; and one of my most vivid memories is of the beautiful music. How many memories are bound up with Grace Church! For very many years all of the family have been buried from there and taken from there to Jamaica—my father and mother, brothers and sisters. I think that my cousin, Mrs. Henry Van Rensselaer's funeral was the last one where long white scarfs were given and worn. All our collars and cuffs used to be made out of the funeral linen, which was the perquisite of each pall-bearer.

We never thought of going away for the whole summer—nobody did in those days. A month or six weeks was our longest absence from home. We went two summers to College Point, where were also a number of our relations and intimate friends. Such a colony as it was, all with boats, all with pianos, and Johnny Schuyler and my nephew Rufus with banjos! We lived on and in the water, the boys putting on life-preservers with umbrellas fastened to them, and with a plate of luncheon and a book, floating about comfortably. We generally ran aground somewhere when we went out in the boat and over the boys would tumble and pull or push her off; or we would get becalmed; but nobody cared. We were all young and happy, and nobody younger than my father. It was "Father!" "Grandpa!" "Uncle Charles!" all the time. If any of the boys wanted to go out in a particularly crank boat when there was a bit of a breeze it was always he whom they begged to go with them. One warm day when he was sitting in his slippers on the piazza, one of the young nephews proposed a sail in the *Skipjack*, rather a crank boat—and rather a breeze. Off they went, just as they were, slippers and all. A sudden gust struck them, and over they went. But the boat rested nicely on her sail, and as she went over my father climbed up to the dry part and did not even wet his feet. While they were waiting for a boat to come out to them the Sound steamer came along, and there was a shout from some of his students who happened to be on board and recognized their president in the gentleman sitting at his ease on an overturned boat in the middle of the Sound. They wanted to take him off, but he said he was doing very well and would wait for the boat which was on its way to him.

In the midst of all this pleasant life of city and country came the war and those terrible days. My father longed to go, and could hardly get over it that he should be too old, but he was then seventy-one. He always expressed the keenest envy of General Wadsworth, that fine old soldier, a few years his junior. He did all he could, however, encouraging and cheering those who did go with his inspiring words. He was not badly represented by three sons and two grandsons; and of course many of his students went. We all remember him in so many aspects of enthusiastic devotion to the flag—running from the dinner-table to see the Massachusetts regiment marching by to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and standing bareheaded on the steps, waving a dinner napkin and cheering; calling his grandson into his library to say good-by to him, and laying his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder, as he said: "I want you, my boy, to remember you have a great name in trust. Be careful not to tarnish it." Adding, with an irrepressible interest in a sensation which in all his varied life he had never experienced—the sensation of a man in battle—"I want you to write to me after your first battle and tell me honestly if you were afraid under fire. Don't be ashamed to tell me—I want to

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know exactly how you feel." Later he presented the flag to the first colored regiment raised in New York, and the scene was painted for the Union League Club and his words of presentation engrossed on parchment.

During the riots in New York we were at Newport. My father wanted my Uncle John to go back with him at once to ride through the streets with the mayor and show a bold front—but it could not be done. After the rioters had burned the Colored Orphan Asylum they came on to attack the president's house, as my father was known to be a friend to the negroes. My brother William was there alone, and he said he could never forget the regular tramp, tramp, as they approached the house. They were on the point of burning it when the priest from the little Roman Catholic church near where the cathedral now stands appeared and harangued them, telling them that the president's family were very kind to all the poor in the neighborhood. He induced them to disperse. Had they burned our house the whole college would have gone.

It seemed as if all the war news came at night, just as everybody had gone to bed. When we heard the extras called every one would fly down-stairs and open their doors in any sort of dress or undress to get the papers; and windows would be opened all up and down the street for the news. This was when we were in Fourteenth Street. We were not left without our personal share of sorrow. My youngest brother, Augustus, the pride of the family, contracted malaria while in camp at Washington, and died when he was barely twenty-one years old; my brother Cornelius was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness; and other illnesses and deaths were bound up in these. My father never got over it.

Hitherto he had been singularly young in feeling. My niece writes: "I remember very distinctly one day sitting in the front parlor, with the large mirror on the side. Grandma was sitting there also, when grandpa came in, and after speaking to her in the tender, courteous way he always had with her, he walked to the mirror, and stood for some time looking at himself and smiling. Then he turned and said: 'I am trying to realize that I am an old man. I don't feel old, but one of the students, as I passed said: "There goes the old president"; and I was quite startled at the word.' Of course we were indignant and assured him he wasn't an old man, but he spoke of it several times afterward, never sadly, but with cheerful resignation. Certainly he didn't seem old when he showed the French princes how to take a short cut over a fence, when Mr. Lincoln was reviewing the army. They were all four on horseback. Mr. Lincoln and his staff went through a gate, and the French princes followed, but grandpa took his horse over the fence like a boy. He told of it afterward with such glee."

But when he was seventy-five he decided to give up his position in the college. The war and its consequences had aged him, and, although he still retained wonderful buoyancy, he felt that it was as good a time as any to resign. After his resignation, which took effect in the summer of 1864, we rented a house at Oyster Bay, where we remained for a year. After the fall of Richmond my father, feeling that the war was practically over, consented to take us abroad, and we sailed from New York in June, 1865, on a French steamer. Although we sailed on a Friday, it brought us no bad luck. On the contrary, we picked up some shipwrecked people from an emigrant ship, which had caught fire while being fumigated. In the first small boat there were, as some one called out, the captain, a woman, a pig, and some other people. In the second was the woman's baby, which she had thought lost. Great was the excitement, everybody giving clothes, helping in every way. The baby had never been baptized; all said it must be done, and my father was deputed to do it, there being no clergyman on board. Decks were cleared, an altar and font improvised, sailors all piped up, passengers assembled, and the baby boy was christened Bocandé (the name of our captain), followed by the name of our ship, which I do not remember. Then the captain, who was the godfather, disappeared for a few moments and returned with a box of *dragées*, the sweets which are always given at French and Italian christenings.

We landed at Brest and went on to Paris, and from there to Cologne, up the Rhine, and to Homburg, for my father's gout, and then back to Paris to clothe our large family before going to Rome for the

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winter. Travelling with my father was always a delight, but I am aghast when I remember that at the age of seventy-six he started out in charge of this large party, consisting of his wife, four daughters, a small grandson, an old friend, Dr. Chetwoode, and our old Elise, who was rather a helpless person in travelling, and with *feelings* to be considered! At Paris, however, we got a man servant, who relieved him from some of his cares.

We went to Rome by slow stages—an enchanting journey—never travelling at night, never starting very early in the morning. At Nice we secured a large vehicle, something like an omnibus, only more comfortable, in which we went as far as Genoa. Our luggage was piled so high on top that in one case we could not go through the gates of a town, but had to make a *détour*. From Genoa we went on, by steamer, diligence, and rail, until at last we reached Rome. My brother Rufus, my father's eldest son, was at that time the American minister at Rome—the last minister sent by the United States to the Pope. It seems that during one of his interviews Pio Nono asked him whether he received good news from America, expecting, of course, an answer relating to public events. "Oh, yes, your Holiness," answered my brother with enthusiasm. "Such excellent news! My father is coming!" Much to the Pope's amusement.

We all lived together in the Palazzo Salviati, in an apartment large enough to accommodate the Chancellerie, the double family, and also the American chapel, as no Protestant services were allowed, except in the embassies and legations. The Salviatis were all that was most black and religious, and did not more than half-like the stream of carriages in front of their big doors on a Sunday morning, the string of people going up the great stairs to a Protestant service, and the crowds of young Italians who used to flock about the entrance to see the pretty American girls. Dr. Lyman, afterward Bishop of North Carolina, was the chaplain.

Among the Americans living in Rome at that time were Miss Cushman; the sculptor Story, who, with his wife and three children, had an apartment at one end of the Palazzo Barberini; the artist Tilton and his wife, who were equally high up at the other end; and Terry, the artist, who had married the handsome widow of Crawford, the sculptor (a niece of Sam Ward). They had a charming apartment in the Palazzo Odescalchi, back of the Salviati. Marion Crawford—or Frank, as he was called in those days—was there, a handsome lad. We were soon received by the Pope in private audience. We did not kiss his hand, but only made the three curtsies. He and my father spoke together in Latin—the Latin of Rome and the Latin of Harrow. He seemed interested in the family group, and said that he did not often have three generations of a family presented to him at once, certainly not from America; and then turning to my brother's daughter, a girl of eighteen, he added with his benign smile that he supposed there would soon be a fourth. He was evidently pleased with his joke, for Cardinal Antonelli, who dined with my brother not long after, spoke of it, much to the indignation of Fanny, who did not think it at all nice for the Pope and his cardinals to be making such jokes about her. Antonelli, of course, came in full canonicals, and my mother chanced to describe his dress very minutely in a letter to a friend in New York. Not long after the friend happened to learn from Booth that he was in some perplexity as to certain details in his dress for *Richelieu*, which was soon to be given. She produced my mother's letter, and Booth arranged his costume from it. Probably to us the most amusing thing in connection with Pius the Ninth was my mother's extraordinary resemblance to him. Many persons noticed it, but it was when she was in her nightgown and nightcap that she was the living image of him.

A great occasion that winter was the famous ball given by the Princess Borghese, where the guests were expected to come in the dress of their ancestors, in most cases copied from the portraits in their galleries. Vittoria Colonna was there as the Vittoria of Michael Angelo's time; Marc Antonio Colonna as the old Admiral Stephen Colonna; Emilio Malatesta, looking excessively handsome as the Paolo of Francesca da Rimini. It was a perfectly beautiful ball in that splendid setting, quite apart from its historic interest.

The following spring my mother was called to America by some business matters, and took one of my sisters with her. The

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rest of us went to England to meet them on their return, and while we were all in London, staying at Fenton's Hotel in Saint James's Street, my father went to Harrow to revisit his old haunts, and the head master, Dr. Butler, invited us all down for Speech Day. My father was placed on the platform with the other distinguished visitors, and had a rousing welcome from the boys. Hearing that he was seventy-six years old, they cheered him as "the boy of '76," which made him seem indeed old. We had seats directly facing the stage, and next to me was a gentleman who kindly told me who everybody was. I heard afterward that he was Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's nephew. When we went down to luncheon, where we sat at long tables, Dr. Butler rose and said that this was a purely festive occasion where politics would be dropped. Lord John Russell's ministry had just gone out and party feeling ran high. When my father was called upon for a speech he rose quietly, with his hand in the breast of his coat, looking so handsome with his curly gray head. He had a tremendous ovation —the old boy from America. He told one or two anecdotes of Sir Robert Peel and his great good nature; spoke briefly of Byron, but spoke only for a few minutes, everybody listening most intently. When he sat down a gentleman near us said, "I would not have missed that for fifty pounds!" Then Lord John Russell, who had sons there, rose and began by saying: "As the minister falls, the father rises," which brought out a burst of applause. I was very much struck by the awkward way in which most of the Englishmen stood while speaking—some of them leaning forward with both hands on the table—and by their hemming and hawing; such a contrast to my father's erect attitude and easy way of speaking.

It was a beautiful day, and we all went out on the lawn, and then my father took us to the old schoolroom where he and Uncle John had cut their initials on the panelled wall—J. A. K. and C. K.—and there they are still! Then he showed us the yew-tree—Byron's favorite spot—and the place where they all used to run in the game of his day—hare and hounds; and told us about Uncle John's famous fight with an upper-class man, who was abusing his fag to an extent that an American couldn't stand, and how Uncle John got the better of the bully of the school.

We made a very pleasant journey on our way back to Rome. My father had never made the grand tour, but he was able to point out to us all the famous pictures, which he had seen in Paris in Napoleon's time, and which he remembered perfectly. Lucerne will always be associated in my mind with his affection for Thorwaldsen's Lion, the memorial to the Swiss Guards who lost their lives defending Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. He used to stand and gaze at it for a long time together. It always seemed to him so fine a thing for a man to die doing his duty. The old French "Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra" was his favorite motto. I have seen him standing in front of the monument to Andreas Hofer, repeating the words on it which so many others have repeated during the centuries since they were first uttered: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." He always said that he could not respond to the petition in the Litany, "From sudden death," for to die in battle seemed to him the finest end that a man could make.

When we returned to Rome we took an apartment in the Piazza di Spagna. My father hunted a great deal that winter, taking the fences and ditches on the Campagna better than many a younger man. He went about a great deal, enjoying everything. There, as elsewhere, from the time I can remember, wherever he went he was made a prominent figure by the admiration and liking which he excited. I think that my father and mother were always singularly independent persons—the independence of perfect simplicity and lack of self-consciousness. They went their own way and lived their own lives, and people flocked around them. It was a happy winter, and he seemed unusually well and strong, but in the spring he had a bad attack of gout. We spent the summer at Frascati, in the Palazzo Marconi, and there he died, on the 27th of September, 1867.

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OCCUPATION

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BEFORE a wide-topped mahogany desk in his library Peter Sanders sat reading court scandals of Henry the Second's reign. He enjoyed the savor of them. He had found life—most of it—very like the picture that old Walter Map gave in his pages of gossip. To be sure, he failed to see how so shrewd a person as Map could have believed the prodigies related in the book; but he recognized a kindred spirit in the man who had jotted down these anecdotes with sardonic humor eight centuries before. As he sat with his head resting on one pudgy hand, Mr. Sanders found himself wondering why he did not write a similar book out of his own experiences. He had long been an enthusiastic reader of Walter Map, but he saw no prospect of ever using his knowledge of the author save by way of imitation. He felt sure that his book would have great success, would be the literary sensation of its year. It would not lack scandalous advertisement. He might call it "Trifles of the Tables," which would correspond closely enough to the original "De Nugis Curialium," and yet mark the difference of materials. He smiled at the notion. After some reflection, he recognized that he could never bring himself actually to publish his memoirs. He knew that they would sell on sight, and he wished t be forgotten rather than remembered by the world. All the same, he might indulge his humor by writing the book, even though it never saw the light. He needed occupation.

After an exile of five years, Mr. Sanders had for a month been back in this book-lined room, living once more in the house from which the representatives of law and order had ousted him as their triumphal ending of a long campaign for the suppression of gambling. He had been the greatest of gamblers, and he had suffered the severest of penalties. In process of time he had grown hardened to a nomadic life, but he had never come to like it. Now that everything was over, he owed the authorities no grudge for their abrupt termination of his business career; he had come to feel too acutely the disadvantages under which its long continuance had placed him. Besides, he had acquired by much solitary thinking certain oddly matched principles of conduct. He was sometimes a little sorry that he had not made his fortune another way, but he was always thankful nowadays that, at least, he was no longer victimizing the public by games of chance. What he objected to in the treatment he had received was his long exclusion from his own house. That he regarded as unjust. He never had felt other than resentful about it, and he had been perhaps even more bitter these last weeks than ever before. After being delicately and indirectly informed that he might again occupy his house without fear of molestation, he had come back. For a time he had enjoyed the thought of settling down into old ways; he had superintended quite happily the business of placing his more recent purchases of books in rooms already well stocked with rare and interesting volumes; he had felt a novel pleasure in looking forward to an indefinite number of quiet months and years amid the possessions that were his closest bond with earth. Very soon, however, he had realized, as he walked through spacious drawing-rooms from which every trace of their former use had vanished, that he needed more than his own roof above his own belongings to make him happy. Sanders's occupation was gone, and with it had disappeared (by the malevolence of the district attorney) the habit of a permanent domicile. He found himself aggrieved, disappointed, and, as always, too much at leisure.

Had he not shrunk from the thought of exposing his notorious personality to public discussion once more, he would have laid aside his Latin book and begun to set down his recollections without further ado—from

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sheer boredom. As it was, knowing that he would be unwilling to publish what he might write, he merely played with the notion while he turned the pages of Walter Map and refreshed his memory of this anecdote or that. He thought, however, that he might write his book some day; and he believed that it would be an even more perfect mirror of his times than was Map's, though he had no reason to suppose that he could express his cynical humor with such terse exactness as the archdeacon of Oxford.

Mr. Sanders fell to wondering how he should begin; how he could parallel Map's elaborate comparison of the king's court with the classical Inferno. "Eadem est curia, sed mutata sunt membra," he read, turning to the opening pages of his model. That would serve him as a motto, at all events. "The gull is always a gull, though his name changes," he might translate it. Yes, he would some time set down his "Trifles of the Tables," if only to demonstrate to himself conclusively the tedious and unprofitable nature of life. He knew that it was so, and he could prove it. In spite of Walter Map and several thousand other writers, in spite of his own projected volume and the spacious luxury of a library in which the glint of the fire played on much deep-toned mahogany, in spite of wealth in securities and experience, Peter Sanders was bored.

As he glanced about the room in order to focus his disapproval upon concrete objects, he noticed the quiet entrance of Henry, his valet, his factotum, who had uncomplainingly added the care of running a large house with a small staff of servants to his other duties. Mr. Sanders reflected, following out his line of thought, that Henry was perhaps the one experience in life surpassing expectations. Unconsciously he smiled.

"What have you got for me to do now, Henry?" he asked. "You can't need another vacuum cleaner to-day, and it would be unreasonable of you to make me buy any more labor-saving devices for the laundry until next week. I sometimes wonder whether you're not a socialist in disguise."

"Indeed, sir—" protested Henry in shocked tones; "but you must have your joke, Mr. Sanders. I am to say that Mr. Garmany is below and would like to see you if you are at liberty."

"Show him up," answered Mr. Sanders briskly. "And, Henry, you remember what Mr. Garmany is? It's been a long while since he was here."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, withdrawing with discreet and silent step.

Mr. Sanders rose and walked to the fireplace, plunging his hands, as he went, into the pockets of his velvet jacket. He smiled with the pleasurable excitement of again meeting Garmany, whom he had not seen for three years. He liked Garmany, and he trusted him as much as he did most men. He knew that James Garmany had been a hard man to down from his start as a broad-shouldered "bouncer" in a Bowery dive to his retirement with an ample fortune from his position as political leader of an important district. He realized (for Peter Sanders was not unsophisticated and was inclined to cynicism) that such a career could never have been made by a man who was wholly scrupulous; but he had never even heard it rumored that, as saloon-keeper or politician, Garmany had ever betrayed a friend. Therefore he trusted him—at least as far as he could see him; and he waited his entrance with eagerness.

Without much delay James Garmany was shown into the room by the attentive Henry. He was florid: the most striking thing about him was his floridity. A few wisps of white hair curled along the top of his ruddy and globular head. In contrast to them, a luxuriant and elaborate mustache caught the beholder's attention and threw the emphasis of the face on an unusually powerful jaw. Garmany was, so Mr. Sanders noticed, a good deal heavier than of old, both in face and figure. He was dressed, without regard to taste or expense, most fashionably. Evidently he was still proud of his looks.

The two men greeted each other with the warmth of old comrades. Ensconced in great lounging-chairs before the fire, with Henry at hand to look after their comfort, they soon began to pick up the broken threads of their friendship. They had much to tell and much to hear. Neither one spoke rapidly. Mr. Garmany in ponderous bass boomed replies to Mr. Sanders's good-natured ironies. They were in no haste to draw their reunion to a close. The evening was long, or could be extended indefinitely, for they were healthy men and foot-loose.

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"You've become a famous globe-trotter latterly, as I understand," said Mr. Garmany. "It must be a fine thing to be seein' all parts of the world. I've never got farther than the old sod of Ireland, myself, not to speak of England, which I don't. I refuse to recognize the island of the oppressors as existin', save for my tailor in London, who is three parts Irish."

"I've had more travel than I could stomach," returned Mr. Sanders with a rather bitter laugh. "I never want to leave New York again—unless to go to Greenwood. They couldn't keep me out of my place there after I once got in!"

Mr. Garmany shook his head solemnly. "Sanders," he said, "it ain't right for a man to talk like that. You're no older than me. This business must have got on your nerves."

"I suppose it has," concurred Mr. Sanders. "As a matter of fact, it's been on my nerves, planted on them, for five years. There wasn't anything to do but travel—and pick up books."

"You've certainly got a lot of them," Mr. Garmany commented; "more than you used to have. I don't suppose any man in New York has a finer collection—and you readin' them as you do! It was a shame to keep you from them!"

"Yes, I like them, and I'm proud of them, I suppose," agreed Mr. Sanders. "But what good are they to me, after all, Garmany?"

Mr. Garmany raised a bejewelled hand and waved it solemnly at his companion. "Books ain't life, Sanders," he said. "They're like lobster and champagne—very good indeed of an evenin,' but give me beefsteak for breakfast. I've read some, myself."

Peter Sanders laughed. "I fancy you've suffered more from champagne than books, Jim, taking your life through. Now, haven't you?"

"In the way of business, perhaps I have," admitted Mr. Garmany, "though you'll remember that I've never moved in the circles of the Four Hundred, like yourself. All the wine that ever flowed in my district I had to uncork, myself, if my memory is correct. You've had both champagne and books in your life, Sanders, and look where I find you, sittin' here in your rags and needin' medicine for your stomach. Ah, Peter, my boy, it's a sad spectacle to a decent man like me!" He transferred his cigar to the other side of his mouth with a skill born of long practice, and tilted it upward to emphasize his jest, though his clear blue eyes gave no hint of a smile.

"I'm thinking of writing a book," said Mr. Sanders, amused and not unwilling to hear his friend's views.

"Don't you do it, Sanders. Take my advice. That would be another one. Besides, what a man like you needs is work."

"I thought it would give me occupation," Mr. Sanders put in tentatively, "whether I got it printed or not."

"What a man like you needs is work," repeated Mr. Garmany, ignoring him. "You're used to it, and you ought to have it. Now that you've had your vacation, you ought to be gettin' into harness again. If you don't, you'll soon find yourself sufferin' from senile decay, or whatever it is they call it when fine men go to the junk-heap in the flower of their age."

"My retirement wasn't exactly my own arrangement, you know," said Mr. Sanders, allowing a shade of bitterness to creep into his voice. "I didn't close up till I had to. But now I've got nothing to do—even here—unless I write a book about my experiences."

"'Twould make a great hit, no doubt," Mr. Garmany answered imperturbably. "I'd put money into it. But 'twould get done. And then where'd you be? You be after havin' to write another. Business keeps you goin'. Here's to business!" He raised his glass, but set it down again when he looked at his friend.

Mr. Sanders's eyes were glowing within the slits to which he had narrowed the lids. "I wish to Heaven you'd tell me of one single thing I could do," he said. He was genuinely interested, though a little irritated at the nonchalance with which his affairs were being treated.

"I see you mean it," returned Mr. Garmany. "I've only to look at you to be sure of that, Peter, my boy. When you make yourself look like a tom-cat after a mouse, your friends always know somethin's goin' to get done. If I hadn't graduated from the mouse class some time ago, I should be afraid it was me. But I'm only tellin' you the truth. You ought to go into business again."

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"That's all ended," Mr. Sanders remarked quietly, "and you know it. I'd not go back to it if I could, if you want to know."

Mr. Garmany removed his cigar and smiled appreciatively. "That's the difference," he said. "I would, but I can't either. So it's all one in the end. But look at me! You speak as if there was only one way for a man to make an honest livin'. As a matter of fact, I've made more money since I retired, as they call it, than I ever did before."

"That's good," put in Mr. Sanders. His face relaxed. He liked Garmany more than ever, and he was glad to hear of his prosperity. "What have you been doing, if you don't mind telling me?"

"Mind it? It's what I'm busy doin' here and now. I've chiefly been developin' my own properties—real estate—with a flier or two in mines, though the last is rather a source of expense—like books—and not to be indulged in except on Sundays and the Fourth of July." Mr. Garmany expanded with good humor.

"I don't happen to own real estate," Mr. Sanders remarked dryly. "I've never had your opportunities, you must remember, Jim, for knowing how the city would grow. So what money I have is safely tucked away in bonds and other paper. I can't develop my house advantageously, you know."

"And a very good thing it is, such paper, to have in the family," said Mr. Garmany, nodding approval and ignoring the gibe. "But I've not stuck to New York. Do you not own land elsewhere, yourself?"

Mr. Sanders's face suddenly grew hard again. He remembered that he was indeed possessed of one parcel of real estate. The memory of it always made him unhappy.

"I do happen to have one such investment," he said. "No matter how I got it—the story wouldn't interest you. I may say that I bought it unexpectedly, but I don't expect much interest on the money I put in. It's wild land, I believe."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Garmany. "Develop it!"

"It's swamp land in Florida," Mr. Sanders explained. He felt disinclined to pursue the subject.

"'Twould be the better for development," continued Mr. Garmany oracularly. "You'd encourage the growth of tropical fruits and alligators, which is a noble work, and you'd preserve your youth."

Mr. Sanders fell silent, wrapped in his own thoughts. For a minute or two his friend eyed him. Then he rose.

"Havin' prescribed your medicine, I'd best be gettin' home and let it work," he remarked. "We're both busy men, remember, and mustn't be talkin' through half the night."

"It was good of you to come, Jim," said Peter Sanders. "I feel more at home for seeing you; and I dare say you are right—I need work!"

"Of course you do," returned Mr. Garmany. "Haven't I been sayin' as much? I'll drop in and nurse you when I can. Good-by."

With a hearty hand-clasp and a laugh they separated. After resigning his visitor to the conduct of Henry, Mr. Sanders returned to his deep chair.

The reflections that followed him to bed that night haunted him during the whole of the next day. He recognized the soundness of Garmany's advice: he needed work, and work measurably similar to the kind of activity to which he had been accustomed all his life. He might play with books, even play with the notion of writing one; but he had been moulded into the kind of person who had to deal with men and things when it came to real labor. He could be happier in doing business (or in doing his fellow man, he observed to himself sardonically) than in any other way. He saw little difference between the method of exchange by which he had enriched himself and the methods employed by the managers of other profitable enterprises, as he had observed them; and he disliked the thought of again soiling his hands with the grime of the market-place. Yet he suspected that Garmany was right. Perhaps the mire that he hated was necessary to his health and happiness. Perhaps his violations of abstract justice were finding their punishment in just this state of affairs. It gave him grim amusement to think of himself as a soul so far damned as to have created his own vexatious but not quite insupportable private hell. He might put all this into his book! All the same, he must find some kind of real occupation.

On the second morning, when he came down to his simple breakfast in an over-

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elaborate dining-room, he found, as usual, a little pile of letters beside his plate. Two or three—perfunctory business communications—he read and put aside. Then he took up one that sorted curiously with his mood. It was written on paper headed "The Harmsleigh Realty Company," and it ran thus:

"DEAR SIR:

"I learn that you are the owner of a tract of land in southern Florida, adjoining the property held by the company of which I am president. We are planning a scheme of development down there which may interest you. I think it quite possible you may agree with me that the two properties could be advantageously managed in cooperation, particularly as I am led to suppose that you have not yet commenced improvements on your land. In any case I should be glad, with your permission and at any time suiting your convenience, to call upon you and explain our plan. When you understand what we have in mind, you may care to join forces with us, which I think would be profitable to you as well as to us.

"Yours respectfully,
"RICHARD B. HARMSLEIGH."

Mr. Sanders snorted, but read the letter a second time. So some people thought there was money to be made in the Everglades, which was the region where the land in question lay. He certainly had never made anything out of the property, and he had never supposed that he would get any return for the money he had foolishly squandered in a moment of trustful enthusiasm. However, there could be no harm in seeing this man—what was the name?—Harmsleigh. He wasn't going to be such a fool as to spend anything in an attempt to recover what he had sunk there; but he would not be unwilling to let anybody else, who liked the game, develop the property as much as he wished. He wondered, by the way, just what improvements could be made that would transform acres of semi-tropical swamp into useful land. He never had seen the place, naturally, but he distrusted the tales he had heard about growing oranges in the Everglades. He had believed them for a few days once—and paid ten thousand dollars for the experience. Yet he might as well let Harmsleigh talk to him about the proposition. He couldn't suffer anything worse than an hour of boredom, and he was frequently bored with less excuse.

After leisurely consideration of the matter while he took a turn in the park, Mr. Sanders wrote a note to Mr. Harmsleigh, making an appointment for the afternoon of the following day. When he had despatched it, he set about arranging the disposal of the last consignment of his books, belated in their arrival from the storage warehouse whither he had sent them after purchase during his years of exile. Absorbed by the pleasant task, he quite forgot, for the remainder of the day, to lament his lack of occupation. The next morning, when he remembered the engagement, he was almost sorry he had made it, so languid was his interest, so slight his inclination to seek an outlet for his energies in the Everglades of Florida.

He was able, however, when Mr. Harmsleigh arrived punctually at the hour set, to greet him with proper courtesy. He didn't mind talking with the man. Moreover, he soon found that something of the glow of Mr. Harmsleigh's own enthusiasm was being communicated to himself. He recognized the danger of such an attitude of mind and put himself on guard, observing his caller through wary lids, but saying little.

Mr. Harmsleigh was a youngish man with an earnest face, hair so carefully brushed that it gave the impression of being permanently arranged, and a severe simplicity of dress. He appeared to have but two ideas in life: the astonishing fertility of the Everglades and his personal duty to put their teeming wealth within the reach of narrow-chested bookkeepers and unsuccessful professional men. When he opened his wide mouth, a pentecostal stream of words issued from it quite without effort. When, for a moment, he stopped speaking, the silence was oratorically impressive.

"There, Mr. Sanders," he said at length, "I've told you what the Everglades are like and what the future of the region is to be. I congratulate you, sir, on holding the magnificent tract of God's earth that is yours. I have told you nothing but what I have seen and am to see. I have visited the country; I know it, I may say, like a—eh—like the palm of my hand." He spread

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out a lean hand in confirmation of his words.

"Very interesting, what you tell me," murmured Mr. Sanders. "I've never had your opportunities, and I was unaware that the tract I own was so valuable."

"Its potentialities are enormous," declared Mr. Harmsleigh. "I should think shame to myself if I concealed them from you. But I am doing nothing of the kind. I am talking business, for I want you to join forces with us. Together we can fill the region with enthusiastic and successful orange-growers."

"Just how do I come in?" inquired Mr. Sanders mildly. "Your letter didn't make it quite clear to me."

"The matter is very simple," explained Mr. Harmsleigh. "I speak for the company which bears my name. We will take over your land, paying for it in five-per-cent bonds and giving you besides as bonus a large amount of the common stock, which will eventually be very valuable. I am talking to you straight. I wish to lay bare the entire situation. We need your land and are willing to pay for it handsomely. It is, I may say, somewhat greater in extent than the adjoining tract now under our control. You will see that the two properties can be more economically developed under a single management, and you will be getting in absolutely on the ground floor. Whether or not you choose to take up a block of the preferred stock, which is now being sold to defray the expenses of the business, I can easily have assigned to you temporarily a sufficient number of shares to insure due weight being given to your opinions by the directorate. I take it that, like many men of means, you may prefer not to undertake responsibilities as director, yourself?"

Mr. Sanders smiled deprecatingly. He had not been so much amused in a long time. "You needn't be afraid of offending me," he remarked. "I quite agree with you that it would be singularly unwise to have my name associated with your enterprise. It wouldn't help the sale of stock among the godly."

"Believe me, sir," protested Mr. Harmsleigh, "I was far from insinuating——"

"Not very far!" put in Mr. Sanders good-humoredly. "But please go on, and say anything you please. I'm very much interested."

"Quite so!" Mr. Harmsleigh continued, appearing to be reassured. "You do not care to be a director of the company, but you would have a voice in its affairs. You would get, let us say, twenty thousand dollars in five-per-cent bonds of the company."

"First mortgage, I suppose?" Mr. Sanders spoke suavely, but with a perceptible sharpness in his tone.

"Certainly—certainly. First-mortgage bonds, bearing interest at five per cent," went on Mr. Harmsleigh unperturbed, "and whatever amount of common stock the directors might assign you. You would have the most absolute protection, even though we did not succeed in selling one single plantation."

"U—um!" said Mr. Sanders.

"As to the preferred stock," pursued Mr. Harmsleigh, "I could procure for you an almost unlimited number of shares at a very reasonable price, low enough to make them a gilt-edged investment. They are arranged for the convenience of the small investor—we are selling them at par at a dollar a share. However, I could get for you a block of almost any size at eighty cents."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Sanders, lighting a fresh cigar, "I don't happen to have any money on hand with which I can speculate." He eyed his visitor narrowly, wondering what would be the effect of his rather impolite thrust. He felt that it was time to bring his man to the scratch.

Instead of showing anger or disturbance, Mr. Harmsleigh smiled appreciatively. His face was quite transformed when he showed his teeth. He revealed to Peter Sanders all that was necessary. "It is quite at your option," he said. "You put up your land. We do everything we can with it. Between ourselves, it'll be a good thing."

"I rather fancy it might be profitable," said Mr. Sanders. "When do you wish an answer from me?"

"I don't want to hurry your decision, of course," Mr. Harmsleigh replied, "but it would be advantageous if you could let us know within the next few days—a week at the latest. We are preparing some new literature and wish to send it to press as soon as possible. As soon as you gave your consent to the arrangement, we could go ahead with that and settle up the papers at your convenience."

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"Very well," said Mr. Sanders. "I will give the matter immediate consideration." Now that he had probed Mr. Harmsleigh, he was fearful of being bored if the meeting were prolonged.

"With your permission, I might call on —this is Tuesday—Saturday afternoon or evening," suggested Mr. Harmsleigh politely, "unless I hear from you in the meantime. Of course, I shall be happy to give you every opportunity of investigating the company that I can."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Sanders in a tone that brought the visitor to his feet with a courteous word of farewell on his lips.

There followed for Peter Sanders days of some inward questioning. The opportunity to participate actively in a business enterprise, which he had been advised to seek, had come to him uninvited; but it had come in questionable shape. He had no doubt whatever that he would be happier if he embarked on the enterprise, and he had likewise no doubt that he would be helping to take money from people without giving a wholly adequate return. Beneath the apostolic fervor of Harmsleigh's enthusiasm he saw the wolfish rapacity that would stick at nothing. Peter Sanders knew the game. Though he felt sure that Harmsleigh believed in the earthly paradise of orange groves, which he had so eloquently sketched, Mr. Sanders recognized in him a greater love for minted circles of gold than for spheres of golden-coated fruit—or even for the welfare of underpaid clerks.

Temptation assailed Peter Sanders, notwithstanding his dislike of again soiling his hands with the grimy touch of such marketplaces as he had known in the days of his own activity. It was the more acute because he knew the unpleasantness of the contact, and knew that it could be endured. Between the devil of *ennui* and the deep sea of dishonesty the choice had to be made. After his solitary meditations of these latter years, he might find it harder to be stonily cynical about all business than of old; but he knew that he could find a real interest in the Harmsleigh Realty Company and get along tolerably with his conscience. Thus he turned the matter over in his mind, deliberated, hesitated.

It did not help matters greatly that, on Friday evening, James Garmany came in to nurse his patient. It could not have been expected of him that he should sympathize with his friend's difficulties, since he was wholly incapable of understanding them. Once seated before the fire in the library, he began his rather clumsy ministrations.

"Have you been writin' a book or two, Peter, my boy, or have you gone into business and cheered up? I thought it my duty to inquire. A lot can happen to a man in a week sometimes."

"I've been considering a business proposition, as a matter of fact," responded Mr. Sanders, shrugging his heavy shoulders. "I dare say I shall go into it. It isn't a large matter, but it would give me something to think about."

"That's right—that's right!" Mr. Garmany's tone conveyed paternal approval. "Thinkin' does the business. I suppose I could afford to buy a fancy vest once in a while even if I had nothin' in the world to do but buy it, but I shouldn't be the happy man that wears it. And vests come high when they're the real thing." He indicated his own with a casual thumb by way of illustration.

"Oddly enough," Mr. Sanders continued, "this little deal concerns the only real estate I own, barring the house, of course. I was telling you. I'd like to have your opinion if you don't mind."

"Sure," said Mr. Garmany. "My opinions differ from my lawyer's in two ways only: they cost you nothin', and they're worth listenin' to. Is there money in it?"

"I don't stand to lose, anyhow," Mr. Sanders answered, wrinkling his forehead.

"Then you should be sayin' a prayer of thanksgivin', not sittin' around askin' advice," commented Mr. Garmany with assurance. "You should know that as well as anybody, perhaps. You never *did* stand to lose, as far as I can remember."

"That's precisely where the shoe pinches," returned Mr. Sanders grimly. "I haven't the reputation, even with myself, of being very squeamish. The only excuse I ever made to myself for my old line of business was that everybody else did the same sort of thing in another way. Not a good excuse altogether! Since I've had time to think it over, I'd not make it again. I wouldn't go back into the business—as I told you the other day. What I want to know is whether you'd consider this propo-

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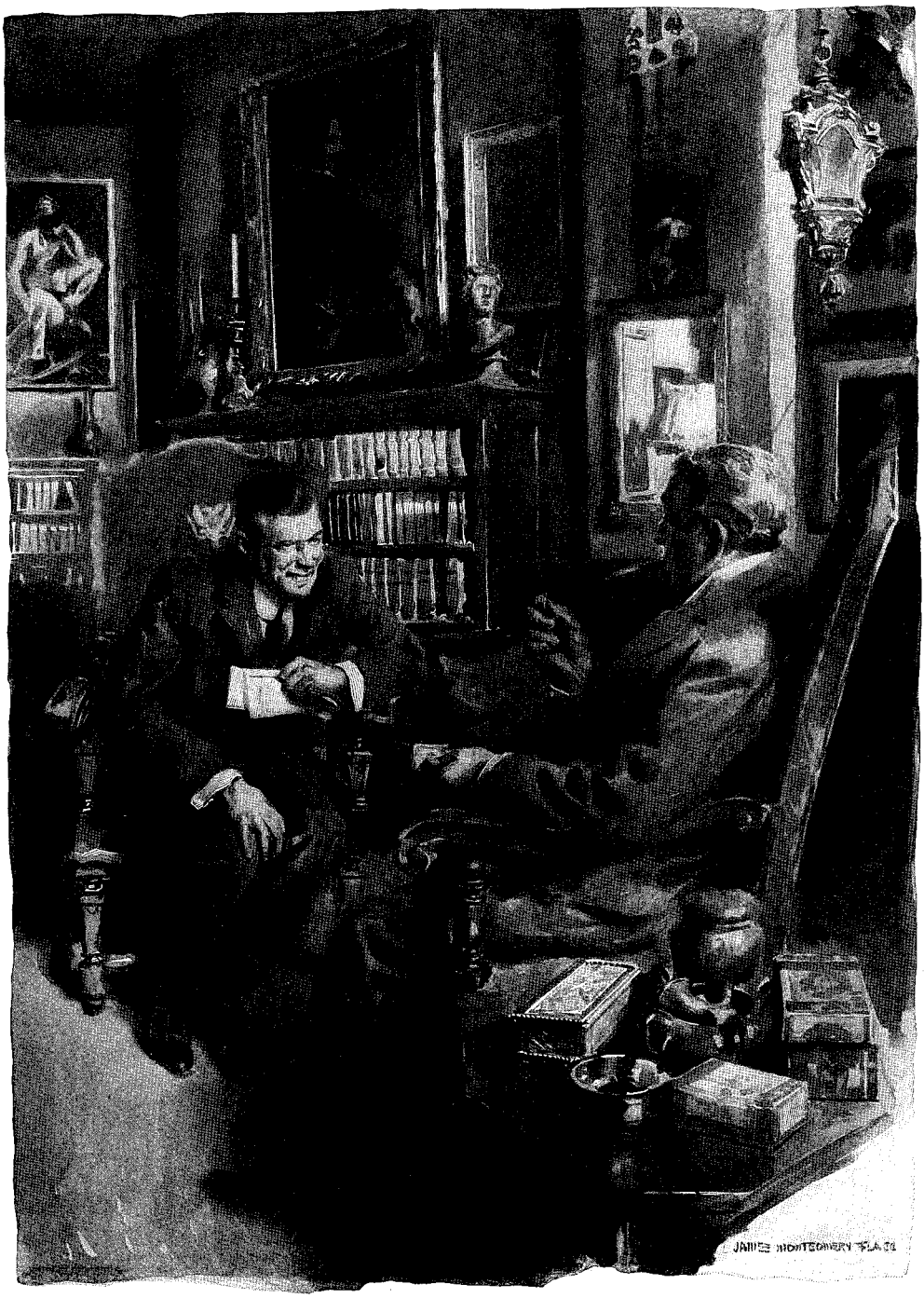

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Mr. Harmsleigh smiled appreciatively. His face was quite transformed when he showed his teeth.—Page 625.

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sition just as bad. You've done a different sort of thing in life anyhow."

"Order in the court!" remarked Mr. Garmany, waving his cigar with judicial dignity. "I'll referee the case, though some might say I wasn't the proper judge. What's the game?"

As briefly as possible, Peter Sanders outlined Mr. Harmsleigh's scheme for the financial betterment of the unsuccessful. He did not spare his ironies in the sketch, nor did he attempt to gloss over with casuistical argument the part he was expected to play. Quite frankly he gave his opinion of Mr. Harmsleigh as a man who would need careful watching even by an associate who had been "let in on the ground floor."

"The only part I needn't take in the business, you see," he ended, "is to put up money to bait the suckers. I'm encouraged to do that; but I don't have to, and I wouldn't. What is called the general public is going to be stung, as far as I can make out. Naturally, I don't know anything about orange-growing in lower Florida, but I can size up a man."

Mr. Garmany had listened to the recital with utter gravity of countenance, occasionally jerking his cigar sideways by a spasmodic movement of the lips. Now he removed the cigar, squinted violently, and leaned forward. "Can you squeeze the promoter so he won't get away from you?" he asked.

"Oh! I'm not afraid of that," said Mr. Sanders.

"Then you'll make good money." Mr. Garmany delivered his opinion with oracular emphasis. "It'll keep your mind off the books and give you a man's interest. I'd not raise any howl if I had the chance, myself, which is not said in envy—you needin' work as you do."

"You wouldn't hesitate even though you didn't know whether the fruit business could be made to pay—I mean by the fellows who buy ten acres apiece, or whatever it is?"

Mr. Sanders's tone was elaborately casual, but it did not conceal from his guest the real significance of the question. "Peter, my boy," said Mr. Garmany, leaning back in his chair again, "if you weren't on the edge of the same senile decay of which I was warnin' you, you wouldn't be askin'. No doubt it's lovely land down there—nice summery weather and freedom from drought. You don't have to inquire about the reptiles, nor yet the mosquitoes, which are also found plentifully in Jersey, where many a man lives from choice. You rid yourself of the land and make it your business to watch Mr. Harmless sell it. 'Twill be a pleasant occupation, and one suited to your powers."

Mr. Sanders laughed dryly. "Thanks," he said. "Now what do you want to put to me?"

"Whether I'd better be askin' my friend Henry for another drink, or just do with what I've had," responded Mr. Garmany promptly.

"That's no question," Mr. Sanders replied, touching a bell.

For another half-hour they amicably discussed the gross dishonesty of distillers and the perils of aviation.

The upshot of it was that Peter Sanders remained doubtful and perplexed, irritated with himself for hesitating over a decision and inclined to ignore his scruples about carrying the affair to its conclusion. He found it peculiarly unpleasant to have a conscience, and heartily wished that he possessed James Garmany's happy toughness of integument. He was sensitively superstitious about his future, saw no hope of escaping unhappiness, whatever course he pursued. He regarded himself as branded, not merely with public opprobrium, but equally with the private wounds of an unscrupulous career. He was Byronic in his conviction of sin, yet considerably amused at his own absurdity.

"Henry," he said that night, while his attendant was preparing him for bed, "what should you say if a man told you that he stood between occupation and damnation, but that he was probably damned anyhow?"

Henry paused for a moment and considered. He was accustomed to dealing with strange problems out of the blue. "I should say, sir," he replied gravely, "that the gentleman needed to exercise more and to smoke fewer cigars. That would be *my* answer, Mr. Sanders, but we never know all the difficulties other people have."

"Your answer is right, I've no doubt," said Mr. Sanders, nodding his head slowly, "but so is your comment. I'm always giving you trouble, for example—asking questions and dirtying coats—and I seldom in-

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Henry paused for a moment and considered. "I should say, sir," he replied gravely, "that the gentleman needed to exercise more and to smoke fewer cigars."—Page 628.

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quire about your state of mind. You don't look any too well to-night, as a matter of fact. You'd better drop things where they are and go to bed. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said Henry, "and I hope you will be all the better for your sleep."

On Saturday morning Mr. Sanders walked longer than usual in the park and tried to forget his difficulties. By vigorously concentrating his attention upon the sky-line, so changed in five years that he was not yet accustomed to its outlines, he measurably succeeded in diverting his attention from the problem. He returned to it, however, when he came in. As a result of physical exercise, perhaps, he was cynically merry at his own expense. He recognized the ironical absurdity of his position more than ever. Peter Sanders, reputed to be the wickedest man in America, hesitating over a business venture for fear that somebody unknown would be cheated! Yet by afternoon, when he expected a call from Mr. Harmsleigh, he had not made up his mind to sell the land; nor by dinner-time had he come to a decision, though he had heard nothing from the apostle of wealth.

In the library after dinner he waited for Henry to bring his coffee, with a growing conviction that he would find it impossible to refuse Mr. Harmsleigh's offer, not from choice but from sheer inability to decide. He looked at Henry, wondering what the man would think if he knew his master's abject and panic-stricken state—whether any admiration could endure the exposure of it. He was aghast when Henry, after deftly setting the tray at his elbow, stood erect, folded his arms, and spoke.

"May I make so bold as to ask you something, sir?"

Mr. Sanders smiled despairingly. Henry must, in his uncanny fashion, have divined. "Of course," he said aloud. "I'd rather listen to you than to most men, and I'll try to tell you the truth."

The servant was visibly embarrassed. "Thank you, sir," he gasped. "You know, sir, that I wouldn't trouble you if I could avoid it. But I must, I'm afraid, this time. You see, Mr. Sanders, it's about my sister's husband."

"Oh!" exclaimed Peter Sanders, much relieved. "Is there anything I can do for him?"

"Why, sir!" Henry went on. "As to that I can't really say till you know what has happened. I've been greatly upset, sir."

"I hope he hasn't been ill-treating your sister—" Mr. Sanders began.

"Oh, no, sir. He's as kind a soul as ever drew breath and very devoted to his family; but he *has* been unfortunate. We've always considered him a very superior man, but he's never got on in the world to his mind. Perhaps he is too ambitious. He has knocked about the world a good bit, never sticking long to one place, but always supporting his family in comfort until year before last. Then he was with a family in Philadelphia, quite a swell establishment—begging your pardon for the word, sir—and he heard about the money that could be made in Texas by raising pecans—nuts, sir, as you may have heard. Fortunes could be made in a few years, so they told him."

"And so he invested, did he?" said Mr. Sanders, looking grieved.

"Worse than that, sir," continued Henry. "He bought land down there on what they called the attractive partial payment plan, and spent all the rest of his savings in going there with his family. The company promised him work, you see, until he could start his orchard. But when they got to the place, they found it little better than a desert, if you will believe me. There weren't any trees about to speak of, and the work was no more than digging ditches, which wasn't suitable, of course, for my sister's husband, who is a man of fine presence and accustomed to the best houses. He's a proud man, too, in one way, and wouldn't permit my sister to write me for a long time. They almost starved, I'm afraid, sir, if you will excuse my saying so; and the little girl was rather seriously ill, with no proper food or a doctor. They were quite done up when I got them back, and my sister's husband so knocked about that he hasn't yet been able to secure a place. The work was very rough, I take it."

"And you've been taking care of them—for how many months? Why in the name of all that's good haven't you told me before?" Mr. Sanders, in whom a mighty tempest of anger had been rising during the recital of the story, got out of his chair and stormed across the hearth-rug. "It's an outrage!" he cried. "A damned outrage!

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The fellows who got him into it ought to be prosecuted. Who are they?"

"It was about that that I wished to ask your advice, Mr. Sanders," responded Henry mildly. "I thought you would know whether it would be possible to bring suit and recover any part of the money paid for the land. You will understand, of course, sir, that they never have got any dividends on the stock they purchased."

"I should think not!" fumed Mr. Sanders. "I should think not, indeed! I don't suppose there's the least chance in the world of getting back the money that your brother-in-law sunk; but I'm going to see whether the rascally thieves can't be jailed for it all the same. I'll talk with my lawyer in the morning, and I'll take you with me to explain."

"I'm afraid, sir," said Henry, "that we couldn't afford to sue if there wasn't a good chance of recovering the money."

Mr. Sanders looked searchingly at his faithful servant. He noticed how singularly old and worn Henry appeared, as he stood fondling with nervous touch his well-shaven chin. The master's indignation flamed again into sudden heat.

"Henry, you infernal old idiot," he said, "you've spent every penny you've got, I've no doubt. But I wish you to understand that this is my game, and I'm going to see it through. It'll be good for me. What's more, you've got to let me take my turn at looking after your sister's family for a while. I've been battening on you in one way, and they in another. It's my turn now—damn it! You've kept me going more than once, Henry, and you know it as well as I do."

"It's altogether too good of you to say so, sir, I'm sure," responded Henry, whose cadaverous face nevertheless turned red. "I didn't mean to upset you this way by telling you about my family's troubles—and just after dinner, too, sir. But I'm greatly obliged to you, and I think we understand each other, Mr. Sanders. It is always a pleasure to do whatever I can for your comfort and health, as you know, sir."

"Henry, you're a good sort," remarked Peter Sanders more calmly, "and we'll see this thing through together as we have other things."

"Thank you," said Henry simply, and turned to go. After taking a couple of steps, however, he hesitated and swung about. "There was just this that I was going to ask you," he went on. "I thought that now we were back in town you might possibly hear of some one who needed a very competent butler, and I felt sure you wouldn't mind speaking a good word for my sister's husband. I can recommend him heartily."

"Of course, we'll get him a place somehow," answered Mr. Sanders. "Don't you worry your head about this business any more. I tell you I've got nothing better to do than to look after it."

"Thank you," said Henry again.

Once more the servant started to go; but he was called back by Mr. Sanders, who had sunk into his lounging-chair and was gazing at the fire with an odd gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"Henry," he said, "I'm expecting a visit to-night from a gentleman named Harmsleigh. Perhaps you remember him—he was here early in the week. If he comes, just tell him I'm sick abed, or dying, or anything you please. Make it clear to him, anyhow, that I can't do business with him and will kick him out if he ever comes near the house."

"Yes, Mr. Sanders," replied the servitor, "I will make him understand that you are not accessible to him."

When Henry was gone, Peter Sanders groaned. "I'm in for it now," he murmured to himself. "This will give me occupation for some time to come, and that fool lawyer will think me the most barefaced old hypocrite that ever drew breath." But his lips wrinkled into a smile, and he began to whistle in the most undignified manner.

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SWIMMING BY NIGHT

By Alice Blaine Damrosch

It is night time, all the waters round me
Grow electric, tenser, in the starlight.
See, the milky way is full of splendor,
Over there the white star and the red star
Beckon from their pinnacles of silence.
All the larger waves are tipped with glory,
And the little ripples pause and whisper,
As they touch my cheek with ghostly fingers.
I will swim till I can swim no longer,
I will spurn the shore that blots the starlight
From my vision, I will shake it from me,
Strike out boldly into open waters.
I know sometime that my strength will falter,
That I must turn shoreward, leave my star search,
Give in to the sweet, soft, acquiescent
Land breeze, redolent with sleeping hay fields.
How I hate it, I would fill my nostrils
With the sharper, freer breath of heaven,
Raising up my head once in so often
From the waters for great draughts of glory.
In me is the strength of gods, I battle
With the waves and buffet them for pleasure,
I will beat them, break them in my passing,
Feel them close again behind my shoulder;
Every muscle has its strength for service,
Now I summon all to do my pleasure,
Bid them bear me out into the darkness.
Far off where the startled night bird circles,
Half awakened by my silent coming,
Frightened by my dim arm rising, falling
I will go, yes there and even farther.
I will seek the source of the creation,
Swim with mighty strokes to the horizon,
Where the drowned stars and the stars in heaven
Meet and mingle in new constellations;
I will reach them, dare to touch them even,
Cleansed and purified by many waters
Even I may breathe upon their splendor.
It is written that the night must vanish,
But this hour is mine, I will not yield it,
I defy the dawn to take it from me. . . .
Oh, to live and battle thus forever!

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RAW PROSE

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

HOLLIDAY, Ward County, Illinois, is famed far and wide as the Morning Glory Coal Stove Town. It is a grimy, thriving place, not far north of St. Louis. Its railroad yards and foundries sprawl along the hot, dusty levee, but its "residential section" perches haughtily atop the steep limestone bluffs, well out of the smoke and clamor below. It is a new town, barely twelve years old, and its smart toy churches and trim toy bungalows, set in baked clay lawns, might have been dumped from his vasty pinafore two minutes ago by some Titan baby. Not much romance there. Nor can the foundries, squatting in dingy ranks along the Mississippi shore, lay claim to charm. As for the great bluffs, on whose arched heights the Piasa spread its blood-red wings a century gone, their noble ramparts have been hacked and seamed by scrapers, and plastered with bill-boards, and strung with wires and cables. But midway up the face of the highest bluff runs a narrow shelf, reached by a long flight of steps, hewed into solid rock. It is a very tiny shelf, a mere wrinkle on the great face of the bluff; and on it there clings, like a swallow's nest, a single tiny shack; just a heap of plank, huddled tight against the steep rock wall. That June, its rough boards were hid under showers of silvery clematis vines, and tossing sprays of honeysuckle. Hanging against that sheer rock, sheathed in bloom, the little house had a quaint air of being swung there by some breezy magic—a pixy dwelling, blown between twilight and dawn. Above and beneath that small blossoming foothold of enchantment, Holliday spreads a frank and dismal front, all jerry-built smartness above, all noise and glare below. As young Mrs. Burton sadly says, her husband may praise Holliday as a factory site as long as he pleases, but there's no blinking the fact that Holliday is writ in prose. Raw prose, at that.

Its prose bore hard on Mrs. Burton that warm morning. She had just settled herself and her embroidery on the porch for a long peaceful day when Lika called her to the telephone. There her husband's voice announced disturbing news. He would bring a guest to luncheon, a most portentous guest—no less a personage than Mr. Channing of Boston, chief stockholder in the Burton Stove Foundry. Matters had not gone well with the Burton plant that year. Business was slack, labor high. Mr. Channing of Boston was known as a connoisseur of sixteenth-century enamels, and, too, as a broad-minded investor. Hence the mingling of worry and keen hope in Mr. Burton's tired voice. But Mrs. Burton sighed. Just like John, to bring home company on the hottest day of the year. And such company! Mrs. Burton looked out on her scorched garden, where a few lank geraniums drooped their homesick heads. She looked within, at her crowded little house, its stuffy dining-room, its forlorn cockiness, and shed a few injured tears. Then she called Lika and set sulkily to work.

Lika followed her orders with dull obedience. She was a big, fair, sumptuous young creature, with a velvet white-rose skin, and a beautiful grave face, framed in thick braids of wheat-gold hair, and blue, deep eyes, unflinching as the eyes of a child, but clouded nowadays with dusk, stormy shadows. She was an excellent servant. Through the first year Mrs. Burton had exulted in her treasure. But of late, Lika had changed amazingly. Not that she neglected her work. Rather, she slaved at it, with a sort of fury. But all her fine deftness had deserted her. She blundered about like a woman suddenly gone blind. Back of her stupidity there flashed and darkened a sinister gleam. To-day, as she stood, hands clasped, listening dutifully, she was like a creature possessed of some consuming inward fire. Deep crimson spots burned

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in her cheeks; her blue eyes glittered; her soft mouth shut in a bitter line.

Making ready that majestical luncheon in two hot, scurrying hours was a hideous task. But once at table Mrs. Burton's strained nerves relaxed. Their august guest proved a mild middle-aged gentleman, who ate largely and chatted with urbane enjoyment. Mr. Channing of Boston was a connoisseur of other things besides sixteenth-century enamels and stove foundries. His keen eyes lost no shade of the sordid little comedy staged before him: the scrambling, noisy new town; the worn, harassed man; the wife, young, pretty, petulant, one moment chattering of her gay acquaintance "in the East," then stopping short, flushed and angrily chagrined, before some trifling slip in the order of her table; then the curious, all-but-visible cloud of rancor that hung between husband and wife; hostile affection; resentment mixed with the vague contempt of the woman who feels herself quite too fine a fibre for her plodding mate. It was all very amusing, a bit pitiful, perhaps; but he had seen it all so often! Then his glance swerved from his hostess's face to the face of the tall girl standing behind her chair, and the connoisseur in him felt a rare thrill. His fine mouth twitched at the crisp paradoxes of his native land. That this rare challenging beauty should stand, like a young empress in chains, at common little Mrs. Burton's common little table! He glanced after her as he lit his cigarette.

"What an amazing type!" Very suavely he took the artist's warrant. "Not American-born, surely? She makes me think of an Alpine meadow, very high, and sunlit, and cold. But clouded like an Alpine meadow under coming storm. Such a face of tragedy, for all its youth! Like having Melpomene herself to pass the biscuit, eh?"

Mrs. Burton frowned. She was not just sure who Melpomene was, anyway. But her husband clutched at this straw of talk.

"Tragic? Um. There's a story back of that tragic face, all right. She came out from Sweden two years ago; brought along her old grandmother, a little warped old crone, past ninety, they say. They live in that swallows' nest of a shack that hangs against the bluff, maybe sixty feet straight down. You noticed it? All over vines it is, and looks no bigger than your hand. It's a weird place to live, stuck up on that shelf, with no way to reach it except by those endless rock stairs. But Lika dotes on the place. She goes home to the old woman every night. Tends her very faithfully, they say."

"Quite too faithfully." Mrs. Burton spoke with emphasis. "Lika is most unreasonable! The poor old soul would be far better off in a Home. But Lika just smiles when I tell her so. And the absurd way she indulges her! One of the old woman's whims is that she must always have a baby to fuss over. She's pitiably childish, you know. So every day, when her noon work is done, Lika trudges away down the hill to the Finnegan shanty, 'way off beyond the freight-yards, and borrows Mrs. Finnegan's youngest, and carries it home, all the way up those steep, dizzy stairs, for her grandmother to play with. Then, right after supper, she goes home again, gets the baby, and carries it down to its mother. Of all preposterous doings!"

Mr. Channing smiled.

"So an ancestress wins her devotion. With all that loveliness, why not a lover?"

"Well, there is a lover. More'n one of him." The host took up his tale. "The whole works went wild over her from the start. 'Specially two of our best men: Barney Harrigan, a young engineer down at my own factory—a bully good engineer he is, too, and as fine, clean, two-fisted a young husky as ever trod shoe-leather; and Jim MacLaren, the foreman at Foundry A. MacLaren is the older; he's a tremendous swell on the works. Big, swaggering chap; diamond scarf-pin, pockets full of ready money, a bit of a blow—you know the breed. Most of us bet on MacLaren, and it was nip and tuck for a while, but all of a sudden Lika swung over to Barney, and she's never had eyes for MacLaren since. They were engaged, right off the bat. Happy? Say, it did you good to see those two kids strut around together. They figured that they could save up enough to marry in two years, and they thought they owned the earth. Then, six months ago, came bad news. Francis Harrigan, Barney's kid brother, must get into a shooting scrape down in West Vir-

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ginia. Time of that wretched Paint Creek strike, you remember. I never saw the like of Barney's rage. He went right up in the air. Chucked his job, and lit out hot-foot for Paint Creek, swearing he'd smash the jail open, then smash the Kanawha Company, lock, stock, and barrel. But once out of Holliday, not one word has come from him. He's vanished into thin air. Yes, of course, I've made inquiries. I was right fond of the boy. All I could learn was that his brother had died in jail, just after sending for Barney. But Barney has disappeared as utterly as if he'd stepped off the edge of the earth."

"Curious."

"Worse than curious. It's no' canny. Nowadays Jim MacLaren is hanging round Lika again. Don't believe she looks at him, though. However, he and another man went down to St. Louis last month, and came back with a queer tale. Swore they saw Barney Harrigan in the flesh, his very self. Out at Hilton Park, of a Sunday afternoon, they declared, with a—a woman. Said he wouldn't look their way, and when they hailed him he pretended not to know them. I couldn't quite swallow that yarn. Barney had promised me that he'd come back to his job the minute he got Francis out of jail. Then, considering the girl—no, I don't believe MacLaren's little story for a cent. But the pity of it is, Lika does believe it. And it has clean knocked her out."

"Well, but she doesn't grieve, really," Mrs. Burton broke in. "She never says one word. Swedes are so callous! She does nothing but stumble and blunder around my house all day, then sit in her cottage and embroider all night, making the most wonderful flowers and scrolls on a great piece of handwove linen. You wouldn't think she'd have the *heart* for fancy-work! However, it's marvellous needle-work, though I can't imagine what it's for. But when I asked her if she didn't want to make me some doilies she just smiled and didn't answer. She—oh, yes, Lika, take the tray. Bring some more matches, please."

Lika brought the matches. Her blue eyes shone dark as the sea beneath a beating wind. Her big, strong hands were willing, as always, yet curiously slow—slow as if the pulse of life had fallen to ashes in that fair, vigorous flesh.

"Melpomene, wearied," smiled the connoisseur, and put down his cup. Then the bland amateur retreated before the man of business, prudent, keen. "As our time is so short, Mr. Burton, perhaps Mrs. Burton will permit us to descend to our own base affairs? Your gross output, I understand, has increased a third since you took over the plant. But your running expenses——"

Lika washed her mountain-piles of dishes, and put her kitchen in order, moving slowly, as if in a tired dream. She was hanging up the last tea-towel when there came a rap at the door. She stood, imperially quiet, and looked at the man on the threshold.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lika." MacLaren's broad, handsome, high-colored face flushed more deeply. He jerked off his cap with a flourish. He towered before her, broad-shouldered, superbly built, powerful as one of his own dynamos.

Lika did not speak. She did not lift her eyes.

"Good afternoon, I say. I just dropped in to ask ye to go with me to the Owls' dance to-night. I'll be pleased to be your company."

Lika gave him an awkward courtesy.

"I tank you. I do not wish to go."

"You don't want to go? Come off. You're foolin'. A pretty girl like you to mope always at home!"

Lika looked past him, down at the smoky ranks of factories, the wide river below, a sheet of molten brass under the westering sun.

MacLaren frowned. His manner veered from gallant to bullying.

"Come now. You want to be coaxed, that's all ails you. Come on, and take the shine off the other girls. Right as you are now, kitchen apron and all, you could make 'em sing small. Come along."

Lika's slow mouth framed its difficult reply.

"I tank you. I do not wish to go."

MacLaren's eyes snapped.

"Oho! Guess you're waitin' for Barney Harrigan to come back and ask you. You may's well quit waitin' for Barney, my beauty. He's got him another girl, long ago, and a queen, mind that. Ain't I seen 'em together in St. Louis? Ain't he turned his back on me, the big sneak

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he is, an' wouldn't look my way? Ain't he——"

His jeering voice stopped short. He stared at the girl with blank eyes. She had not moved nor spoken. Her eyes were fixed on the smoke-piled roofs, the wide, quiet stream. A queer chill ran through his big body. A man might as well be a ghost, for all those blue intent eyes saw of him!

"Well, I'll not butt in any longer." He stepped back, with a baffled jauntiness. "Later you may feel different. Good afternoon."

Again Lika dipped her courtesy. Arrogant and gay, MacLaren strode whistling down the street. Lika did not see nor hear.

She locked her kitchen and went away, down the long roundabout hill road, then up the long, rough stone stairs to the cabin on the ledge. The summer wind waved the honey-suckle sprays like fairy censers. Under its green and flowered cloak the little shack was a lodge of Elfland.

Back in the box-kitchen, huddled in her red-plush rocker, sat the little wispy grandmother. The Finnegan baby, a rose-leaf armful, cooed and chuckled in her lap. As Lika came in, the baby squealed with delight, and stretched out imploring fat arms. But the old woman's face darkened wilfully.

"I have had him such a little while," she whined. "And now you will take him away from me!"

"No, no. You shall keep him till the sun goes down," Lika promised gently. She put their two rooms in order, and set out their supper. The old woman smacked her lips over the hot porridge, but she kept a jealous eye on the baby. When Lika picked the little fellow up and started for the door, she dropped her spoon and began to wail. The baby observed her with alarm, then doubled up with a deafening roar.

"You will take him away from me! Always you will take him away!"

"But it is past sundown. His mother is vexed when we keep him so late," Lika pleaded. She stood helpless before this double onslaught. "And the steps are steep, grandmother. If I wait until darkness, I might trip and let him fall. To-morrow you shall have him, all the long day. Ei, dear one, grieve not!" Distressed, she bent and clasped the little piteous sobbing creature tenderly. Then she hurried away. But half-way down the rock stair a shrill whistle from below halted her.

"Hi, Miss Lika!" At the foot stood the eldest Finnegan, megaphoning through two small smudgy hands. "Maw says would youse kindly keep the kid all night? Pa's goin' take us all to the movies. All right. Much obliged!"

Lika went back swiftly, the baby tossed high. The old woman still sat whimpering. But at sight of the baby she screamed, and snatched for him like a child for her doll. Lika went on about her work. Behind her the two voices cooed and murmured, the baby's chuckles answering the old cracked loving whispers in soft antiphony.

At last her tasks were done. A long minute she stood at the window, looking out past the sheer white precipice at the deepening afterglow of river and sky. Then she shook down her mass of pale-gold hair and braided it into a great shining crown. She put on a fresh dress and tied on a clean apron crackling with starch. Then she went to her little trunk and unlocked it, and drew out a bundle wrapped in white cloth.

She sat down on the porch step and unrolled it carefully. It spread across her knees in broad gleaming folds—a great web of old hand-wove linen, bleached white as frost, half-covered with embroidery finer than frostwork; roses, fern-leaves, interlacing wreath on wreath, all white, all mystic white. A strange and sumptuous thing for that poor little house to boast! And there was something almost eerie in its very whiteness, something daunting in the strange grace of those pale flowers, blooming upon their field of snow.

Lika stitched away with flying hands. The frost-flowers grew under her touch like witchery, yet she seldom looked at her work. Back of her, generation on patient generation, the women of her blood had sat in their dim little kitchens through the long dim Northland winters, while the men were away on fishing voyages, and woven their delicate stitches, with never a downward glance. For their eyes were watching, always—out through the narrow windows, out past the gray har-

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bor, past the gray tossing horizon—for a glimpse of home-coming sails. And Lika's skill, like their own, was never skill; instead, an instinct as much a piece of her as the curve of her mouth, the shine of her thick, bright hair.

After a while the grandmother tottered out. She grasped a fold of linen. Her eyes were too dim to see, but her horny fingers had not lost their cunning. Up and down they slid, following every tendril, every leaf. At last she spoke.

"It is too broad for cloth of your bridal gown. It is too narrow for the table of your bridal feast."

Lika's needle sped on.

"It is of the heavy flax, the Danish flax." She hummed to herself an old, old round:

"'White my flax, red my ring, gold the heart of my betrothed——'

"Ah, it is not linen of bridal. It is linen of sepulture. It is thy winding-sheet!"

Lika's needle flew. The old woman's hands slid on, groping. Upon her wrinkled face shone a proud and wistful remembering.

"You will hold it fast, the name of all our women," her little cracked voice rang sweet with praise. "Not one of us but has gone to her grave wrapped in our own linen, stiff with needle-work. *We* do not go shamed and skimped to our graves."

She nodded, gratified. But a shrill cry startled her. Dropping the linen, she shuffled indoors, and caught up the baby again. Happily she settled herself in her rocker, and gathered the little nestling thing close, with soft chirps and croonings.

Soon heavy steps came up the stairs and along the ledge. Lika glanced up absently.

MacLaren was accoutred for conquest. He had given up too easily that afternoon. That was no way to hold a woman. They needed a firm hand. To-night he strode, masterly. No trace of the flushed suppliant here. Spruce and handsome in fine new clothes, his bold head flung high, he marched down the ledge.

"Evening, Lika. Ready an' waitin' for me, eh? That's the girl! We'll be good an' early, for the band has just gone to the hall."

Lika set another stitch.

"Sewin' up the last inch of daylight, hey?" laughed MacLaren. "Quittin' time, now. Come on."

His big hand grasped her arm. Lika looked up.

"I tank you, Mister MacLaren. I do not wish to go."

Something in that consummate unconcern flamed through the man's veins like wild-fire.

"Oh, you don't wish to go. Well, I wish different, see? Put down that sewing-truck, and march. I've taken all the slams I mean to take, young lady. March, now."

Gripping her wrist, he pulled her to her feet. The touch of the velvet-soft flesh, the white, beautiful face so close, swept him past himself. With a muttered word, he bent to seize her. She did not seem to draw back. But, inexplicably, she drifted from his grasp. He might as well have clasped a woman of mist.

"What in—" His grip loosened on her arm. Again he felt that curious ghostly tremor that had shaken him even in the broad daylight. He shrank a step. Then his anger flared. He grasped her shoulders and pushed her back, against the perpendicular cliff wall. Where they stood the ledge narrowed to a bare ten feet, sheer rock above and below. He glowered down into her listless face.

"Got you fast now, miss. Let's have no more foolin'. Give us a kiss and come on with your man."

"I will not. I haf no man now. Go away. Please."

"Not much I won't. See?" He bent over her, breathing quick.

"Ach, begone, I say." Lika spoke mildly as if to a troublesome animal. As his face leaned close, she set both powerful hands against his chest and pushed him away. Perhaps she did not realize her own strength. Perhaps MacLaren's foot turned on a stone. Back he went, two uncertain steps; then, with a gasping scream, he pitched down over the cliff.

Thirty feet down a clump of scrub-oak caught and held him. For some time he lay there, groaning and swearing. At last he dragged himself free, and crawled weakly inch by inch along the face of the bluff, till he reached the rock stairs. Down them he crept, and disappeared in the thickening dusk.

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One glance over the bluff had satisfied Lika that MacLaren was not badly hurt. She hung at the edge, watching, silent. When finally he had limped away, halting to shake his fist up at the ledge, she went back to her work.

The last sunset gleam faded. The river turned from fiery copper to sullen murky gray. She could no longer see the thread. Yet unerringly she set her stitches, one by one.

Suddenly her body stiffened, taut. Her eyes flared wide. She leaned forward, trembling, and stared down. Up the long stairs came a dark shape—a man, hurrying, stumbling, all but spent with exhaustion. Yet he plunged on, his lean tall figure reeling in desperate haste, his black head lifted.

Lika pitched to her feet. The great web fell beside her. Every drop of blood went out of her face. Ashen, swaying, she clung to the door and stared and stared down at the man, now panting up the last steps. He had reached the ledge; he was striding down toward the shack. Now, his hot eyes strained through the dusk, he saw her. And his voice rang out, a cry of utter joy and passion: "Lika! Lika! My girl, my own girl! Lika! Lika! Lika!"

Lika did not stir. White as the drifted linen, she clung against the door. Her blue eyes blazed upon him. Her beautiful face grew hard as steel.

"Lika! Lika!" The man stumbled close, hungry arms outstretched. He was bony and haggard, and blue-lipped with fatigue, but his face was the face of a great eager boy. "Lika, mavourneen! Come to me! You'll not be afraid, my sweet. 'Tis no ghost I am, 'tis just Barney, yer own man. Darlin'! Come!"

Lika's face set like a white mask. She tried to speak. At last the words came, hoarse and broken.

"So. You dare to come back. You dare to speak me beloved. You who mocked me. You who threw me away for another. Ei! Coward!"

The man stood stock-still. He did not even flinch. But his jaw dropped with bewilderment, and his gaunt face grew paler. He laid one big bony hand on her arm.

"'Tis dreamin' ye are, Lika, darlin'," he said tenderly. "You've never forgot yer Barney! 'Tis the long cruel wait has turned yer sweet wits, girl. Look at me. Don't ye know me, heart's treasure? Don't ye know yer own man?"

"Oh, yes, I know. I know who you are." Lika laughed, an ugly laugh. Her eyes lit with a cruel gleam. "You are my Barney. So. You gave me your promise. You put the ring on my finger. You were my man forever. Eh! Then you went away, far. You sent me not one word. You left me to tear myself in little pieces. You left me, and went to another woman. You have laughed with her, you have held her in your arms——"

"You lie!" The boy leaped on her. He clutched her shoulders, shook her fiercely. "You lie! There's niver been no other woman. There niver could be—A—ah!" His furious face grew tender again. "It's the long sorrow has betrayed you, dear love. You've grieved till your blessed soul is sick within you. Lika, girl! Come!"

"No, it is not sorrow that has betrayed me. But you—you! Have they not told me? Did they not see you, two months gone, with her, that stranger? In the great park at St. Louis—ei?" Out rang her shrill, infuriate laugh. "It was a day of great wind, so you would walk close, to shield her, as you have walked close with me. And together you laughed and sang, as you and I laughed and sang, when we have raced together through the great snow and the storm. And at the bridge you stopped and stood together, and looked down at the river——"

"Oh, we did!" The man began to gasp. A flood of red poured over his face. He bent and glared into her eyes. "Oho! A woman, in the park—and we laughed and sang together! And MacLaren, he it was that saw me, and told you? 'Tis strange that I don't ricollect, at all. Yet not so strange, when ye mind that not a woman's face have I seen, nor has my foot stepped the green grass, all these six months I've laid in prison."

"In prison?"

"Yes. In prison. In Hooperstown, West Virginny, if 'twould inthrest ye to know." He drew back, still staring down at her pale, dazed face with savage eyes. "Down to the mines I went, as well ye know, to find me brother Francis, when word came he was hurt an' in trouble. Well, find him I did. Struck down by a

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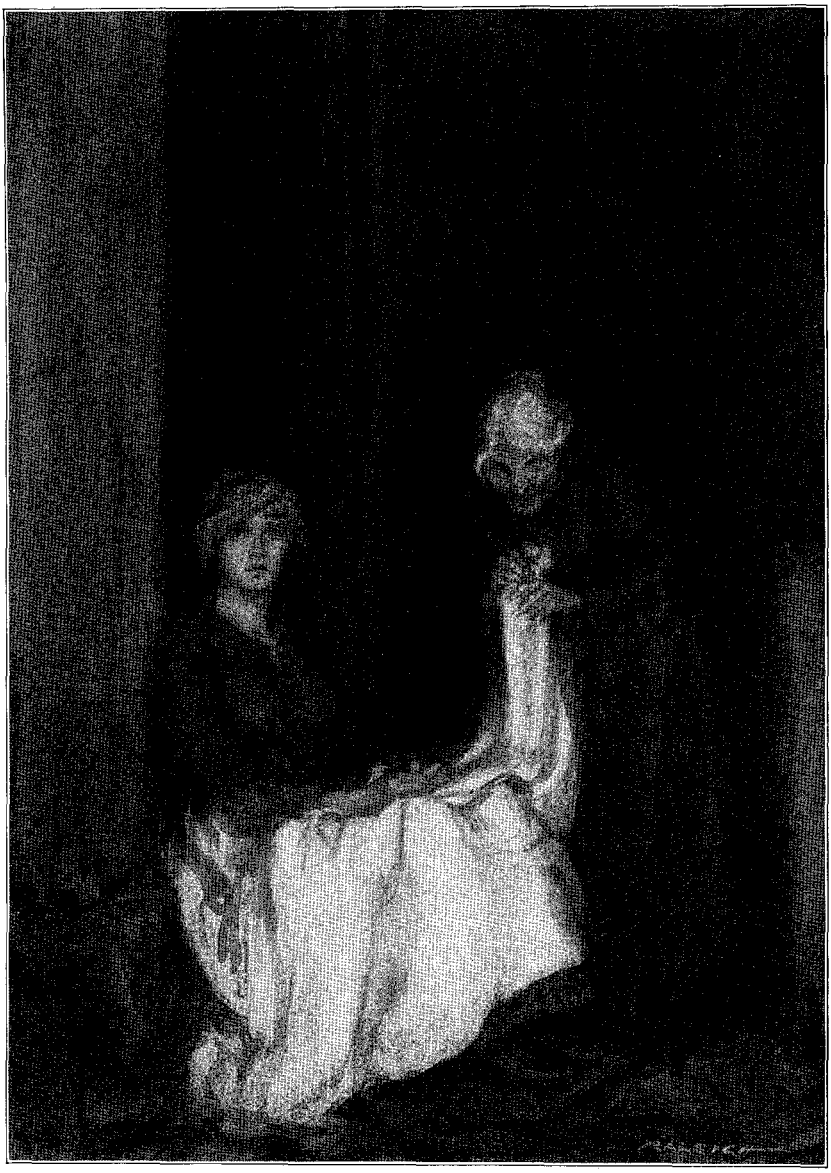

"'White my flax, red my ring, gold the heart of my betrothed——'"—Page 637.

guard's bullet, he was, sick to death, an' penned in that filthy jail, like a mad beast. He was 'most gone when I got there. F'r a wonder they let me in, they let him talk to me—an' he died that night, wid his poor hand clutchin' mine, an' his poor head on me knee. An' next day, at sundown, three of the mines' guard do be comin' to the house where I'd stayed an' arrestin' me f'r disorderly conduct. Disorderly conduct of buryin' me own brother! An' they took me to the stone house, an' locked me in, not ten steps from where Francis had lain an' moaned his life away. Six months ago yisterday it was. I've kept me tally close. An' there I've stayed."

Lika did not stir. She hardly seemed to breathe. Her blue eyes burned darkly on his face, so bleached, so worn with pain.

"Then all these months you have lain

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in prison. You have lain in sorrow. You have gone alone."

"Alone? Oh, no!" His voice veered to high mockery. "'Tis yourself knows better, me girl. Isn't it yourself has telled me how I've laughed and sung an' carried on wid a girl in St. Louis? Me, that lay on me planks night on night, an' fed me starved soul wid thoughts of you?"

"Ah-h!" Lika pushed past him. She stooped and gathered the great web of linen into her arms. It trailed around her in folds as white as pearl. Even in the dusk the great embroidered blossoms were faintly visible.

"Ah, see!" She thrust the cloth into his hands. "All the black winter I slept in terror for you, I woke in pain. And yet I hoped—and hoped. But two months gone they came to me and told me—that they had seen you in the city, with that other. That you would not speak to them, you turned and passed them by. And I was a fool. For I listened. And—I believed. And all the life went from me, and all the wish to live."

"Lika! Lika——"

"Listen. I looked on her," she pointed to the old grandmother, huddled content in the dusk. "I knew that soon she would go. For she is very old, and very tired. And I thought, when she goes I will go too. Then none will need me. So I brought out this linen of my mother's weaving. And I set to work."

"Your mother's weaving? You—What do you mean, girl? Speak out!"

"It is the custom of our people. Can you not see? Do you not understand?"

Puzzled, the man took hold of the great web, and fumbled at the embroidery. Then he cried out, with a scared furious cry. He threw the linen down, with a stamp of loathing. Then he stooped and seized it again. His big hands were wasted and nerveless from fever. But they shut over that flowered mass like clamps of steel. With one snatch he tore the cere-cloth through from hem to hem. He balled the strips and threw them far over the bluff. They saw them fall slowly, fluttering like torn wings, till they dropped from sight on the black river-brim.

"Ach!" breathed Lika. "Gone!"

She took a step toward the man. But he was already stumbling to her. His weary arms locked her close. His sobbing whisper died against her cheek. "Lika! Lika! Beloved! Beloved!"

It was a hushed, white night, full of soft winds and fragrant silences. The full moon lifted a broad ivory disk above the ragged horizon-line. Under that calm mellow radiance, Holliday's rough hills and cluttered hollows lay as beneath a deep and tranquil charm. That pure glory folded squat foundries and rusty dump-cars in the same enchantment that once enfolded Helen's ivory battlements, a certain latticed casement in Verona.

Soon its broadening light struck down upon the ledge and picked out every line of Lika's tiny shack distinct and clear. More than ever frail and tiny it seemed, an hour's lodging for Robin Goodfellow. Yet it hung there, strong enough to hold fast two wild young hearts, fitly spacious to house a world of joy.

Back in the dark little kitchen the old woman sat in her red-plush rocker, the Finnegan baby cuddled to her caved old breast. The rocker was very comfortable; the last kernels of fire were still red in the stove and their warmth was grateful to her old bones. She was humming to herself, a queer little drowsy tune that had wandered away, away, across a land all steep white cliffs and sparkling icy fiords; a tune that her mother's mother had crooned to the silky head on her breast when all Europe crouched and fawned at one spurred heel, when Moscow's blazing domes lit the black night sky. Her shrivelled hands locked in jealous delight over the little sleeping thing in her arms. There was a quaint contentment in her face; the grave assured contentment of a creature that holds fast in its two hands the one sovereign key to joy, the one true talisman.

From the vine-clad stoop there came, from time to time, low voices. Lika, blundering considerably for sheer ecstasy, had managed at length to set food and drink before her man. Now they sat together, Lika on the step above, her beautiful head bent to meet the dark adoring face upturned to her. To-night Lika's eyes were dark calm lakes of blue. Her strong splendid body breathed deep with peace. And her soft whisper answered the passionate whisper at her knee.

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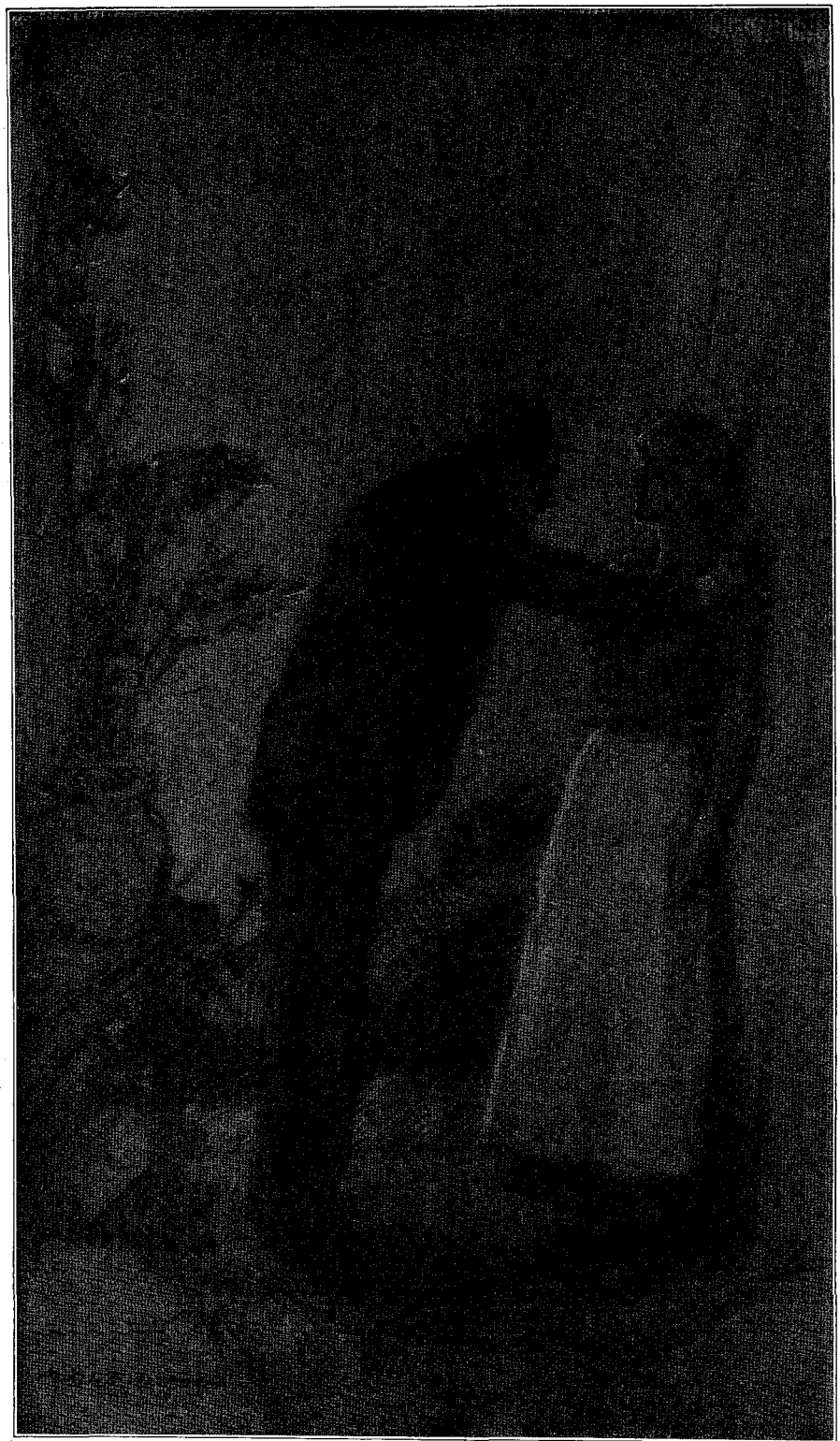

Drawn by Henry Raleigh.

He glowered down into her listless face. "Got you fast now, miss."—Page 637.

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh.

Lika did not stir. White as the drifted linen, she clung against the door.—Page 638.

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"Look at the river, my man, all fretted silver like grandmother's coif of bridal, and the great still sky, and all the little patient stars." Her hands clasped the man's hand, folded it against her warm throat, cradled it close. "Oh, the beautiful world, because it holds you, beloved! Yet it has been as if I walked through burning ashes, through black evil night. And I had only one wish left. To go, to go from it all——"

"Hush!" The man's hoarse whisper silenced her. His covetous arms reached up and drew her down into his clasp. The smell of her wheat-gold hair was in his nostrils, the warmth of her tender mouth against his cheek. "Let it all go, my blessed. 'Tis all gone anyhow, the pain, an' the grief, an' the ugly long distrust. I've got ye in my two arms, mavourneen. I'll never be lettin' ye go again. An' yet—" Suddenly his grasp loosened. His boyish voice shook. "Yet shame on me, to be snatchin' ye, sweet! For I've naught to give ye, Lika. I've no money left at all, I've only me two hands to work f'r ye——"

Lika flung back her head. She laughed aloud, a deep full-throated bubbling peal.

"So ye've no riches to bring me, my man? Nothing but your own self, beloved? Nothing but my whole world. Ach!" Her lovely face bent close above his own; her lips touched his forehead. Her voice poured out, a deep, sweet mother-note, the tenderest Northland word of love. "Ach, so foolish are you, heart's treasure, my own little child!"

Above the bluffs, on the broad bare new avenue, the moon shone clear upon the Burton's ornate bungalow. Its light softened even those gingerbread splendors to gracious harmony. Burnt turf and sickly shrubs were veiled in gentle shadow; even the spindling geraniums were mercifully hid from sight. But all that necromancy could not transform the outlook for Mrs. Burton's eyes. She still tingled with the grievances of the day. Its trials put the capsheaf on a prodigiously looming pile of grievance.

"If only I had a fair chance, John, I could entertain your guests properly. But in this unspeakable town, and in this house! I *know* I have a social gift. I could have made Mr. Channing's luncheon a memorable affair, if I'd had the right china and silver, and somebody else besides that great lump of a girl to serve. But you really can't *expect*——"

Mr. Burton smoked on stolidly. Perhaps it occurred to him that, had her talent been of such transcendent essence, she'd have made that luncheon memorable without stage-properties. Instead, he took her reproaches in silence. He was used to taking things in silence.

"It does seem sometimes as if I couldn't *endure* this place another minute!" Mrs. Burton's monologue was tending ominously toward tears. "I'm so *utterly* sick and tired of my life here. 'Holliday'! The irony of it! Not a holiday thought in all this hideous town, not a breath of music, not a gleam of romance! I do think you might let me go back to New Rochelle and have a little real life for once. Anything to get away from Holliday. Hateful place, it's just what I've always called it, it's prose. Raw prose!"

"Well—if you want a trip home so badly, I dare say—I'll try to let you have the money somehow." At last Mr. Burton broke his silence. His voice was rather flat. He bent and rapped his pipe on the veranda rail. "I suppose you'll have to have a couple of hundred as a starter. It doesn't come very easy just now." He halted. His mouth worked in a soundless computation. He'd be put to it, all right, to let her have even two hundred just at this time, for he was running mighty close to the wind. He had put up everything but his life-insurance to meet last month's pay-roll, and he had a note coming due at the bank Saturday. And Mr. Channing had been heart-sickeningly vague as to further investment. However, if Hattie wanted it, she'd have to have it, that was all.

"Guess I'll manage somehow." His big, loose-jointed body sagged back in the chair. He drew a stealthy breath, and looked at his wife through the airy haze of moonlight—her dainty petulant attitude; her exquisite gown; her pretty petulant, discontented small face. His own face took on a curious look, a little wistful, a little grim. "I reckon you're about right, Hattie. Seems like nowadays life's mostly prose. Raw prose."

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WHEN THE PRINCE CAME HOME

By George T. Marsh

Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover

THE door of the trade-house at Rupert was thrown open, admitting a blast of biting air and a flurry of powdery snow, followed by the rugged figure of Bruce Cristy, son of the factor.

"The Queen of Sheba's pups have come, father," he cried, "and Michel says they're the likeliest-looking litter he's ever seen at Rupert House."

The factor, grinning with pleasure, reached for his foxskin cap. "We'll have a look at 'em. It's time we had some good dogs at Rupert."

Now the Queen, an Ungava-bred husky, bought when a puppy from a Whale River Eskimo, was far and away the best sled-dog at the post, and the pride of the big Scotchman. Massive of bone and frame, with the stamina of a caribou, she had won, as a yearling, a place in the traces of the Hudson's Bay Company's winter packet that took the mail north up the east coast. Therefore, it was with high hope that Cristy floundered over the narrow dog-trail in the deep snow to an unoccupied shack behind the trade-house.

In the open door of the building stood two of the shaggy veterans of the mail-teams, peering curiously with wolfish eyes into the interior, while from a deep throat within a low, menacing rumble, like the muffled threats of a September northwester gathering on James Bay, held them at the threshold. For there was not a slant-eyed husky at Rupert House that had not felt the white fangs of the Queen, who long since had asserted her sovereignty by right of the power that lay in the lunge and slash of her punishing jaws.

As the factor and his son entered the shack, the growl changed to a whine of recognition from the great dog, who lay on some old sacking in the corner, with six blind, whimpering balls of fur.

"Well, Queenie, old girl, you've sure done yourself proud," chuckled the delighted Cristy, patting the head that sought his hand. "Let's have a look at the family."

One after another he picked up the squealing puppies, his practised fingers sensing the bone and build of each as if he were fit already for the collar and traces of the winter trails.

"Hello! Here's one that's the picture of the old lady herself," he continued, lifting a squirming puppy for inspection.

"Look! He's got the same white star on his chest, and the four white socks," cried Bruce.

"Yes, and in bone and build he's the best of the lot," added his father. "I guess we'll name him Prince right here, for he's got the right to the title. Some day he'll lead the winter packet a day ahead of time into Whale River, and Mackay'll have to find a new joke. We'll have some sled-dogs worth their whitefish at Rupert yet, lad."

That year the spring came early to Rupert Land. The melting snow of April brought to the huskies a swift release from the winter's thraldom to collar and traces, and snow-shoes were discarded by the little colony for the slush-proof seal-skin boot. Then the ice began to boom and churn and grind day after day past the post to the salt bay. The great river, swollen by the floods from far Mistassini, crept foot by foot up the high shores until it seethed and hissed almost at the level from which, for two centuries, the brave little fort had hurled a mute defiance at the sullen north. Bound for the marshes of the west coast, long lines of gray geese, led by veteran couriers of the air, crossed like caravans the blue desert of the sky. White hosts of wavies, their snowy wings flapping in the sun's rays like huge banners, passed high overhead to their nesting-places in nameless arctic islands. In the

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wake of the gray and the white squadrons came the little brothers of the air, duck and yellow-legs, warbler and thrush. And soon, from the neighboring forest, piped the heralds of soft days in Rupert Land.

With the waxing of the spring the sons and daughters of the Queen grew into hulking, leggy puppies, always in the way of every one, including themselves. But reckless indeed of the safety of his throat would have been the half-breed who kicked them from his path while the restless, narrow eyes of the Queen kept vigilant watch. And it was not long before the puppy with the white socks and star-emblazoned chest began to realize the promise of his earliest youth. Soon his fiercer spirit, aided by the might of his sturdier build, brought his kinsmen into subjection, and he became the acknowledged leader in every puppy plot and misadventure about the trade-house and factor's quarters.

It was the Prince who was found under the trade-house endeavoring to bolt Cristy's best pair of sealskin boots. It was the Prince who, unobserved, gnawed into a bag of flour, and on appearing before his family, an apparition in white, was set upon fiercely by his kinsmen in a body, who failed to recognize him in his new rôle of purity. Not until he had administered to them a sound drubbing, in the course of which activity he lost his disguise, was he readmitted to membership in the family circle. Again, it was the Prince who, at the tender age of three months, demonstrated to the half-wild tom-cat of the Cristys that a husky pup with a star on his chest and the teeth of an otter was not to be cuffed with impunity. Thereafter, Lynx curled a tail somewhat shorter than he formerly wore, and affected a decided hitch in his gait.

But though the Prince soon acquired a reputation for a peppery temper and the love of a brawl, Bruce Cristy early discovered that he, alone, of the children of the Queen, not even momentarily could be lured from the side of his master by coaxing or bribery. Early he acquired the trick of rushing full-tilt at Bruce, in his lumbering puppy gait, yelping as he ran, only, on reaching him, to seize a hand in his open jaws, and, raising his slant eyes, to wait with fiercely wagging tail for the other hand to grasp his nose and roll him on his wriggling back.

So the northern summer passed, and with the first bite in the air came the gray and the white squadrons from the north to feed on the succulent goose-grass of the south coast marshes. Under Bruce the Company Indians manned the goose-boats and left for the annual hunt on Hannah Bay for the winter's supply. With the exception of Cristy and some of the older post Crees, Rupert House was devoid of men.

It was a soft, lazy afternoon at the end of September—weather which always precedes the cold storm that ushers in the Indian summer on the bay. A week of the latter and the stinging winds would sweep down from the north, bringing the brant and the first flurry of snow. The dogs of the factor's mail-teams were sprawled around the trade-house, asleep in the sun. But sleep this golden afternoon was not for the offspring of the Queen. Vainly, under the lead of the Prince, master of sports, they had romped from trade-house to river shore, and back to the spruce forest in the rear, in search of adventure. They had pawed and pulled at the inert anatomy of the Queen, only to be met with dire threats of chastisement in the form of low growls and lazy exposure of white canines as her head fell again in sleep. At last, in desperation, the hulking Prince picked up a bleached caribou shin-bone, and shaking it as he would a rabbit, challenged his comrades to take it.

With yelps of delight the pursuit began. Pell-mell around the trade-house went the pack at the heels of the big puppy. Back again they came, scrambling over each other in wild confusion as they slid down the steep river bank in full cry. Then up again and over to the forest raced the squealing huskies, hard in pursuit of one too fleet to be overtaken. Soon, out of the forest galloped the Prince, and headed for the trade-house. Arriving there, he stopped and allowed his nearest pursuers to come almost within reach, then, shaking his bone in their faces, he fled up the river shore toward the mission and the cabins of the post Indians a few hundred yards off.

The puppy had not covered half the distance when from the grass back of the

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mission-house rose a big white husky, opening his red mouth in a wide yawn as he stretched. For a moment he surveyed the authors of the bedlam which had wakened him; then, with ears erect and hair on neck bristling, began to walk slowly through the long grass toward the oncoming puppies. Farther away, near the Indian shacks, other huskies rose, shook themselves, and turned in quest of the cause of this ruthless interference with their slumbers.

When the Prince and his pursuers had covered half the distance to the mission-house, the white sentinel watching them threw back his head and roused the post with the long-drawn call to arms of the half-wild descendants of the timber-wolves.

The challenge of the white husky stopped the romping puppies in their tracks. Young as they were, they already knew the meaning of the slogan. Sensing the peril into which their heedless crossing of the post dead-line had placed them, they turned and fled for the safety of the trade-house. At the same time the Prince, far in front of his pursuing comrades, stopped, dropped his bone, and, with ears pricked and hair on neck and back stiffly erect, stood for an instant watching the white husky, who, as he trotted toward him, repeated the long howl of battle.

Immediately from the Indian shacks came the answer of the supporting columns. Then realizing the fate in store for a half-grown husky from the factor's quarters, caught alone near the mission-house, he lifted his head with a yelp of defiance and turned back. But the delay due to this momentary act of bravado cost him dear. As they raced, the white dog, followed at a distance by his comrades, gained on the puppy at every bound. Now he crossed the frontier, but the trade-house still lay two hundred yards away. On came the big husky, yelping as he ran, until hardly a hundred feet separated them. Then, aware of the hopelessness of his attempt to escape, the puppy gave poignant proof of the blood royal that raced in his veins. Suddenly swerving, he checked himself, and, crouching with head lowered and feet braced widely apart, the fighting rage of a hundred wolfish forebears blazing in his narrow eyes, he awaited the rush of the white husky with a snarl.

The big dog, surprised at being met jaw-to-jaw by his quarry, whom he anticipated pulling down from behind, and unable to stop himself, leaped as he reached the puppy, while the Prince, springing forward at the same instant, slashed with his sharp teeth a deep gash in the white body as it passed over him. Gathering himself like a flash, the big dog turned and jumped back, sinking his long fangs into the shoulder of the infuriated son of the Queen. But no yelp of fear or pain left the throat of the puppy as he closed in what would have been a death-grapple with his heavier and more skilful adversary, had not, at the instant that the white husky's superior weight bore him down, a gray streak shot through the air from behind, and a great slate-gray body catapulted into the white one, rolling it over and over, while punishing fangs slashed again and again into the white shoulders and chest, seeking the throat. Then, over the three, like tides on a reef, the yelping pack from the Cree cabins and the sled-dogs of the mail-teams, hurrying to support the Queen, met. Instantly there arose over Rupert House the wild din of two-score huskies, mad with the lust for blood, battling to the death.

Leaving the white husky gasping out his life through a ripped throat, the Queen, infuriated with the sight of the blood of her own body welling from the wounds of her puppy, stood over him, fighting like a demon. Lunging, slashing right and left with her knifelike fangs, she battled with her comrades against overwhelming odds, for the life of her son. But, though the dogs of the mail-teams were far outnumbered, they were picked animals, chosen for strength and endurance, veterans of a score of similar frays, and fighting together, as is their custom, they were more than holding their own, when the big factor, striking right and left with an axe-helve in each hand, sprang into the middle of the yelping, blood-smeared riot of enraged huskies. Yet not until reinforced by the Crees left at the post, and after a merciless use of the club, did Cristy finally separate the maddened brutes and stop the fight. Snarling their smothered rage as they limped, at times stopping to lick

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Prince, springing forward at the same instant, slashed with his sharp teeth a deep gash in the white body as it passed over him.—Page 646.

their wounds, slowly the dogs of the Crees were driven to their quarters. And behind them in the grass they left the stiffening bodies of five of their number that never again would mingle in fur-post brawl.

The battle over, Cristy turned anxiously to the Queen, who lay, oblivious to her own wounds, beside the limp body of her son, washing with her healing tongue the ugly slashes in chest and shoulder.

"How did this thing start, Antoine? I wouldn't lose this puppy for a dozen black-fox skins," he asked his half-breed clerk as he carried the torn body of the Prince to the trade-house.

"First tam I hear de husky shout, I look and I see de white dog chase de Prince pup. De oders run, but de pup he stop and mak' fight. Den de Queen, she travel lak timber-wolf for de white husky.

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Dat Prince, he ver' cross for a pup. I tink he mak' some beeg fight w'en he grow up; pull de sled lak bull-moose."

"So it was the Queen who killed the white husky?"

"Ah-hah! She keel heem lak he was snow-shoe rabbit."

When they had washed and dressed the wounds of the Prince, they placed him on the sacking in the shack where he had come into the world. There the Queen, hurt but superficially, kept guard night and day. Then the goose-boats returned from the Bay with their feathered freight of gray geese, wavy, and brant.

On hearing the news, Bruce hurried to his hurt puppy. In the doorway of the shack stood the Queen, who put her great paws on his chest in an endeavor to lick his face; then led him to the sacking in the corner of the room. At the sound of Bruce's voice, the fevered puppy raised his head with a feeble yelp, struggling to get to his feet, but his bandaged chest and shoulders held him helpless, so he lay with wrinkling nose extended toward his master, his bushy tail beating the floor.

The stalwart young Scot, with more than a suspicion of mist in his eyes, kneeling, pressed his bronzed face against that of the overjoyed puppy.

"So they chewed up my Prince pup, did they?" he whispered into a pointed ear. "Well, they got what they deserved. He fought the white husky with the red eyes, didn't he? Yes, he did. Another year and they won't bother this pup much, I guess not."

Under the careful nursing of Bruce the wounds of the Prince soon healed, but the November snows had whitened the wastes of Rupert Land before he had regained his strength, and the winter was far advanced when his chest could bear the pull and drag of his first collar and harness.

With June returned the red fur-hunters from the upper Rupert and Nottaway river country to trade at the post. Tepees now dotted the cleared ground, while bark canoes like mushrooms covered the shore; and the buoys of nets set for the whitefish that came in with the flood-tide, floated in lines on the river's surface. Rupert House had suddenly wakened with life and color. By day the swarthy children of the forest traded their winter's hunt of fur for the supplies of the Great Company, or lounged around the trade-house, smoking and exchanging the gossip of the north. At twilight the laughter of women and the voices of children at play filled the air, for the dread moons of the long snow, with their cold and famine, were passed and the days of plenty at hand.

One evening two French half-breeds, lean from privation, with clothes and moccasins worn to ribbons, turned a shattered Peterborough canoe into the post. The strangers said that in the previous summer they had crossed the Height of Land from the Lake St. John country, by way of the Roberval River and the Sinking Lakes, on the Labrador border, where they had trapped their furs. It was the most valuable winter's hunt that two men had brought to the post in the memory of the oldest Indian, and the suspicions of Cristy were aroused.

Part of their furs the breeds traded for a canoe, provisions, and ammunition, but refused to barter the foxskins. This convinced the factor that they intended to return to Lake St. John, where the free traders would pay them cash.

One morning Rupert House waked to find the strangers gone. That night when Bruce fed the sled-dogs, the Prince was missing. Then he knew that the husky had been taken from Rupert in the canoe of the half-breeds.

Quickly the post was aroused. Gathering his best voyageurs in the trade-room, Cristy addressed them in Cree.

"The last sleep the strangers from the south left Rupert House. With them they took the light of my eyes. And the heart of my son is sad. They journeyed far to trade their furs at the Big Water. This they did because they feared the heavy hands of the fathers at Ottawa, for they have broken the law. To-night a canoe takes the river trail to Mistassini, another follows the coast to Moose, and a third journeys up the Big Water to East Main Fort, to bring back these men and the dog, which I prize. There is much flour and tea for the canoe that brings back the dog, and the Company debt of the crew shall be forgotten."

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The voyageurs launched the canoes, with supplies for the pursuit, and disappeared in the dusk.

Far into the night the factor and his son sat speculating as to how the thieves had managed to overpower the great puppy and spirit him away without arousing the camp; while at intervals, outside, where the dogs slept in the grass, the deep throat of the Queen voiced her grief at the absence of her son, in a long, mournful howl.

Early in August a packet from Moose Factory, with government despatches from Ottawa, told the story. The posts on the east coast were ordered to arrest two French half-breeds, accused of the murder, on the upper Roberval, of a Montagnais, and the wounding of several others, in a successful attempt to

The voyageurs launched the canoes, with supplies for the pursuit, and disappeared in the dusk.

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rob a party of trappers of their winter's hunt.

Then the fur brigade arrived from Mistassini, and with it Michel and his tattered voyageurs. They had searched the length of the Rupert and the Marten Lakes trail to the south, but only once had found signs of the dog and the fleeing thieves. The factor at Mistassini wrote that he was crippled with rheumatism, and asked for an assistant.

"Well, here's where you get your chance to see some of the Height of Land country," said his father, handing Bruce the letter.

Three days later Bruce Cristy bade his family good-by, and started with the returning fur brigade for the great lake in whose half-mythical waters the white man's paddle has seldom dipped. Stepping into a birch-bark manned by four Crees, he placed his Winchester in its skin case at his feet, and turned grimly to his father, who stood on the shore.

"If they are hunting in the Mistassini country this winter and we don't get them, it won't be because I have hugged the fire at the post; and if I'm ever within rifle-shot and don't burn some powder, it won't be because I've forgotten my dog."

"Good-by, lad! Take care of yourself! We'll see you in the summer," called his father as the stalwart youth seized his paddle and gave the signal to start.

The five blades, driven by the toil-hardened backs and shoulders of the crew, churned the water in the wake of the brigade, and the long craft, followed by cries of "Bo'-jo'! Bo'-jo'!" from the little group of Crees on the shore, shot forward on its three-hundred-mile journey.

On arriving at Mistassini in September, Bruce found the factor Craig unable to walk, so he took active charge of the post. While most of the Crees were as yet in their summer camps on the lakes, curing fish for the winter, he sent canoes warning them to keep a sharp lookout for the renegades from Lake St. John, and promised a reward for the dog. But the couriers returned with no news of the Prince.

In October the stinging winds brought the snow to the lonely post far on the Height of Land, and the thoroughfares began to close with the early ice. Then for a month the little settlement was marooned in the snow-swept solitudes, while the ice was making on the wide lakes and swift rivers, strong enough for men and dog-teams to travel. With the coming of the freezing November moon Bruce Cristy left the post with two dog-teams for the Sinking Lakes. Christmas found him still in the forests of the Labrador border, travelling from camp to camp of the Cree and Montagnais trappers who traded at Mistassini, searching for news of two half-breed strangers, and a big husky with star-emblazoned chest. Finally, disheartened after two months' fruitless wandering, he turned back on the Mistassini trail.

It was a bitter January day on the wind-harried level of the great lake, with the air filled with powdery snow that cut the faces of the men like whip-lashes. Gradually the travelled trail, ice-hardened at Christmas by the friction of many feet and runners, filled with drift, and the brisk trot of the dogs slowed to a walk as the light waned and the early dusk crept out from the deeply shadowed spruce shores. Jean, the French Cree driver at the gee-pole of the slowly moving sled, was searching the neighboring forest for a place to camp, while behind him walked Cristy, occupied with his thoughts.

Suddenly the lead dog yelped, starting the team forward on a trot. Looking up, Bruce saw a dog-team far ahead on the trail.

"It must be our boys," he said. "Stir up those huskies, Jean. Peter may have some news."

The driver cracked his whip at the leader's ears, and the pursuit began. From the first they gained rapidly. Soon hardly a mile separated the teams. Then catching a side view where the trail turned at right angles to round a point of the shore, Cristy's heart leaped, for the sled ahead, on which the driver rode, was drawn by a lone husky.

Bruce gripped the arm of the Cree. "There's only one dog on that sled, Jean! Come on!" Springing in front of the team, he ran up the trail.

At Cristy's approach the huddled figure on the sled gave no sign. At intervals an arm rose and fell, lashing the dog forward to the unequal task. Hardly a rifle-shot separated them when the exhausted dog,

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"Good old Prince! Don't you remember me, boy?"

after repeated attempts to drag the sled through a drift, lay down on the trail. Again the whip rose and fell, rose and fell, but the husky did not move. Slowly the driver got up from the sled, and reeling forward struck the dog savagely on the head with the butt of the whip, then, carried off his balance by the blow, fell headlong to the snow at the dog's side. Like a flash the husky turned, and before the man could regain his feet lunged at his throat, forcing him, struggling, backward upon the trail. Once, twice, three times the fangs of the maddened brute tore at the throat of the helpless driver. Then, while the infuriated beast still worried the crumpled figure in the snow, Bruce reached them.

The gaunt husky, baring his white fangs with a snarl, turned from the lifeless body. Raising his massive head, across which, from nose to ears, ran great welts left by the dog-whip, he glared with narrow, blood-shot eyes at the new enemy. And on the shaggy chest the frozen ooze from a harness-sore stained with a crimson smear a large white star.

"Prince! Prince! Don't you know me, boy?" cried his master, dropping his fur mittens, and reaching out with palms upward toward the angered dog, whose blood was still hot with the rage of battle.

The husky, expecting a blow from a dog-whip, and receiving no attack, stood for an instant confused. But the approach of the yelping team again aroused his fighting blood, and he faced around in his traces to defend himself, hair on back bristling.

"Good old Prince! Don't you remember me, boy? Don't you remember the Queen, the Queen. your old mother, Prince?"

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Gradually, as Bruce repeated the words once so familiar to the wanderer, the bared fangs were covered. The pointed ears of the husky laid back against the skull, slowly righted themselves as the soothing tones of the voice he once loved stirred the ghosts of vague memories of other days, blurred by months of cruelty and starvation.

As his lost master continued to talk, the dog thrust forward his bruised muzzle and, with ears pricked, sniffed at Bruce's hand.

"Good old Prince! We've found him at last!" Bruce continued, his fingers now touching the extended nose of the puzzled dog. Then with a long whiff memory returned, and the husky recognized the beloved hand of his master of the happy days.

With a yelp, the starved Prince, fore feet uplifted, threw himself at Bruce. A pair of strong arms circled the shaggy neck, and a wind-burnt face sought the scarred head, while into a furry ear, amid whines of delight, were poured the things a man says only to his dog.

A slash of the knife freed the Prince from the harness. Kneeling on his snow-shoes, Cristy ran his fingers over the lumps and bruises on the great emaciated body that told the story of long months of slavery under brutal masters. Finding no broken bones, he turned to the dead man in the snow who had paid so dearly for every welt. For a moment, as Bruce gazed at the face, distorted in death, with glazed, sunken eyes staring sightless into the bitter night, pity held him; until the touch of a battered nose seeking his hand again hardened his heart.

"When their grub gave out," said Bruce, "I suppose he knifed the other one and started for the post."

They buried the murderer in the deep snow of the shore and left him to the tender mercies of his kind, the furred assassins of the forest. Then they made camp and fed the famished dog.

When the Prince had regained his strength, back at the post, Bruce decided not to wait until the thoroughfares cleared for canoe travel in May, but to leave for home on the first crust.

So one March afternoon found the Prince leading the dog-team slowly over the lump ice marking the long stretch of the Kettle Rapids, far down the Rupert River. Whirlpools, shoots, and cross-currents, defying the inexorable cold long after the swift river closes elsewhere, keep the Rupert House trail broken here until January. Then, succumbing to the fierce temperature of the midwinter nights, the rapids freeze throughout their length in irregular mounds and ridges.

For an hour they had been hugging the shore, avoiding the treacherous footing of midstream. At last, on turning a bend, the white shell of the Rupert again stretched level before them.

With a cheery "Marche, Prince!" Cristy broke into the snow-shoe swing, half-walk, half-trot, which eats up the miles as does no gait on bare ground. In answer to the command, the willing leader started the team at a fast trot. Out into mid-river, where the going was good on the hard crust, swung Cristy, followed by his dogs. Then, as they left the foot of the rapids, without warning the ice sank under them, plunging driver and yelping dogs into the water.

With a few powerful strokes Cristy fought his way to the sound ice. Behind him, the Prince and the second dog struggled desperately against the drag of the sinking sled, holding the rear dogs under. Supporting himself with one arm, Bruce called to the panting husky, straining every nerve to reach his master. "Come on, Prince! Come on, Prince!" he cried, working desperately with numbed fingers to get at his knife. Then the swift current carried sled and helpless huskies downstream under the struggling Prince, momentarily easing the strain on the traces which bound him to them, and he reached and got his fore feet on the ice at his master's side. At the same instant Cristy freed his knife from its sheath. And as sled and drowning dogs were sucked under the ice, and the nails of the Prince's clinging fore feet slipped slowly toward the edge, while the doomed dog voiced his despair in a smothered whine, the traces were slashed.

Freed from the deadly weight, with a heave of his shoulders the husky raised himself half out of water, when the body of his master at his side furnished a foothold for a hind leg, and the dog was out.

Stiffening under the paralyzing chill and hampered by skin capote and snow-shoes,

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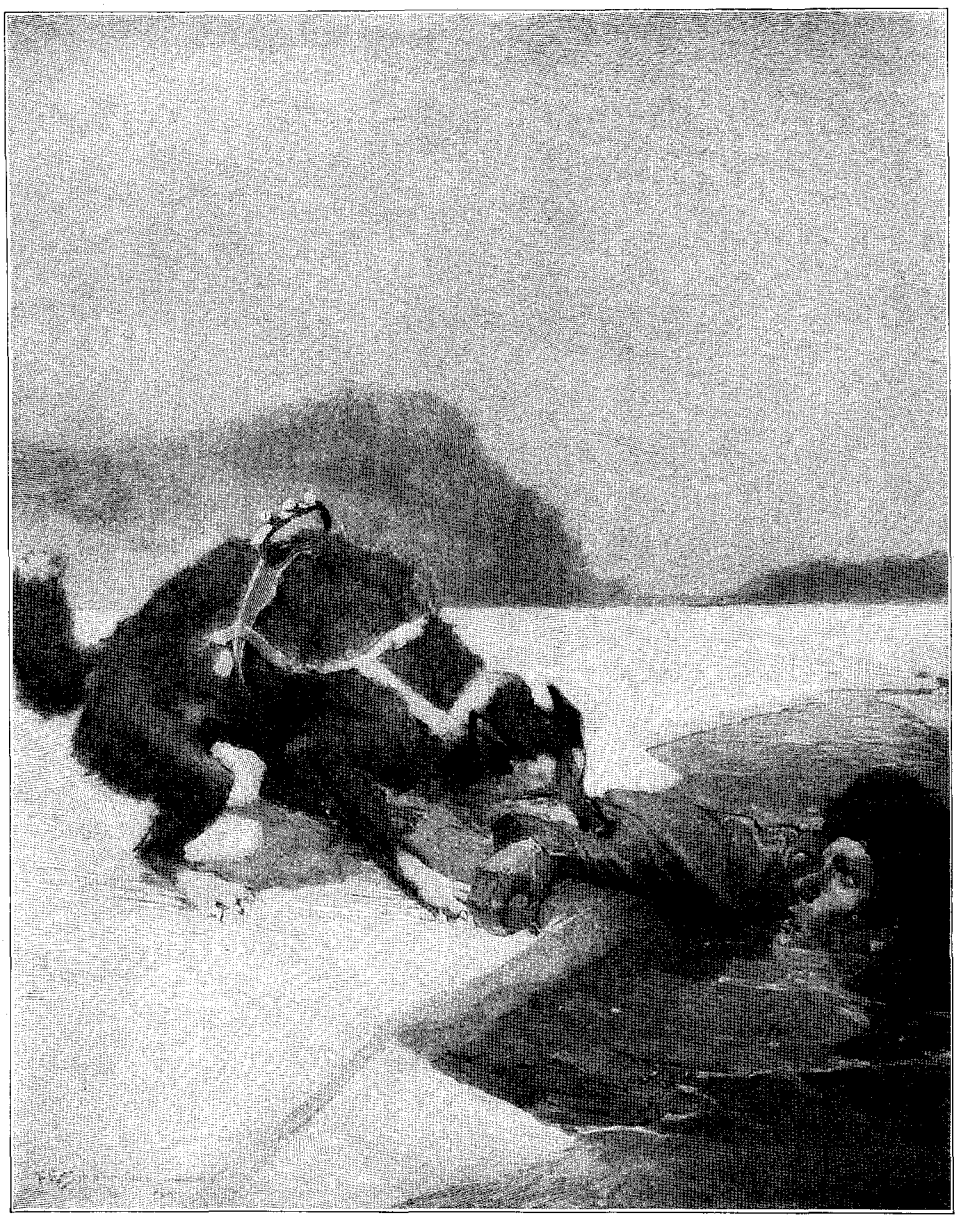

The thick back of the great husky bowed slowly into an arc, and the freezing man was dragged to safety.

Cristy was weakening rapidly, when the Prince, sensing his master's peril, braced himself at the slippery edge of the firm ice and seized an arm in his strong teeth. Then as he strained for a foothold, with fore legs planted wide apart and nails biting deep into the treacherous surface, the thick back of the great husky bowed slowly into an arc, and the freezing man was dragged to safety.

The dazed Cristy got to his feet and staggered to the shore, where he stood for a while staring helplessly at the grave of his faithful huskies. At length he turned to the dog at his side, who held in his half-open jaws his master's unmittened

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On came the strange pair, stricken voyageur and faithful dog.—Page 656.

hand, begging with beating tail for recognition.

Silently the man knelt and, seizing in his arms the shaggy neck, crushed his face against the great head.

"We're square now, boy. I won't forget and you won't forget," he said hoarsely, as the happy Prince sat motionless. "But we're a hundred miles from home, boy, and not an ounce of grub, or a blanket, and the wind's risin', and it'll go twenty below before daylight. It's travel day and night for us if we ever see Rupert again, and there'll be no whitefish and tea and bannocks on the way."

For answer, a cold nose and a hot red

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tongue sought the man's face, while the shivering Cristy threw off his ice-caked capote and squeezed the water as best he could from his freezing clothes.

Then man and dog, side by side, started down the desolate river guarded by the pitiless hills, in the race against cold and starvation. Somewhere below, he knew there was an old Company cache. The bitter wind, drawing up-stream between the ridges, was strengthening. No man might face its stinging drive that night and save his face and hands. Already the blood was leaving his fingers in the frozen mittens. So he hurried to make the cache before the dusk.

White mile after mile the man and dog left behind them, but no sign of the cache. Cristy wondered if he had passed it, buried in the snow. It had been there in the fall, not far below the Kettle Rapids, and he must find it soon. He was travelling head down to avoid the sting of the wind, but his fingers might go at any time, and he thought of what that would mean.

Finally, he decided to plunge into the first timbered hollow and make camp. What a mockery that would be for man and dog—without food! Still, a roaring fire would help. But without an axe? Unless he found down timber, he couldn't hope for much of a fire without an axe, and the night would be bitter. The heart of the half-frozen youth sank. He thought of the family at Rupert that would not know his fate until the spring canoe from Mistassini reached the post with the news that he had left the lake in March. Or possibly the sled with the dogs would be washed ashore and found by the Nemiskau Crees on their way to the spring trade. So he mused as his snow-shoes crunched the brittle crust.

Then he pulled himself together. Men had travelled in the north farther without food, and in midwinter, too, when the wind was worse, and the nights forty and fifty below. Out of the wind it wouldn't be so bad. A thaw was due any time, and the wind never blows long in March in the north. But they must get into the first thick spruce soon, or— Then, half buried in the snow on the shore, he saw the cache.

"Come on, boy!" he cried, and shortly was shovelling an entrance through the low door. Inside, some snow had drifted through chinks in the walls, but the roof was wind-proofed by the crust; and his spirits rose, for there at the end of the shack stood a rusty tent stove.

When he had gathered birch-bark and dry spruce sticks, his stiffened fingers fumbled for his match-box. With an exclamation of fear he swiftly searched each of his pockets. As he did, the lean face went pale under the weather-tanned skin. Turning to the dog, he cried:

"The matches went down with the sled, boy! We're done for! We'll never see Rupert now!"

As a last resort, he carefully explored the shack, but it had been unused for years, and he found no matches, but stumbled upon what the wood-mice had left of an old Company blanket. Again he searched the room for that which meant warmth and life, but in vain.

Then the desperate youth set to work banking in the walls of the cache with snow to make it wind-proof. This accomplished, he sealed the low doorway and prepared to fight through the bitter hours for his life. His woollen clothes, thanks to the severe exercise, were partially dry; so were the socks he wore next his feet. The outer ones he took off, kneaded until they were soft, wrung out what moisture he could, and put on again.

Scraping and pounding the ice from the heavy coat of the Prince, who, owing to the thick under-fur of soft hair and the hardihood of his breed, was immune to cold, Cristy made the dog lie down, and wrapping the blanket around them, clasped the great beast closely to his own. Through the bitter hours the warmth of the dog's body alone kept the heart of his master beating and the blood moving in his feet and hands.

At last the blue March dawn broke over the cache on the Rupert, and with it the wind fell. Later the rising sun overtook on the river trail a traveller with a ragged blanket slung on his back, and a slate-gray husky. Once the dog ran ahead, and turning, rushed yelping back to take in his jaws a mittened hand, and march, swishing a bushy tail, beside the man as if urging him to a faster pace. But the traveller, with head down and haggard eyes, swung stiffly on at the same stride,

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for Rupert House lay ninety white miles away, and one who starves must save his strength.

Three days later old Michel opened the door of the trade-house at Rupert, stepped into the caribou thongs of his snow-shoes, and shuffled up the high river shore toward his cabin. At last the winter was breaking. The strong March sun, reflected from the sparkling white level of river and bay, fairly blinded the eyes. The tough old breed had not deigned to slip on the rabbit-skin mitts that hung from his neck by a cord, and in the sun his cap of cross-fox with its bushy tail dangling jauntily behind seemed too warm. Yet lately the nights had been bitter, with much wind. In a week, perhaps, the snow would melt a little each day at noon, to freeze hard again at sunset. Then in a few sleeps would come the big March thaw, and the trails would close for a moon. So he mused as his snow-shoes lazily creaked on the crust.

Suddenly the tall figure stopped in its tracks, a lean hand shading the keen eyes.

"Ah-hah!"

The exclamation was followed by a long silence as he stood, motionless, gazing up the river.

"Cree comin'!" he muttered after a time, and shortly added, "De rabbit, he give out in hees countree for sure."

With narrowed eyes still shaded, the watcher followed the moving spots on the snow far up the river trail.

"Ver' strange ting!" he finally said aloud. "He travel all over de riviere lak' he seek wid 'mal de tête.'" The old man slowly shook his head. "De husky, why he jump de trail? Ver' strange ting!"

Presently the approaching objects on the wide river further enlightened the keen eyes.

"Ah-hah!" This time with more vehemence, for the black spots were beginning to assume shape. "Dere ees no sled. De Cree starve out for sure."

Nearer came the one seeking the succor of Rupert House from the pitiless north. Then the old man expelled his breath with a long "Hah!" The mystery of the uncertain course of the stranger was solved.

"Snow-blind!" he said, and turned back to the trade-house, to reappear with the factor and two Company men.

"A snow-blind Cree, with a lone husky, you say, Michel?" inquired Cristy, his eyes following the pointing finger.

"Snow-blind, right enough, and starved, poor devil! There he goes off the trail now. Why, the dog's pulling him back; he's leading him. He's hitched to the husky."

For a moment, in silence, they watched the uncertain progress of man and dog. Then the factor exclaimed:

"There, he's gone down! Michel, harness a team to the cariole! We'll go and get him."

Stunned, or too weak to rise, the snow-blind stranger lay where he fell, while the dog nosed the prostrate form. Then the husky threw back his head and roused the dogs of Rupert House with a long howl.

Cristy and a post half-breed were rapidly approaching when the fallen man, with an effort, got to his feet and, clinging to a trace that circled the dog's neck, again staggered forward. The big husky, excited by the answering howls of the post dogs appearing from all directions, dragged his reeling master up the trail. On came the strange pair, stricken voyageur and faithful dog, but as Cristy reached them, the legs of the man doubled under him and he lurched forward on the snow. With a whine the husky turned to the motionless figure. Then he faced the strangers with a warning growl, and the astonished Cristy saw on his broad chest a large white star.

"Prince! By heaven, it's the pup!" cried the amazed factor.

On guard over the body of his master, whose face was invisible, the huge husky, narrow eyes blazing, held the two men in their tracks.

"Don't y' know me, Prince? Good old Prince!" coaxed Cristy, reaching a hand toward the dog, who stood perplexed by the voice of the factor and the familiar white buildings grouped on the shore ahead.

With a moan, the one in the snow turned and raised himself on an elbow. Across the lean, bearded face a strip of torn shirt was bound, to shield the inflamed eyes from the sun-glare on the crust. A mittenless hand, blue from frost-bite, reached

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up and touched the dog. Then the wanderer said weakly:

"I hear the huskies—Prince. We must be home—at last!"

"Bruce! Bruce! my lad!" cried his father, rushing to his stricken son.

With a bound the dog met the factor half-way, but the great fangs did not strike, for he had recognized his old friend.

Tenderly the starved and half-delirious youth was placed in the cariole sled and brought to the post.

Huskies, hurrying from far and near at the challenge from the river, already had been driven away when the Queen appeared. They were climbing the shore trail when she came trotting up to the great dog who marched beside the cariole sled within reach of his master's hand. The Prince pricked up his ears, whined uncertainly, and saluted her with a loud bark. With a low rumble of resentment in her throat at the presence at Rupert House of a strange husky whose shoulders topped her own by inches, she gingerly approached nearer. For a moment slant eyes looked into slant eyes, as mother and son stood motionless. Then, yelping wildly, the Prince sprang toward her. Surprised, the Queen stood on the defensive, when her bulky puppy carromed into her shoulders, rolling her over and over; but as they met, her nose, like a flash, caught the glad news. Then there followed a medley of yelps, leaps, caresses, and acrobatic expressions of unbounded canine delight such as Rupert House had witnessed in the memory of no living man. Bereft of their senses, mother and son raced up the high shores, round the trade-house, over to the factor's quarters and return, barking like mad.

When Bruce Cristy's mother took him into her arms at the factor's door, there happened to the proud Queen, in the presence of the post, that which no husky before had had either the strength or daring to attempt. Running at her side, the joy-maddened Prince, weakened by three days' fast though he was, suddenly seized the Queen by the back of her great neck and, with a wrench, threw her on the snow. And to the amazement of the onlookers, instead of the swift punishment which they anticipated would be meted out to him for his audacity, his cold nose felt the swift lick of a hot tongue as she gained her feet, and again joined him in a mad frolic.

So did the Queen welcome her lost son.

That night Bruce Cristy lay in bed with snow compresses cooling the inflamed eyes and aching head. While, at intervals, his mother fed him nourishing broth, he briefly told the story of the finding of the Prince, his fight for life at the Kettle Rapids, and the long struggle home without fire or food.

Later, as his worn-out son slept, Cristy tiptoed to the door and, slipping into his snow-shoes, sought the shack behind the trade-house. Softly entering on moccasined feet, he smiled at the picture that the light from the low moon shining through the door revealed. For there, lying sprawled upon the sacking in the corner where he came into the world, lay the wanderer, sleeping deeply after a bountiful supper, while at his side, with her nose resting on the big-boned, hairy fore paws of her son, the Queen kept guard. At times as she slept her deep chest swelled and then contracted as she heaved a contented sigh in her dreams, which were sweet, for at last the Prince had come home.

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PAX ULTIMA

By Victor Starbuck

I THINK that sometime, when the year is young,
And April steals along the leaf-hung ways,
I shall shut down the windows and put by
The pleadings and reports, lock fast the doors,
And quit my desk, with its long-piled-up heaps
Of legal rubbish—not as one who leaves
His dwelling in the morn, to come again
At candle-light, but rather like to one
Who takes his staff and goes a pilgrimage
(Not looking backward even in his thoughts)
Unto a holy city. The dreary streets
Shall call to me no longer. Night and noon,
Dew-fall and afterglow, shall be but steps
In my long wandering that leads to Peace.

Once more I shall behold the bubbling brooks
Beneath their banks of fern, or where they run
By furrowed fields, and hear the quiet winds
Aloof from earth, that move the towering clouds
And whisper solemn secrets to the pines,
With a free heart, as one who is a part
And substance of the breathing world, and knows
Its deeper intimations. I shall feel
The spirit that informs the setting sun
And moves the tides, and makes all-beautiful
The objects of the sight; and I shall know
The dramas of the dust and thistle-seed,
And lyrics of the stars, and epic sweep
Of galleon-wingèd clouds.

Once more my hands
Shall guide the ploughshare through the yielding earth,
And I shall watch the gleaming coulter turn
The fragrant furrows. I shall swing the scythe
Among the blossomy grass, and see the dew,
Sun-smitten to a flame of rainbow-glints,
Fall, at each scythe-stroke, with the stricken grass
That whispers as it falls; and I shall smell
The spirit-lulling scent of sun-cured hay
Bedamped with evening rains.

And when the dusk
Brings back the cricket's immemorial fife,
Then I shall stand beside the gathered ricks
And see the friendly evening star lean low
Above the furrows. So my life shall flow,
As doth the slow procession of the days,
With thoughts of standing and of garnered crops,
And sheep and goats and fig and scuppernong
And peas and melons. And the world may pass
With gibes and bickerings, and I shall not heed.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

AT a time when everybody considers it a moral, spiritual, and æsthetic duty to be "up and doing," and a crime to be "stuffy," it is amusing and suggestive to see a man with the modern outlook, a writer quite in the forward movement in all other aspects of his work, sounding in one particular a note as far removed as can be from the universal concert. It is Mr. Arnold Bennett that I am thinking of, and his quaint admiration—nay, more, his affection, his almost tender feeling—for the middle-aged type of feminine person known as a frump. Mr. Bennett is not an author who can be charged with regarding the opposite sex from too sentimental an angle, but he certainly perceives solid and unsuspected attractions in a kind of female character that has become, or is fast becoming, as remote from the comprehension of her own sex as if she belonged to the mysterious race that built the stone prehistoric monuments of South America and the Pacific islands. The English writer has, in fact, contributed a new type to fiction. And it is strange that the critics who are always in search of such things should not more generally have found this out. The feminine character who makes possible the plot of "Buried Alive" (the novel, not necessarily the play made from it) is an original and noteworthy addition to literature. She is also a commentary, and a fresh and racy one, on the life of to-day. It might appear on the surface as if she had been a part of all novels since novels were written. But the difference is that she used to be in novels for the "comic relief"; whereas in Mr. Bennett's pages she is not there for that purpose at all. She is not there to be lyricized either; to have her dowdy and drab estate treated in the tearful mood. The reason why Mr. Bennett appears to like her so well is that she represents in his eyes better than any one else the plain, the absolute, human mean. The men of the Five Towns, as you see them in "The Old Wives' Tale," let us say, certainly walk the average path of life, with their noses to the grindstone. But any philosopher knows that the dullest, most routine-loving male remains, at heart, incurably a believer in the existence of various kinds of golden fleeces, upon a quest of any one of which he may suddenly surprise his intimates by adventuring. Not so the middle-aged or elderly woman who, having known matrimony and romance in her youth, has now settled down to "just living along." As the English author interprets her, you always know, with a delightful surety, just where to find her. She never makes you uneasy by starting in pursuit of mirages, because she has so imperceptibly, without saying anything about it, lost all inconvenient illusions. Even when, in one of the Bennett novels, a lady of this class finds it necessary to make a determined fight for her husband's affections against the machinations of a more attractive rival, what could be more pleasantly matter-of-fact, more placidly magnanimous, more altogether philosophical, than the manner in which she goes about her task? One only wonders why, given her serenity, she should go to so much trouble. She believes, it would appear, in keeping a husband, as she would (to a limited extent) her waist measurements. It is the thing to do. And the thing to do, she would say, is always—in a world where all people are more or less shams, and truly can't help it, poor things—in the end the comfortable way out for everybody.

The Gospel of the Unstrenuous Life

The word exactly defines her. She is, herself, a comfortable person. Yet is it no careless, "slack" comfortableness. It is the kind that is founded on an illimitable, sphinx-like wisdom. It is the comfortableness of a common sense that has taken the measure of most things; if not by actual experience, by a sort of divination.

The general interest of all this is, that one wonders how many men and women, in this striving generation, have a leaning, more or less unconfessed, toward precisely these characteristics. Those that have them probably like to keep them rather under cover. For it has come to this, so far has the cult of activity-at-any-cost progressed, that not to be trying for something more than one

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has is not only a dense state, but really an ugly, rather sordid, phenomenon. It is not the high quality that it was, to be content with your situation in life and to make the best of it. "Comfortable" people usually were content; and certainly they could, by an alchemy of their own, extract singular pleasure from the commonplaces of existence, and convey an equal sense of well-being to others. Their acquaintances prized them duly therefor. As the old grandfather remarks in "Milestones" to his blithe, gentle, placid wife who finds everything pleasant: "That's because you're pleasant. I've said it before. And I say it again." Such virtues have perceptibly depreciated of late years. No one desires to be the sort of creature who will always be found sitting at the fireside, or over the quiet tea-urn, when some one else needs a confidant. No one wishes to be soothing as an afternoon walk through gray November woods. No one wants the personality that blunts and smooths other people's nerves as if they had been wrapped up in cotton-wool. People should not like being wrapped in cotton-wool, it is said. The more their nerves are left in the raw the more likely they are to accomplish things. And confidences, in any case, are obsolete, weakening, time-wasting indulgences.

Behind this change of view-point is a changed ethical standard. This is a dynamic period, and it makes no distinction between going slowly and going slothfully. Shy people and contemplative casts of mind who get so much out of the inward moods are not regarded with the good-humored tolerance that practical souls formerly meted out to them. They arouse, rather, an irritated resentment, as if they were the victims of a malady they could cure if they chose. And perhaps they are, and perhaps they could cure it if they chose. When a movement is as universal as the present one for expanding the personality, for getting out of the individual shell, for struggling up to new planes and unsuspected experiences, it is safe to look on it as a mysterious sort of life-force, working to ends of its own. People who maintain that the gospel of forced energy is altogether abhorrent and tiresome have, for the time being at least, the burden of the proof on their side. They may say that forcing withers imagination and dries up the deeper movements of the mind at their source. They may say that they never get the best out of themselves under mechanical pressure. But they must say it quietly—and wait for the tide to turn.

As Between Fathers and Sons

IT is a curious scheme which Mr. H. G. Wells unfolds, in the opening pages of "The Passionate Friends," for the better understanding of fathers by their sons. Why, he asks, should his father and grandfather have "left so much of the tale untold—to be lost and forgotten? Why must we all repeat things done, and come again very bitterly to wisdom our fathers have achieved before us? . . . Cannot we begin now to make a better use of the experiences of life so that our sons may not waste themselves so much; cannot we gather into books . . . the gist of these confused and multitudinous realities of the individual career?" And he prophesies a "new private literature" to be passed down from parent to child, in which fathers and mothers will tell their experiences "as one tells things to equals, without authority or reserves or discretions, so that, they being dead, their children may rediscover them as contemporaries and friends."

This may seem at first glance an attractive and feasible plan, but does Mr. Wells or any one else really suppose that the son will profit by the father's experience? Even if the adventure were to repeat itself exactly, which is unlikely, can any one of us imagine that the son will not want to try its issues for himself? And does not the anxious father, after all, like him the better for his spirit? Fancy, for instance, the young man leaving the affair which engrosses him and hurrying home. "Father," he says, "my inclinations lead me to fall in love with the wrong woman. If I go on I shall find myself in a devil of a scrape—and I'm not sure that it won't be worth it. But just let me have a look at your private record and see whether you have put down anything which is likely to be of use. Or perhaps grandfather may have something to say about it." And picture the father unlocking the drawer and handing out the book.

In the matter of friendship and comradeship between father and son, it is well understood that it is the father's part to listen to the outpourings of youth, to advise a little,

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to sympathize a great deal, to indulge sparingly in reminiscence and generously in anticipation. Doubtless the desire for self-expression may be as keen in the father as in the son, but it is a true instinct which leads him to indulge it more freely to his contemporaries than to his children. Not only does he fear to weary the youth, but he would dislike very much to shock him. For the traditional attitude of parent and child has roots which strike very deep; even deeper in the child's heart than in the parent's. The father does indeed like to be a person of consideration with his son, to be admired and respected by him, as well as to be a good comrade, but this feeling on his part is not a circumstance compared with the son's desire to look up to him.

No person on earth is so conservative as a child; the nursery tale must always be told in the same words. And with regard to our parents we are always children. We don't want to look at them with level eyes; we want to look up. A record of high thoughts and worthy deeds—yes, certainly we should like that, even though we might not read it very often; but to see most of them in their habit as they lived, when they were at our own time of life—their follies, their blunders, their stupidities, their vices, large and small, their narrowness and intolerance—no, thank you, we don't care for the view. True, it may be amusing to hear of trifling youthful follies, of the sort that one tells jestingly at family gatherings; that father made merry in his college days, that mother was a sad coquette; but it is only as trifles, in piquant contrast to the excellences of later life, that these things are entertaining. To be sure, if we were to come upon the private record only when we had ourselves grown old, we could regard it with some equanimity—but not in our youth! There is no other relation in life in which we so jealously demand adherence to type. Our parents may be handsome and witty, wise and good, or they may be modest and self-effacing, or plain, or a little slow-witted; if they stick to the parent type we can shut our eyes to a great deal else. If, as parents, they fail unobtrusively, it is disappointment; if they fail conspicuously, it is tragedy. And so, if the "private literature" of the family should unfold such a tale as that of the "passionate friends," I think that the "little son" for whom it was ostensibly written would rather it had been burned unread. For our desire is that "father" shall love "mother" better than he loves any other woman, or, if that be tragically impossible, that he shall preserve a decent reticence with regard to his vagrant affections. Decidedly, his son would resent being taken into the confidence of his alien passion. No, I think Mr. Wells's plan will hardly do.

Unnatural Natural History

A "NATURAL HISTORY" made up of the conscientious exaggerations and conscienceless misstatements by travellers, and other romancers, ought to prove an interesting work, highly profitable as a book-agent offering. In the rural districts and at summer resorts solicitors should find it easy to write orders for it by the thousand; especially in telling their victims that it represents all the great men in literature, from Herodotus and Tartarin down to contemporary writers. One volume of this work I have already planned: the one entitled "America."

Of course I do not mean to exclude foreign writers from this volume. That would be at once rash and ungenerous. There is, for example, John Josselyn. This gentleman paid us two long visits in the course of the seventeenth century, and published a little book in 1672, entitled: "New England's Rareties Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, & Plants of the Country; Together with the Physical and Chyrurgical Remedies Wherewith the Natives Constantly use to Cure their Distempers, Wounds, and Sores. Also a perfect Description of an Indian SQUA, in all her Bravery; with a Poem not improperly conferr'd upon her. Lastly A Chronological Table of the most remarkable Passages in that Country amongst the English." Do you know the work? It is well worth your study. The reader of our colonial literature finds there such refreshment as I imagine voyagers through the desert enjoy on arriving at a particularly herbaceous oasis. "Into the woods," writes Josselyn on one page, "and happening into a fine broad walk, I wandered till I chanced to spy a fruit—as I thought—like a pine-apple, plated with scales. It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat"—a bonnet of 1672, remember, not a toque of 1914; "I made bold to step into it with an intent to have gathered it.

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No sooner had I touched it but hundreds of wasps"—*i. e.*, hornets—"were about me. At last I cleared myself from them, but by the time I was come into the house they hardly knew me but by my garments."

In the circumstances, Josselyn was lucky to have any garments left to recognize. What happened to him was natural enough, in the premises; but Josselyn affords also anecdotes of unnatural history. "In America," he writes, "barley commonly degenerates into oats, and summer wheat many times changes into rye."

Now, before I finish my compilation, I want to decide—and for that decision I shall refer to your opinion—whether Josselyn was the victim of a practical joker, or was himself that joker. "The frogs of this country," he writes in all apparent seriousness, "are commonly as big as a child one year old." I shall discuss the various orders of frogs, native and foreign, in a long foot-note to my projected work.

This much, after a good deal of research, I am sure of: Josselyn was more pretentious than authentic. The more scholarly natural historiography of the eighteenth century is, nevertheless, almost as questionable. Who could exceed in respectability our first distinguished botanist, Friend John Bartram? Here is a letter that any one may consult in manuscript—any one, that is, who finds it worth a trip to Philadelphia. The letter is undated, but was written in the author's youth; it is addressed to his brother William, who was then "keeping store" in the South. The botanist wrote, presumably, from his farm by the Schuylkill; and begins (after a "Dear Billy"):

"I was lately told by a man that rides express, that he saw in No Carolina not far from Cape Fear, a strange plant about as big as a daisy & much like it in flower. I think he called it ye wonderful flower whose properties was such that if they looked earnestly at it ye petals of ye flower would close up he said ye moors, near Brunswick knowed it well: if it lieth in thy way to speak with Morris More ask him about it if it be true it will be a fine curiosity & furnish matter for Phylosofical contemplation. . . ."

So far as I know, this letter has never been reproduced in the historical accounts of John Bartram, who founded (as his son duly records) the first botanic gardens in all America. Yet the letter is deserving of the fame I mean to give it. And so are my other specimens of our unnatural natural history: where will figure passages from Parson Weems's writings (notably his account of the mammoth "suddenly dashing in among a thousand buffaloes, feeding at large on the vast plains of Missouri"); from Saint John de Crèvecœur's charming "Letters from an American Farmer" (Lowell called it "that dear book")—to say nothing of Chateaubriand's "René" and "Atala" and "Travels in America."

My "Unnatural Natural History" will make new reputations for other writers, too—Champlain, for one. Champlain—a truth-teller in so far as any Christian man may hope to be so classified—names in his "Voyages" the many kinds of birds of prey found in the New World: "falcons, gerfalcons, sakers, tassels, sparhawks, goshawks, marlins (martens?), two kinds of eagles, little and big owls, great horned owls of exceptional size, pyes, woodpeckers." So far so good. But listen to his account of the bald buzzard or sea-eagle: "Gray plumage on the back and white on the belly, as fat and large as a hen, *with one foot like the talon of a bird of prey*, with which it catches fish; *the other like that of a duck*. The latter serves for swimming in the water when he dives for fish. This bird is not supposed to be found except in New France."

This New France of Champlain's must have extended almost as far south as Bartram's North Carolina. I suspect, too, that it was at not many removes from that "French *pays de cocagne*," where, by Benjamin Franklin's Rabelaisian account, the streets are paved with half-baked loaves and the houses tiled with pancakes; while fowls fly through the air already roasted, crying: "Come, eat me!"

The country described in the volume "America" in this "Unnatural Natural History" of mine offers a tempting invitation to the travel-lover. Not all of us care to interrupt our walks by botanizing—but could you, gentle reader, refuse to pause and watch wheat turning, before your very eyes, to golden rye?

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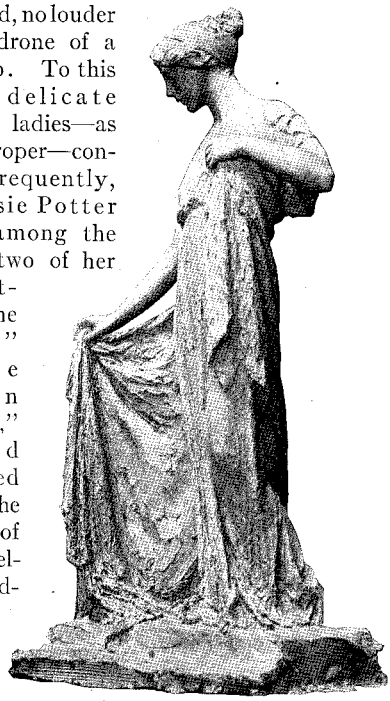
THE FIELD OF ART

SOME RECENT SMALL SCULPTURES

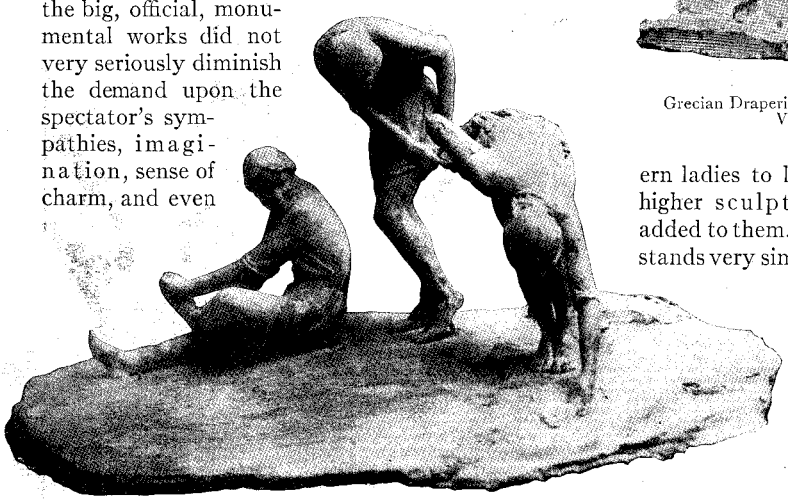
Copyright by B. L. Link.

The Elfin Piper. By Lillian Link.

THE collection of contemporary American sculpture shown last Winter at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, though it included only one hundred and nineteen works, the great majority of them small and none of them very large, was notable for the extent of the field it covered. The general public, it was officially stated at the close of the exhibition, was particularly interested in the small bronzes. As is usual in these collective exhibits, the sculpture showed no such wide divergence of technical theories and practices as the paintings, and it might be claimed that it covered an even wider range of human and artistic interests. The absence of the big, official, monumental works did not very seriously diminish the demand upon the spectator's sympathies, imagination, sense of charm, and even tenderness, and appreciation of subtle humor. Some of the very smallest pieces were the most effective—as Lillian Link's very little "Elfin Piper," a very small, flap-eared infant seated on a tiny hillock and fluting on his infinitesimal reed, no louder than the drone of a mosquito. To this quality of delicate charm the ladies—as was but proper—contributed frequently, Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh among the first. In two of her small statuettes, the "Daphne" and the "Grecian Draperies," she had transferred some of the attributes of her little, delicate, modern ladies to larger themes and higher sculptural motifs, and added to them. The "Daphne" stands very simply and naturally gathering with one hand her ample draperies over her smooth young body, and with her left arm raised puts back her long hair; in the



Grecian Draperies. By Bessie Potter Vonnoh.



Girls Wading. By Abastenia St. Leger Eberle.

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The Shell Fountain. By Janet Scudder.

hand extended holds out at arm's length the wide overgarment, the peplum, preparatory to bringing it around her. The head, bent downward a little, is gracious; the figure, natural and feminine, is yet sculpturesque.

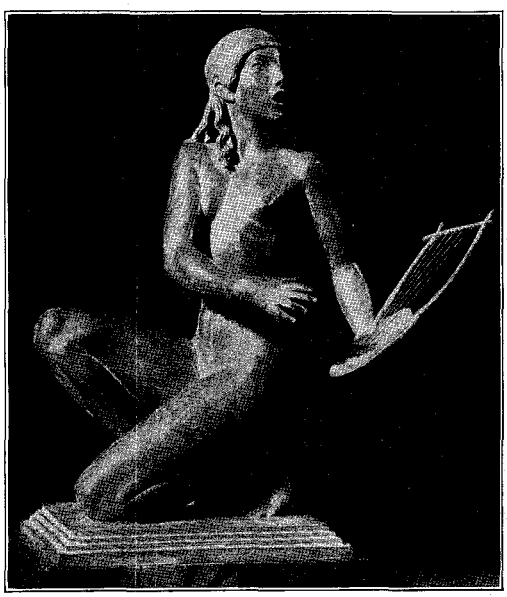
"Grecian Draperies" the maid, also standing, draped in her long, loose undergarment (an Ionic chiton, perhaps), and with her right

The Duck Baby. By Edith B. Parsons.

galleries of the Academy there were three, the most interesting being the little bronze figure for the "Shell Fountain," a small nude girl holding high in her right hand a clam-shell from which the water is to fall on the twiddling fingers of her left, graceful and amusing as a fountain figure should be. In another fountain figure, by Edith Parsons, also life-size, "The Duck Baby," a little girl standing straightly on both legs grins in great enjoyment as she holds against each shoulder a protesting duckling.

The Helen Foster Barnett prize for the best piece of sculpture shown in the exhibition, the work of an artist under thirty-five years of age, which had been awarded five times previously, was given to Paul Manship, a graduate of the American School in Rome, who first became known to the general public by his exhibit in that of the School at the Architectural League Exhibition in February, 1913. Many of his works seen here in bronze, including the prize-winner, group of "Centaur and Dryad," were first shown at the League exhibition in plaster, with also three works of life-size figures. Among the additional bronzes in the Academy galleries was a little group, an early work, quite different in inspiration and execution, much

Miss Eberle has found a new inspiration in a little group of three every-day young girls in light bathing dresses on a sandy beach, sitting, standing, and stooping. They are all at the slim age, the body not yet developed, and the limbs long rather than round. Their hair, loosely put up, falls in picturesque little loops and braids; conventionality is quite absent. The one on the right stoops to gather sea-weed washed up by the tide; at the left of the group another sits flat on the sand and pulls off her long stockings, looking over her shoulder at the sea-weed gatherer; the third, in the centre, standing, twists upon herself as only a young person can to tuck up the bottom of her scanty skirt. This cheerful and decorative group, very skilfully spaced and planned, was first seen in the plaster at the celebrated "Armory exhibition," of "Futurists" and such, last year, but was one of several works of art shown there that did not seem to belong in that *galère*. No contemporary exhibition of sculpture is complete without at least one of Miss Scudder's little fountain figures, and in these



The Lyric Muse. By Paul Manship.

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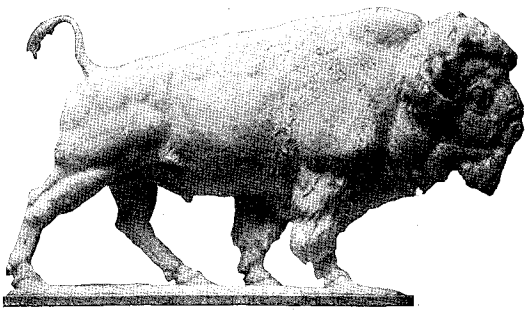
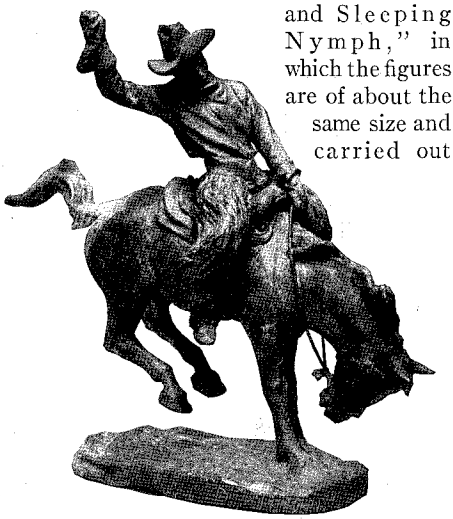
more summary in modelling, "Tired Workers." In his later work the sculptor has occupied himself very frequently with antique themes, with skilful adaptations of the archaic, and of vase-painting details, decorative and rendered with a very careful completeness, which runs into great delicacy and beauty in the ornaments, as on the pedestal of the "Centaur" and on a handsome semi-classic vase exhibited. Less important as a decorative work, but perhaps endowed with a more lively and humorous human interest, is the group of "Satyr and Sleeping Nymph," in which the figures are of about the same size and carried out with the same original and skilful combination of accurate and finished modelling and adaptations of archaic treatment in the heads (sometimes, as in the case of this nymph, of the hair only), the tails, and occasional little formal trimmings of curled hair or fur. Notwithstanding the rendering of the hair in these figures by a formal division into parallel lines, the feeling of softness and abundance is adequately conveyed—notably in that of this sleeping nymph.



Model in bronze of Bison for a street bridge, Washington, D. C. By A. Phimister Proctor.



Fanning a Twister. By Joseph J. Mora.

The same qualities may be found in some of the sculptor's other statuettes, also reproductions in bronze of the plasters of the League exhibition. The "Lyric Muse" kneels, throws her lyre out at arm's length and sings, open-mouthed; the "Little Brother," a baby, is held up triumphantly on his big sister's shoulder; in the "Playfulness" the girl seated dances the infant on her outstretched leg; the "Spring Awakening" is remarkable for the rendering of the tightened muscles in the entire body and limbs as the seated nude figure stretches and yawns in complete abandon. On the contrary, the "Portrait Statuette" is of a lady walking, in a careful reproduction of her modern street costume. The sculptor is at present engaged, among other things, on a series of highly decorative heroic classic terminal figures, twelve in number, to be carved in white marble.

As for the mounted cowboy (or soldier) in action—who has come to be one of the accepted figures in the contemporary native sculpture—he appeared here very nearly at his best, in two spirited little groups by Joseph J. Mora, "Fanning a Twister" and "On the Hurricane Deck." In the group with the suggestive nautical title the horse,

Wounded Comrade. By Carl E. Akeley.

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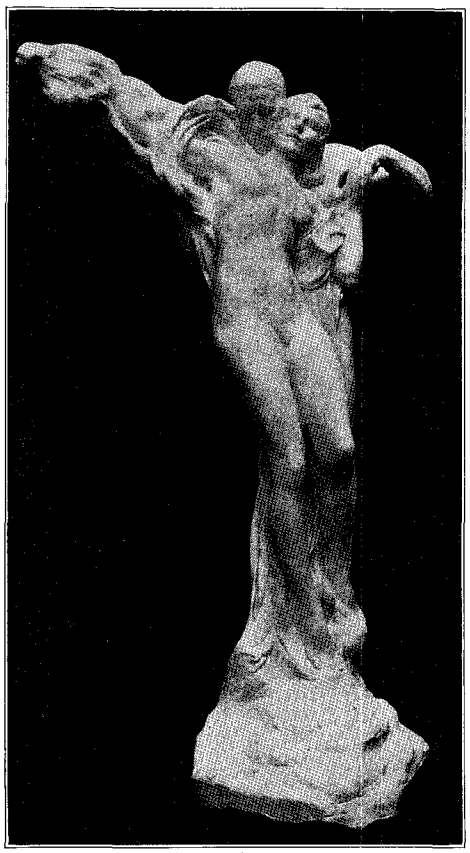
with his head down, stiff on his fore legs, has both hind legs in the air for the infinite, skyward kick and the rider braces himself backward in the saddle against the coming catapulting over the animal's head. In the other the horse, head down and much to one side, is anchored on his straddling hind legs for the irresistible twisting rear that shall send the rider headlong over the tail, while he—in what looks very like rash bravado—slaps the neck of the beast with his sombrero. The completeness of knowledge here shown of equine construction and possible motion is one of the most modern of artistic acquirements.



Unfolding of Life. By Chester Beach.

Of the other animal sculptures in this exhibition—few in number—the most notable were Phimister Proctor's small model in bronze for one of his colossal bison that are to face each other at the entrance of the Q Street Bridge in Washington, D. C., both recently completed in his studio in New York City, and Carl E. Akeley's moving little group of the "Wounded Comrade"—an African elephant in distress supported and encouraged by two others, one on each side. This incident is declared by the hunters to have been witnessed more than once. In this group all three tuskers advance slowly through the long elephant-grass, the two friends pressing closely against the sides of their wounded comrade to keep him on his feet; he on the left side wraps his long trunk around and across the head and even thrusts one of his tusks under the other's to support him. The dark color of the bronze, supplementing the very accurate and careful modelling of these pachyderms, gives a curious air of nature in little to this contribution to science and art. The incident of the broken tusk of one of the good Samaritans is also according to the facts—one broken among three pair is said to be rather below the average.

Mr. Proctor's bison are also among the modern additions to the repertory of art—to the formidable bulk and weight and strength which are this animal's obvious monumental qualities the sculptor adds an action, an alertness, head and tail up, also founded on truth, which give him that air of power and menace necessary to symbolic animals. This small bronze represented the completed full-size model shown in the sculptor's studio in January, 1914, and cast in the same month, the largest single casting in bronze ever done in America. Of the more purely imaginative sculpture the largest and in some respects the most ambitious work in this exhibition was Chester Beach's "Unfolding of Life"—figures in white marble of about half life-size. In this group the nude female figure, emerging from her confining draperies, was slender and graceful, long-limbed, not expressing the fulness of exuberance of life; in the unidealized head the sculptor probably meant to represent character and vigor rather than the mere beauty. The arrangement of the drapery behind her and on the extended right arms was well designed to set off the lines of the figure.

William Walton.

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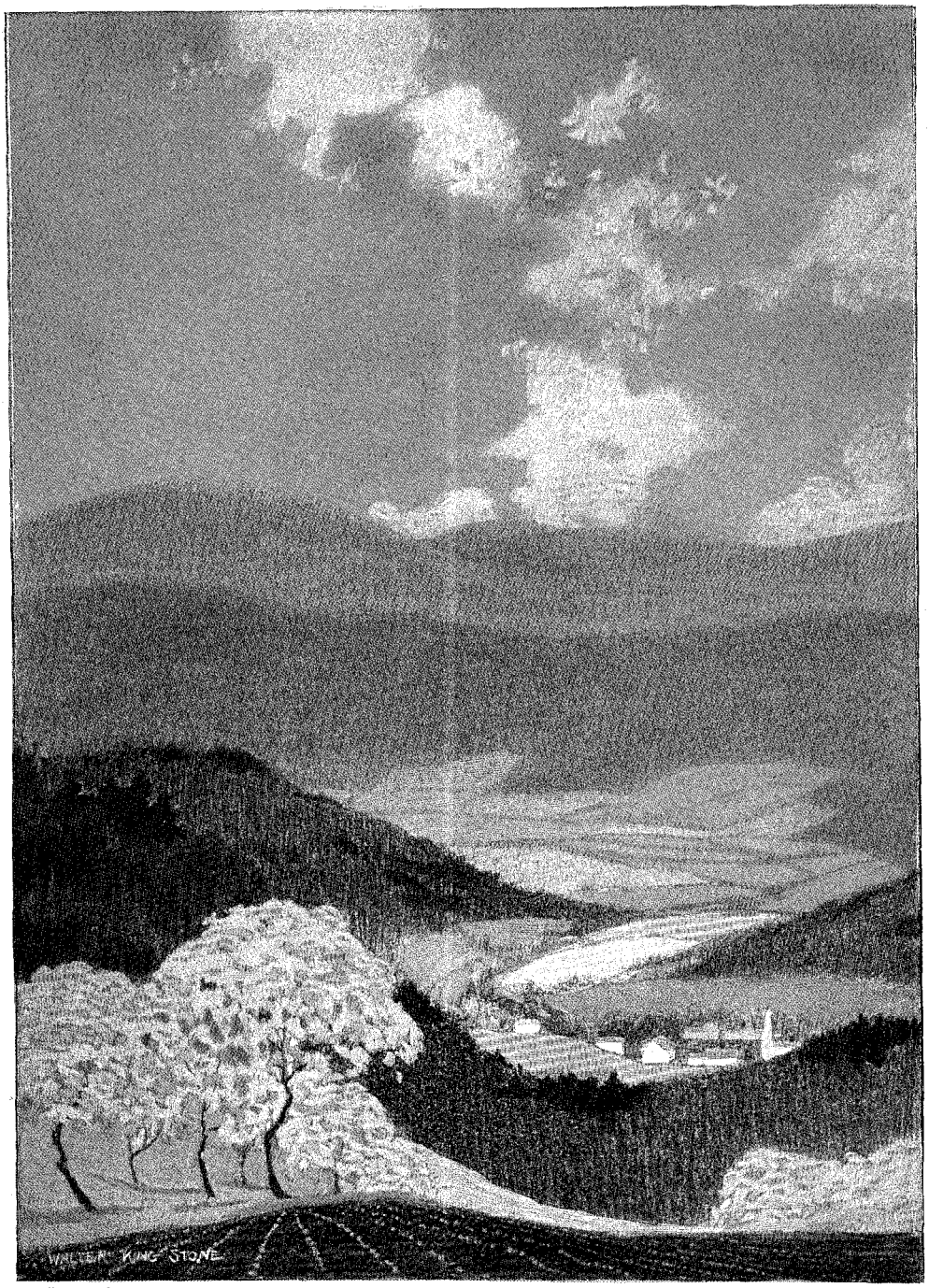

Drawn by Walter King Stone.

WE SAW, ON THE PLAIN BENEATH, OUR TIDY VILLAGE AND THE WINDING THREAD OF THE RIVER.

—"Upland Pastures," page 726.

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